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CITY OF PERUGIA
1492–1503

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CHRONICLES
OF THE
CITY OF PERUGIA
1492–1503

WRITTEN BY
FRANCESCO MATARAZZO

TRANSLATED
BY
EDWARD STRACHAN MORGAN

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INTRODUCTION

THE story of Perugia and the Baglioni, as told by Francesco Matarazzo, is one of the most fascinating of mediæval chronicles. Without disparaging the value of our author as an original authority for the events of his own period, we may frankly admit that it is because he is a story-teller of the very first rank that he is sure to be a favourite with the reading public. As we turn over his pages, the life of old Perugia palpitates before us. He has in full measure the indescribable charm of Herodotus, dependent neither on wit nor eloquence nor humour, but which shows itself for the most part in an apparently artless simplicity of narrative that seems so easy till an attempt is made to imitate it. Without visible effort, he keeps in due relief the essential points of his story, and manages his mass of detail with an instinctive skill that always keeps his exuberant fancy in due bounds. Though sometimes garrulous, he is seldom prolix. Like the Father of History, he loves to tell of freaks and marvels, and, like him, when his tale verges on the bounds of the incredible, he is apt to throw in some such saving clause as "it is said," "if it may be believed," "as I have been told." He likes to take his reader into his confidence and put him at his ease, like one who tells anecdotes in the shady afternoon of an Italian villa, and the greater part of his narrative flows quietly along, though gentle yet not dull.

At times, however, the savage deeds of the lawless times in which he lived stir the scholar to more vehement expression. As he relates the exploits of the "Good Shepherd" Alexander VI., of his son Cesare and his outland soldiery, the cruelty of the French invader, or even the treachery and violence of his beloved Baglioni, his sentences sting with the scathing irony of his righteous wrath, and then we catch no indistinct echo of the Roman satirist —*facit indignatio versum.*

In his battle scenes Matarazzo is absolutely first-rate. The defeat of the Oddi in the market-place of Perugia (p. 46), the story of the "great betrayal" (pp. 114–24), and the subsequent capture of the city by the Baglioni (p. 134), and Giovan Paolo's second return to Perugia (pp. 265–73), are masterpieces in their way, and hurry on the reader with a storm and rush of the genuine epic. It is quite a different chord he strikes when he relates the pathetic grief and remorse of Atalanta at the death of her beautiful treacherous son Grifonetto (p. 138), or the slaughter of Carlo and Pompeio degli Oddi (pp. 192–4), or writes his encomium of Morgante Baglione (pp. 218–22).

Though, as has been said, Matarazzo is for the most part anything but a stylist, "purple patches" are to be found scattered through the book, and at times, where he relates events that have taken hold of him, and whose telling seems to call for a corresponding elevation of language, he rolls out eloquent passages carefully constructed, and with great elaboration of sonorous periods and artistic antithesis. Elsewhere, as regards the mere technique of language, it is rather a turbulent stream that has to be dealt with, as our author hurries along with careless vigour. The general meaning, in spite of disregard of grammatical form, is usually clear, but the rough-hewn sentences brimming over with life, words and phrases stumbling over each other with a strange elusive eloquence, are a puzzle to the translator.

The MS. of the chronicle is imperfect. The first eighteen sheets have been lost, and an unknown number are missing at the end; the pages that survive tell the story of Perugia from 1492 to 1503. From internal evidence we know that the tale told by Matarazzo began with the year 1488, and if, as is not unlikely, it ended with the coming of Julius II. to Perugia, and the subjection of the city to the Holy See in 1506, the period illustrated by our author was a self-contained epic—"The Wrath of the Baglioni." It was practically as a retainer of that family that Matarazzo wrote, and we are never allowed to lose sight of that fact. At times he is moved simply to wondering admiration; at times, when he tells of deeds more than usually treacherous or cruel, he is critical or apologetic, but it is always under the spell of their physical or intellectual supremacy that he recounts the adventures of that clan of tall full-limbed men and lovely women, illustrious scions of a family of northern invaders, whose delicate complexions and fair golden locks dazzled him almost as the Mexicans were dazzled by the sunny countenance of Cortes' favourite captain. Their splendour made him often condone their crimes, and even when he censures their vices he lets us see that in him, as in most other writers of the period, "virtue" in the renaissance sense—cleverness, bravery, artistic feeling, personal charm—more than compensates for any deficiency of most of what, in our day, is looked on as the essential basis of morality.

In his tale Matarazzo wrote of all that befell in those eighteen years of disorder that elapsed from the departure of the Oddi from Perugia to their return from exile in September, 1506. "At his coming," says the chronicler, Teseo Alfani, "the Pope brought back to Perugia all the old exiles, and ordered that their goods should be restored to them: that is to say to the Oddi, to the Staffa, to the Ranieri and their companions, and then he took with him to Bologna Signor Giovan Paolo and Gentile Baglione." The power of the family was broken, their splendour departed, even their old title is no longer accorded. The High and Mighty Giovan Paolo has become plain Signor Baglione.

In the translation of the chronicle, passages that deal with the history of other parts of Italy, save where they seem to bear on the fortunes of the Baglioni, have for the most part been left out. Those passages have neither value as a record of events witnessed by the narrator, nor do they help forward the plot of the story.

* * * * *

Matarazzo was born about the year 1443 in the small town of Deruta, not far from Perugia. Little is known of his family, but he is said to have been of noble descent, and it is certain that the precocious boy received a careful education, and while yet in his teens he was chosen to compose the Latin inscriptions that were inscribed beneath the portraits of famous citizens of Perugia that Braccio Baglione had painted to decorate his palace in the city. In 1464 he was in Ferrara teaching in the University; three years later he was assistant to the celebrated Ognibene at Vicenza. In 1472, eager to get better teaching in Greek than Italy could provide, and doubtless hoping to make money by engaging in the profitable business of dealing in manuscripts of classical authors, he set out for Greece. His voyage was fairly prosperous, for though in serious danger from stormy weather, the ship was lucky enough not to encounter any pirates, and at length reached Rhodes, where Matarazzo settled down for some months and studied Greek under Menophanes, who, as he records, taught him without receiving any fee, and with such success that he was soon able to write to a friend, "I already speak the language with such fluency that you might think I had been born and brought up in Greece." While in Rhodes, he filled up his spare time with teaching, and earned enough

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money to buy a valuable collection of books. In May, 1473, he sailed from Rhodes in a Venetian ship, which put in at a small island of Crete. While the ship was delayed there alarm was given of the approach of Turkish pirates, and Matarazzo, at some hazard, escaped to Crete in a small boat. He was kept ten days in the island, where he was lucky enough to pick up three tragedies of Æschylus and two comedies of Aristophanes. On the 14th of May he set out again for the Morea, but the ship, being pursued by a Turkish rover, had to abandon her course, and, though she escaped from the enemy, was beaten about the Mediterranean by a succession of storms, but at last reached Cephalonia. A prosperous wind took them up to Vallona, on the Albanian coast, but a contrary wind drove them back to Corfu, and Venice was not reached till July. Thence by way of Vicenza he made his way down to Perugia. There he was doubtless received with the honour due to a learned and travelled scholar, and before long his official connection with the city began, for in 1475 we find him described as *reverendi domini Perusinae civitatis secretarius dignissimus*. The next seventeen years of his life were spent in his native city, during part, if not the whole, of which period he was employed in an official capacity, and on several occasions he composed funeral orations or encomiums of distinguished citizens, and in 1486 was Professor of Rhetoric in the University. He was also during this period tutor to the nephews of the Bishop Perotti, and sent to his patron some Latin verses not without a certain charm, in which he makes interesting reference to his way of life and his position in the episcopal household.

> "Maxima quæque domus servis est plena superbis
>   Inter quos vati quis locus esse queat?
> Jungit item studium similes nos jungit amicos
>   Et stabili nectit pectora nostra fide.
> Non juvat incerto talos iactare fritillo.
>   Nec mihi damnoso cum cane nota Venus.
> Non possum media crebros vel nocte trientes
>   Haurire, et medio mollia vina die.
> Non me delectat blandas agitare choreas,
>   Et facilem certo flectere in orbe pedem.
> Non pila non cursus cordi est, sed ad otia natus
>   Phœbeæ tango pollice fila lyræ.
> Historias vatumque lego monumenta priorum,
>   Quamque licet patriam sedulus arte juro.
> Sed licet insolitam perturbent plurima mentem,
>   Cui studium, cui pax cui juvat alta quies;
> Stat servire tamen, stat vincere cuncta ferendo;
>   Mancipium docti præsulis esse volo.
> Dent superi placuisse tibi, pater optime, tantum
>   Non mea post cineres fama futura levis.
> Pro te sub gelido possum Jove ducere noctem;
>   Possum vel nudo ponere membra solo."

It was at some time during the same period that he wrote a letter to Pope Innocent VIII., in which he gives a less decorative and perhaps truer picture.

"... I too, shocked at the crimes that are committed in my native place, crimes which even the wicked cannot endure, had left Perugia, but family reasons prevented me . . . now unless the city mends I must finally depart. For Perugia is altogether subject to tyrants, ruin is imminent, justice is overthrown, crime holds rule, the weak are plundered, on every side we see theft, rapine, sacrilege; marriages are forced by the caprice of the few, virtue has become a laughing-stock, and, what is of all most intolerable, the Apostolic See knows, and knowing looks on with conniving eyes. Meanwhile little by little our life-blood ebbs. Rise, Holy Father, rise and act more righteously than thy predecessor, take counsel for thy Perugia, for Perugia is not a thing of naught. . . . Love of my country, God is my witness, is my guiding motive. I belong to no faction, devoted first to the Apostolic See, and after that to the honour and advantage of my country."

In another letter he again appeals to the Pope, this time on a more private concern, complaining that his salary is unpaid.

It is hardly surprising that Matarazzo should endeavour to escape from such scenes, and no doubt, for he was always of a practical disposition, the want of salary was a determining motive. Anyhow, by 1492 he must have arranged his family difficulties, for in that year he succeeded Ognibene as Professor of the Humanities at Vicenza, where he spent four or five years. From that town he writes to a friend—

49 years old

p. ix

"I sought how to escape from the evil life that men lead in Perugia, and lo! God put it into the mind of my dear

Vicenza to send for me, and establish me here as Teacher of Humanities at a liberal salary, paid out of the public exchequer. I am loaded with honours, both public and private. What I earn by private lessons is far more than my official stipend, and methinks that I shall quickly lay up adequate provision for my old age. I am delighted to have good news of you. As for myself, my life here is cheerful, and all the more cheerful because I am now away from Perugia, where folk live in such woeful plight."

But after a time things did not go so well at Vicenza; he tired of his new patrons; perhaps they tired of him, and he complained to a friend that his salary was in arrears; he was therefore the more willing to listen to flattering proposals made him to go and lecture in other towns. He accepted an invitation to Venice, where he spent the best part of a year. Financially these years must have been fairly successful, for about this time he wrote to a friend asking him to purchase a little farm on his account for a thousand florins. He had already purchased or inherited other landed estate, and in some Latin verses written about this time he takes a cheerful view of his prospects.

> "*Sicque mei crescit fundi modus ut merito jam*
> *Possim* '*Paupertas,*' *dicere*, '*dura vale!*'"

In spite, however, of the honourable reception that greeted him in these foreign towns, Matarazzo, like a true Perugian, retained a deep love for the "noble city of his birth." In spite of all her faults there was no other town that could replace her in his affections, and he determined to return, but fate was against him for the present. "My plans were complete," he writes to a friend. "My ship was just ready to sail, when news was brought me of the siege of Perugia; that the city was distracted by the invasion of the exiles, that the country round was wasted by fire and sword, that our farms are all become a wilderness." Accordingly he put off his visit, but before long the magistrates of Perugia, unwilling, it would seem, to see such a light of learning waste itself in foreign parts, ordered his return under penalties, and back he had to come, and found that his fears had been exaggerated, that his reception was more flattering to him than he had anticipated. "Men do me honour; as I pass through the streets I am saluted; I am loved by the Baglioni, and by all other citizens besides." The following year he was appointed Professor in the University of Perugia at a salary of 110 ducats, and as a surety for the payment of this salary the taxes of two villages were assigned to him.

The rest of his life was spent in Perugia in an honourable position, in which, according to the usage of the time, political and literary employment were assigned to him in turns. He was frequently charged with the composition of funeral orations over distinguished citizens. In 1503 he became the State Chancellor; he went as ambassador to Rome and Florence and to other States, and continued in active service of the State till 1513. The last notice of

60 years
[illegible]

him is in the chronicle of his friend Teseo Alfani, and reads thus: "On this Friday morning, August 20, 1518, before dawn, died the most excellent Francesco Matarazzo, who had been down with fever for about a month. All the city was sore at heart, for the man had great qualities, and stood indeed above all others, not only in our city, but almost in the whole of Italy. May God have pardoned his sins. He was about seventy-five years old."

* * * * *

In the limited space here available it is impossible to give anything like a history of Perugia. For that the reader is referred to *The Story of Perugia;* but just these few words by way of introduction to Matarazzo's chronicle may serve as landmarks.

Perugia, like other Italian commonwealths, arose from the ruins of an ancient Roman municipality, developing in the dark ages under the tutelage of a Bishop, whose political energy was often at least as important as his ecclesiastical. About the year 1100, having settled down to a popular form of government, Perugia established itself as the leading power in Central Italy. During the twelfth century Citta di Castello, Castel della Pieve, Assisi, Castiglione, Gubbio, la Fratta, Nocera, Gualdo, Fossato, Todi, were all in subject alliance to Perugia and acknowledged her supremacy. The government was, during this and the following century, mainly in the hands of the wealthier citizens, the Raspanti or burghers, who conducted the affairs of the State with a large-handed sumptuosity that was hardly in keeping with the real resources of the city. We read of splendidly appointed embassies, magnificent entertainments to distinguished visitors, who were speeded on their way with silver bowls filled to overflowing with gold coin, lavish salaries to university professors and to State officials, ornate buildings, and other expenses that pressed hard on the finances of a State that had no resources of trade or manufacture adequate to meet such demands.

Meanwhile Perugia was distracted with domestic discord. During all this period the nobles, several of whom were of Teutonic origin, and had come into Italy in the suite of an emperor, were kept in a position of political inferiority. Their attempts to grasp a share in the government were harshly repressed, nor were they able to hold their own against the middle class even with the help of the proletariate, the *popolo minuto*. "The Raspanti," writes Lodovico Sensi, "feeling that the haughty pride of the nobles interfered with the peace and quiet of their daily life beyond what human nature could endure, determined to deliver themselves from that burden. Accordingly they appealed to arms, and the fighting did not cease till one party or the other was exiled or slain, and the commonwealth ruined."

In the year 1222 the whole faction of the nobles was banished, and with short intervals they were kept in exile till 1371, when they returned ostentatiously dressed in black as a sign of mourning for their many relatives who had fallen in civil strife or had been beheaded as traitors. Yet even this long, lasting external pressure was not sufficient to keep the nobles united against their common enemy. Family feuds embittered all their intercourse, and in 1303 the rivalry of the Baglioni and Oddi families led to a fierce explosion of hostility, the echoes of which sounded to the latest days of Perugian history. The State, already weakened by these savage party disputes, could hardly stand up against the fresh misfortune that came upon it when, about 1340, the freebooting companies of soldiers began to spread over Italy. These hordes of savages, who made it their boast that they were the enemies of God and man, swept like a destroying fire over the land, and where they passed they left behind them misery and famine; and those who escaped the famine died of the plague that followed in its wake, for the black death appeared in 1348, and during the next century every few years the chronicler records a return of famine, or pestilence, or both.

NB

Braccio Fortebracci, brave, able, cultivated, vicious, second to none as a General, the Lorenzo il Magnifico of Perugia, dreamed of founding a central Italian kingdom with Perugia as its capital. His exploits shed an afterglow of splendour over the city, and for a time it seemed likely that his dream might be realised, but he was defeated and killed in 1424.

After his time the old popular government never revived; arts and crafts absorbed the energies of the burghers, and by desuetude they lost their capacity for rule even at periods when the nobles, who now controlled the city, were so weakened by family divisions that it might have seemed an easy feat for their rivals to take up again the reins that had dropped from their hands. The Pope was the only one to gain by this condition of affairs, and his suzerainty, which had been merely nominal in the earlier ages, gradually became the paramount power, and it was for the most part by his good leave that the Baglioni were able to assert in "The Ecclesiastical State of Perugia" a position similar to that which the Medici won for themselves in Florence. The Perugia described by Matarazzo is a city in which the nobles, weakened by their feuds and rivalries, ruled only because the middle class had lost the capacity or the desire to make any serious effort for the restoration of their old supremacy, and the Pope refrained from plucking the pear that was only just not ripe enough for him.

CHRONICLES OF THE CITY OF PERUGIA

1492–1503

[Several sheets of the MSS. have been lost, and the story begins abruptly in the middle of a paragraph.]

SO it came about that in this city of Perugia many gentlemen and men of substance kept in their stables not less than thirty mules apiece, so that in these days there came to be great dearth of wood in this our city. For the muleteers of these gentlemen hewed down every oakwood far and near, and when they found no more oak they turned their hands against the fruit trees of our farmers, and when these did not suffice them they set to and cut down the very olive trees even from the roots, and many were the olive groves that were felled. Yea, and the peasants could not keep their straw, for the muleteers took it all from them.

Why?

p. 10. n.

While such was the way of our life in Perugia Pope Innocent died, and Alexander VI., the Spaniard, was created Pope, concerning whom much was written and much was prophesied. While this man lived throughout Italy war raged, and the land was desolate. And I shall relate the story of all this, and how this Pope had many concubines, and among others one Donna Julia, strangely beautiful and of gentle blood; but her family name I leave unrecorded.* He had a huge number of bastard sons, all of whom he was determined to push on in the world, as a man is wont to do by his own. One he created cardinal, and he was entitled Cardinal of Valencia; a nephew too, of the Borgia family, a man of great ability,* became cardinal. Yet another, for whom he had great affection, who was a distinguished warrior, he made Duke of Candia; and with a view to this he gave him to wife the daughter of the King of Aragon; which King he had indeed crowned after having received of him 20,000 ducats. For he was an avaricious man, and greedy for wealth. And from each cardinal that he made he must take twenty or thirty thousand ducats. Thus he made them cardinals simoniacally, and on these terms and no other he bestowed bishops' sees and other benefices; for that he too by simony was made Pope, and all his substance he spent to buy the Papacy. Wealthy he had been as a cardinal, for he had been long time Vice-Chancellor. He acted in like manner when there came to his ears complaints of the evil deeds of the gentlemen of Perugia, and he thought to requite them for their wickedness; so he sent down to us one who was his kinsman, the Bishop of Trani; the same was testy and harebrained and given over to vicious life. This man when he had come to Perugia began to call offenders up for summary judgment, and for ten or fifteen days dealt righteously, but after that he began to sell his sentences for money. Then forthwith he lost all consideration and the esteem of men, and he could no longer hold his own; but those he had condemned and other saucy fellows began to meet of nights in front of his palace, and there make an uproar and mock and flout him, and shout out his name and in other such ways disparage him. This man did not amend the evil living of the city of Perugia.

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* She was sister to Paul III., Alexander Farnese.

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* Giovanni Borgia, Cardinal of San Susanna.

Moreover it came to pass in those days that there came to our city of Perugia a young nun of the order of St. Domenic with her father and mother, and she entered a house in the ward San Pietro, where then two or three other women of the same order abode. The same walked in the way of St. Catharine of Siena, and she ate not neither did she drink, save only of the fruit of the jujube tree, and of this but seldom. And as she came on her way to the city of Perugia she passed over the bridge of St. Gianni; then certain young men who were at the tavern that stands there, would have laid hands on her, for she was delicately made and fair to look on: but when they drew near to her she held out before their eyes the jujubes that she had in her hood of white cloth, and they forthwith lost all power of thought and motion and stood as men forgotten of their kind. This was the first tale told among the common sort and the people of Perugia; afterwards it was told how this sister, whose name was Colomba, never ate at all nor nourished herself save with what she partook of at the holy communion; and all the people began to talk of her. Moreover she often fell into a trance for an hour or maybe two, and even at times for half a day: the blood ceased to flow in her veins and she lay as one dead. Then a spasm shook her whole frame, and she became herself again and prophesied of things to come and foreboded disasters. Yet for all this she made men's hearts burn within them with prayers that rose from her lips soaring up to God on high; nor was she less ready to make her petitions to Jesus Christ. One morning lo! two of her teeth had fallen from her, for she said that she had fought with the Devil of Hell; and for the power thus displayed and because of the many petitions that she made to Christ on their behalf, and for the many scandals which she made to cease with her prayers, the people gave her the name of Saint.* Moreover Guido and Ridolfo Baglioni often spoke with her, and she urged them to bring the citizens to lead godly lives, for that otherwise great disaster would fall on them. Yet not even so did all men believe in her, though they saw her walk openly in the town and speak and hold discourse and reveal secret things. And the brothers of the order of St. Francis believed not in her. In the end where she abode there the rulers of our city built a fair monastery (for there had been none there before) and it was very richly endowed and many sisters took the veil in that order, and not less than fifty sisters entered into that house and filled it. And all this came about in the space of six years from the day when Sister Colomba came to Perugia.

And I would also have you to know that in these days, notwithstanding the evil lives that men led, much money was given in charity both by the commonwealth and by private people, and such they say was of old the custom in the city of Perugia; and thus it was that many sacred buildings were built and enlarged. Among these, as I have said, the Convent of Sister Colomba, as also the

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* In May, 1492, through her influence it would seem, there was a great function in the Piazza. Thirty-three altars were set up in it and for three days hundreds of priests offered masses in expiation of the blood that had been shed.

Convent of St. Mary Magdalene which stands hard by the said Convent of Sister Colomba. The Monastery, too, of St. Jerome, with its appurtenances, was built from its foundations up in the same ward of St. Peter. And the Monastery of Sta. Maria degli Angeli was thoroughly repaired, yea almost rebuilt; and it was granted to those regular canons who celebrate masses there up to the day and hour in which I write. The nuns that occupied it were removed, for before this time it had been a nunnery, and it was granted to the said monks; and they were endowed with privileges than which no other brotherhood had greater—indulgences and other prerogatives in abundance. At this time, as I said, their habitation which had been dismantled and in ruins was entirely repaired.

At this time also there was taken in hand the building of the new church. Moreover the Church of St. Peter was made strangely beautiful with noble masonry, and the building of this was not, like the others I have mentioned, paid for by contributions of the charitable. And because the same body had the charge of the Church of St. Constantine they decorated that also with archways and other ornaments, for heretofore it had been but a mean building, and in it they celebrated masses with great splendour. And at this time there was painted, among other things, the picture of the Ascension in St. Peter's, by the hand of Mastro Pietro of Castello della Pieve, a village in the district of Perugia, and this same Pietro was at that time pre-eminent among painters throughout the whole of God's world. There was also another master of that art by many called Pinturicchio, and by many Sordicchio because he was deaf (*sordo*); small was he too, insignificant and ill favoured. And even as the said Mastro Pietro was the first in his art, so was this man second; and there was in the world no one that could contend with him for second place. So that in this art of painting also there were born to us men of the highest capacity and excellence, even as there were also in other sciences and arts.

I return to my tale, and not to be tedious, I tell you of the splendid buildings with which Sta. Maria degli Servi was at this time embellished; and especially of the dormitory. For a few years before the church had been enlarged and amplified with splendid additions by His Highness Braccio Baglione. For before that it did not stand as it now does facing a public street. Nor had it in front of the door the piazza which leads to the house of His Highness Grifone, and it was but a small church.* Likewise San Domenico was greatly enlarged. And San Lorenzo was built up to be the great church that you know, for till this time it was but one-half of that which it now is. The canons too rebuilt their houses from the foundations; and they bought some houses that stood in the little Piazza degli Arati, and they levelled all the buildings and cleared a space around them. And their habitation they strengthened like a fort, and they built covered galleries inside with projecting breastworks, and they had a garrison of mercenaries always on guard. All this they did, as you will readily understand, not for the glory of God's house, but because they feared to be attacked by their enemies. Moreover they built up two of the doors of the church, leaving in them loopholes for their guns to fire through. At the same time the choir and sacristy were built, and the whole church was made glorious within with many ornaments and additions, and the clergy officiated in it with all seemly pomp. The Chapel of St. Joseph was also built and decorated, and in it was deposited the ring of Our Lady, which had a few years before been conveyed to us from Chiusi, a city dependent on Siena;* and heretofore this ring had been

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* This monastery with its church was destroyed in 1542 to make way for the fortress erected by the Pope.

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* The surprising story of this ring is told by the Chronicler: Now a German jeweller who had followed the crusading armies to Jerusalem collected there a great store of relics of the most supreme value, and among others the identical marriage ring which had been placed by St. Joseph on the Virgin's finger. In Rome he met Sor Ranieri, a jeweller of Chiusi, who had been sent there to purchase jewels for her by a daughter of the Emperor Otho III., and to him he sold the ring. Ranieri delivered over the rest of his purchases to his employer, but kept the ring for his own use, though he had not sufficient belief in its merits to treat it with the respect that was its due; and for this his want of faith he was ere long justly punished. His son, a lad of ten years old, speedily sickened and died, and was taken to the church for burial. Then was wrought a great marvel that made manifest both the virtue of the ring and the faithlessness of Sor Ranieri; for the lad rose and sat up on his bier, and called his father to him. Whom, when he had come, he rebuked for his little faith in that he had not believed in the ring, nor had delivered it into the keeping of a priest, to whom alone such a holy treasure might be entrusted. When he had thus spoken he laid himself down again, and his soul departed from his body, and had rest.

The ring was kept at Chiusi as a priceless treasure till in the year 1473 a German priest, moved by the example of one who had in the past conveyed a like treasure to Köln and so won the glory of beatification, stole the ring, and set about to convey it to his own country. He started on his journey northwards, but soon a fog, thicker than all natural fogs, closed him about, and he lost his way. But the Holy Virgin guided his steps to Perugia, and thus compensated that city for the loss of other sacred relics that had been stolen thence to Germany.

The penitent thief acknowledged the miracle, and may indeed, says the Chronicler, be held a good man and a just, seeing that it was piety that moved him to his crime. In Perugia he confided his secret to a citizen, whom he kept in the Chapel of the Priori of the City. Moreover the Church and Monastery of San Francesco del Monte

bound by oath to reveal it to no one; but Luca too, so was the citizen named, was moved by excess of piety to be false to his plighted word, and he communicated all he knew to the Bishop, excusing his faithlessness on the ground of his passionate devotion to the Holy Virgin. The Bishop by way of penance, we may presume, ordered the priest to give the ring, not to the Church of Sta. Mostiola whence he had stolen it, but to the Commonwealth of Perugia. This was done on the 6th of August, 1473. The next day two ambassadors were sent to Pope Sixtus IV. to Tivoli, and they entreated His Holiness that he would be content to allow the ring to remain in Perugia. But because the men of Siena made complaint to the Pope about this thing, he refused to grant the request of Perugia yet promised not to give any adverse decision. On the 12th of August the Bishop of Chiusi came to Perugia and went into the Communal Palazzo, where the smaller Council was sitting, and desired to be heard about this matter of the ring. But it was answered him that the great Council of Citizens must meet to deliberate on the question. And when the Bishop heard this he took himself off with the grace of God.

On the 13th of August came the ambassador of Siena and went into the Palazzo to have audience; and it was told him that it was now too late, but that on the following day answer would be given him. And on the 14th the Great Council assembled, and 800 citizens were present, and they sent for the ambassador, and many citizens went to escort him. And when he was come into the Court House the Priori set him in the midst, and he set forth the matter of his embassy on behalf of the city of Siena. Then was answer made to him by two orators on behalf of Perugia, and with this answer he was not contented. After that, on the 15th of the month the ring of the Holy Virgin was exhibited to the citizens.

By October trouble with Siena began to threaten and a war council was appointed to provide for what might ensue. Meanwhile the matter was being considered in Rome, where the Pope ordered that the question of the restoration of the ring should be decided by a committee of eight Cardinals, or, as an alternative, that it should be delivered up to him. Perugia refused, and a vote was passed by the City Council that anyone who proposed restitution of the ring should be put under ban as traitor, himself, his sons, and his grandsons. The ring was deposited in the chapel of the Priori in a shrine guarded by seven locks, and the priest whose piety and patriotism had overcome his scruple of honesty was rewarded by appointment as chaplain in charge at a convenient salary.

were enlarged, and many chapels were built in the outer cloister. And to sum up, not to make my story too long, almost every church and hospital in the city was made more splendid.

Also the New Schools were built hard by the Hospital of the Misericordia, which stands near the Court of the Constable or Captain of the People. The Piazza del Campo also that lies beneath the New Schools was laid out. The building of the Two Gates* was also taken in hand and in great part accomplished. And many splendid buildings were erected by private citizens both in the city and the suburb, and those in the suburb far surpassed those in the city in magnificence, as indeed can be seen even now. At this time the Company of St. Joseph was organised by Fra Berardino da Feltro. And among many other ordinances he ordained that there should be a torchlight procession on the day of the feast of St. Joseph, as may be read in the book of the rules of the Company; and many gentlemen and merchants enrolled their names in that order.

And in these days a Madonna painted in the midst of thorns and briars on a wall near Castello Rigone, such a painting as you may often see by the roadside, began to speak to a child, and to loosen those bound of palsies and the lame; to give sight to the blind and to heal the sick. Then began men to hear tell of this new portent; and when they heard straightway from the towns and the country round about great multitudes came together to that place, and they gave great gifts of money, insomuch that the building of the noble church that stands there was taken in hand. Thus you may conceive that in that time our city was richly dowered and full of men all well gifted in mind and body, but on the other hand it abounded too with wicked men and evildoers as I said before, so that there was not in it the sweet without the bitter. And if our city had been governed according to its laws and ordinances it would never in the past have been more honoured or more happy than at this time. But no means could be found to constrain* it to a peaceful and quiet life, neither by the coming of governors and legates, nor by sheriffs and constables, nor by any other device.

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* This gate led, through the second circuit of the walls, from the outer to the inner city. The foundations had been laid in 1448, but the building had apparently been suspended during the stormy times that followed.

And while Innocent was Pope there was a nephew of his that had come to pursue his studies in the city; and the story is well known how there was a man so daring and headstrong as to slay him in open day as if he had been a mere country hind; nor could Pope Innocent ever have satisfaction of the murderer, though he was of little influence and a gentleman of small family.

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* How greatly such constraint was needed may be inferred from many passages in the chronicles of the City, *e.g.*: "1442, Nov. 3rd. In these days throughout the whole district men are being plundered, and slain, and beaten by footpads, nor can any one go safely about his business any where." "Nov. 10th. To day proclamation was made by the trumpeters of the Captain, riding on horseback with their plumes in their helmets, saying: 'Let no man dare to rob in the city or any where in the district of Perugia, neither him that goes to sow his field, nor him that goes to the mill with his corn, nor any one that goes about his business any whither: and the penalty is death to him who disobeys this proclamation. Howbeit as to straw any one is allowed p. 1. to take that, and against any who would prevent this, violence may be used without any penalty.'"

Again in the year 1445: "Then Monsignore appointed peacemakers, two men per ward, to whom it was given in charge to make peace and bring together those who had been enemies; and under commandment of Monsignore many murders were blotted out and old enmities healed; and many citizens took the cowl, among others Messer Agamemnone, who, meseems, would take ? hold of our Lord God by the feet, yet makes not restitution of what he had stolen. But the next month murders begin again."

There had once in the past been sent to the city a Cardinal, Legate General of the Pope. He got into such sad terms that he had himself carried out eight or ten miles from the city in a litter, as though too ill to ride; then on horseback, and away, fearing these same Baglioni, and doubting what they might contrive. But no more of these doings. We will for a bit turn to other subjects and write a record of other affairs.

In 1493 in the neighbouring city of Assisi there were two parties: of these one that of Berardo dei Guidoni and his brothers who were friends of the High and Mighty Baglioni; and the other party was headed by the Count of Sterpeto, and with him was his brother Count Alexander, a young man and a lusty, and these two were friends of our exiles,*

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* Note the phrase "our exiles," as one might say "the king's opposition." A considerable number of citizens were almost always in exile from Italian towns, and their conditions and prospects are thus graphically described by Fabbretti: "Whenever a section of citizens had been banished a crowd of commoners or of nobles, as the case might be, led a life exposed to peril of every sort. Far from their native city, ever in fear of betrayal by partisans of the hostile faction, their fortunes confiscated, owning not a foot of land, unable to follow any trade or profession, their one thought was to harass the villages dependent on their city, and to plunder the farms, getting thus bread to eat and revenge for the injuries they suffered. These exiles, strong in their numbers, hoping sooner or later to return to their homes, to make the streets ring with their shouts of victory, and to have their share in a new order of government founded on the ruin of their enemies, bound themselves to each

Exiles in 1488. See p. 240

that is to say of the Oddi: and to one or the other of these all the men of Assisi clave; and already hatred and ill will had begun to grow up between them. Wherefore for this cause the Count gave orders that Berardo should be invited one evening to their court by the Priori of that city and should then be slain; and in the event so it was done; and he was slain and with him some others of his friends and kin, and his brother Galeotto was wounded to his death. Howbeit he did not die. And when these things were known in Perugia forthwith their Highnesses the Baglioni took horse and rode into Assisi and pillaged all that part of the town that held for the Count, and he and his brother forthwith fled away, but many men were slain; and thus it was with that city till those things happened which you shall hear below.

In these days the High and Mighty Astorre Baglioni returned from Naples. He came to Perugia well equipped he and his soldiery, with fine horses and dress of cloth of gold; and with youths who had on coats and cloaks of silver embroidery. Now this man when he set out

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other by oaths of eternal friendship and alliance. They chose as their captain the bravest of their number, and encamped under the walls of their city, to the terror of those who had driven them forth. If success crowned their efforts the bells that rang out to celebrate their victory were no sign of general rejoicing. Others had now to take the path of exile and to pay for their past triumph by blood and tears, and the uncertain hope of better days. Even however if the party in power proved strong enough, with the help of the mercenaries in their pay, to beat off the exiles, though the crisis passed no sense of security returned. The exiles then looked for help and backing to other republics, or went on plundering expeditions through the land, hoping for some war to break out in which they might win wealth and fame as mercenaries, and so return to attack the walls of their ancient homes with better chance of success."

from home took not with him but one attendant and one horse for his own riding, nor had he but small store of clothes, and was himself too but ill dressed.

In the year 1494 Pope Alexander began to make much stir, and throughout the whole of Italy men began to tell how the King of France was making ready great store of money and men for the invasion of Italy, and that he would come to attack the King of Naples, and that he had in alliance with him the Duke of Milan, who granted him passage through his realm and entertainment for his army. As for Pope Alexander, men thought that he was on the side of the King of Naples, yet it was not certain with which party he had understanding. And the Venetians stood aloof to watch the event; and they kept their eyes open, and a large army in readiness. And they wished to take into their pay the House of the Baglioni, but they would not consent because of their friendship for the King of Naples. And after that they had refused the money of the Venetian, money was offered to this house to serve under the King of France with three hundred men-at-arms, and this likewise they refused. And His Highness Messer Astorre entered the service of the King of Naples, and so too did Morgante, who is also called Adriano, his brother, and Ottaviano entered the service of the Florentines, and Gismondo took service under the Prefect of Sinigaglia Giovanni della Rovere, brother of the Cardinal of San Pietro in Vincoli. And His Highness Giovan Paolo and Semonetto took service with the Florentines, and Carlo Baglione served under Virgilio Orsino, and His Highness Grifone under the Duke of Urbino and with him Girolamo della

Ch. VIII.

Penna, and the rest of the High and Mighty family took service where it seemed good in their eyes. Of these I will not spend time to tell and relate.

And while now every man held himself and his soldiery in readiness, and every man in all Italy whose trade was to fight had taken his pay, though as yet none had made stir, there came about a revolution in Assisi; for the Count of Sterpeto and his brother returned into the city. When their Highnesses Astorre and Giovan Paolo Baglione heard of this forthwith they got together a force of horse and foot and pitched their camp at the gates of Assisi. And all those who held for the Baglioni fled from the town, but any of them who were still within the walls when the Counts entered, and were caught by their enemies, were most cruelly put to death. Many however escaped, hiding in wells and drains; and their property and houses were plundered; for the Counts' people did even as their enemies had done before.

These Counts had entered into the town by the Citadel; and they were favoured by the Duke of Urbino and by Giovanni Sforza the Lord of Pesaro; which Lord of Pesaro had a short time before taken to wife a daughter of Pope Alexander* who brought him as dowry the town of Assisi. Wherefor the Counts were zealously supported in the town by these Nobles. But nevertheless Messer Astorre and Giovan Paolo Baglione pitched their camp against the town and began to bombard the fort; and they carried off the corn and burnt the houses outside the walls, and in this every man of the House of Baglioni wrought

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* This was the celebrated Lucretia Borgia.

Guido baldo.

right valiantly; and in the end the enemies came to terms and agreed to a treaty of peace, which however lasted but a short time. Yet because they trusted in it the Baglioni disbanded their army and returned to Perugia. And after that each one of them must needs ride forth with his men, to join those under whose orders he fought and those from whom he had taken pay. So Messer Astorre and with him Morgante went with the other troops of the King of Aragon into Lombardy, and there set themselves against the King of France.

Then Messer Astorre wrote to those of the Baglioni who remained in Perugia, to maintain their hold on the city and that if by any chance the French army should pass by way of Perugia they were not to give them entrance for any reason whatsoever, but rather die first. And he entreated them to bid the people of Perugia be of good courage and play the man, and never allow the Frenchmen to come into the town. Moreover he prayed them to take order that all the old walls be made strong, and that if they were not strong enough to hold the entire city at all events they should hold the Old city.* Accordingly orders were given to execute that which His Highness had written, for well they knew the worth of his counsel in every matter, and not only in Perugia but even more outside Perugia was he held in much regard by all men of any consideration. So they began to build gates in the old walls where there were none, and one was made at San Luca through which you pass as you go to San Francesco, another was made in Sopramuro at the Coppersmith's hill, another at St. Arigo opening on to the Campo di Battaglia, and another, a postern, at the Via Nuova. They were begun I say but they were not finished at that time.

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* The Old city was that part of Perugia that lay behind the inner circuit of walls within that through which the "Two gates" were pierced.

Now the Counts of Sterpeto who ruled in Assisi at that time, seeing how the Baglioni were busied fighting in the pay of others, stood not to the treaty and agreement they had made with them, but issuing from their town harried and plundered the territory of Perugia and especially that part of it which lies round la Bastia and belongs to their Highnesses the Baglioni, the which stands near Santa Maria degli Angeli in the district of Assisi on the Chiagio. And there they slew the folk and the land they spoiled.

And when their Highnesses the Baglioni who were fighting in the pay of others heard that the French had reached Pisa they determined to return to Perugia so that if these attempted any harm on their march through the land they might defend the city and prevent them from working any wrong.

Meanwhile those who were in Perugia, as I have said, waiting for what should come, began to raid up to the very gates of Assisi, and they set to burning every habitation outside the gates of that city ; and they that were in Assisi set on fire and burnt every day two or three, yea and even ten of the houses that belonged to their exiles. But so long as the Baglioni scoured their suburb the men of Assisi never ventured beyond their gates, or if ever they did make a sortie to harry the land they never crossed the river Chiagio. So in all that land none tilled the earth save within two bowshots of the walls, and no one could have the fruit of any holding that he had, and if any of what sort or condition soever chanced to pass through those lands he was hewn in pieces and plundered. The thorns too and briars and every sort of weed had spread so abundantly that you might readily lay ambushes where you would; and the men of that place came to be a great terror to all, and near the walls of la Bastia very many met their death at the hands of those who there lay in ambush; yea and they slew even women and children even as though they had been their bitterest foes. Moreover the men of Bastia had become such terrible warriors that dressed in their shirts only they rushed out to fight with their enemy; and they were ready to fight one man without armour against two fully armed, yea, and they turned them to flight, and they wrought deeds which the tongue of man cannot relate, so brave were they and doughty in battle; for though aforetimes they had been held of little account in war yet now, great and small alike, proved themselves very warriors. And every village in their land bred terrible fighters, and of him who in this war of Assisi had not killed a man it was held that he lived an idle and useless life. And by reason of this war all that land was overrun with wolves, and deer, and wild goats and beasts of the field of every sort, so many that none could number them. And it came to pass that one day those in the city devised to lay an ambush near la Bastia and they hid themselves hard by the bridge which is close to the river Teschio. The same day Messer Astorre had determined to lead his men even up to the gates of the city of Assisi, and he fell in with this ambush, and when he had discovered the men who lay in ambush he fought against them right valiantly, so that they who had lain in ambush were sorely handled by the High and Mighty Messer Astorre and his soldiers; and of the men of the town there were slain sixty or more. So by reason of all this slaughter the wolves and other wild beasts grew and multiplied in the land, for they found Christian flesh to eat. And some of those slain were buried by the brothers of Santa Maria degli Angeli, but many they could not find by reason of the great woods and briars that had sprung up there. And at that time the enemy were chased even up to the gates of the city of Assisi and Count Alexander himself hardly escaped; yea, had it not been for the wonderfully swift horse that he rode he would have fallen together with the rest of his men; for few were they who fled betimes or made shift to hide themselves, but nearly all were left on the field of battle. So it came about that His Highness Messer Astorre returned again with great triumph.

Now the French passing on their way from Florence and Siena to Naples must needs pass through our land; and one evening when perhaps twelve thousand Frenchmen were encamped at Mercatello by Monte Ubiano, it came into the heart of their Highnesses Messer Astorre and Giovan Paolo, to take with them their warrior brothers and their soldiers and certain of their friends, to go forth that very night and fall upon them and plunder them and break them and scatter them; and when they had so devised, without leave or counsel of their fathers they set out on their way towards the enemy. But when their elders the High and

Mighty Guido and Ridolfo heard of this they at once sent messengers after them with orders that they should turn back and leave the adventure they had taken in hand; and this they must do forthwith making no question but obeying. And the messengers rode and came up to them following hard one on the other, with orders to return. They had almost reached the place where the Frenchmen lay, yet at the last to obey their elders they turned back that same night. But the Frenchmen when they heard this forthwith plucked up their standard and without further stay took themselves off. This thing was told to the King of France, and he was astounded at the great hardihood of the young men. And after this the Frenchmen left Siena and rode, staying not, as soldiers use, for wintry season or aught else, and came to Toscanella and there, wherefore I know not, many men of that place lost their lives.

That I may pass over nothing of what has happened in the city of Perugia, and in order that those who take in hand this my chronicle may know all that happened, forasmuch as the recital of what has chanced in his own town lies ever nearer to the heart of the reader; I say, in order to make my narrative complete, I will tell how our exiles after the defeat of the aforesaid 6th of June, 1491,* and after they had remained quiet and had never moved against man or town of the district or city of Perugia until the year 1494 now cast about for means to enter into Perugia either by open force or by the help of others.

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* An account of this attempted return of the Oddi and other exiles is given in the chronicle of Graziani. In April 1490 news was brought to Perugia that the exiles were assembling at Chiusi, and there followed many councils in the City, and proclamations that forbad the bearing of arms, and expelled all the adherents of the Oddi who were still in the City. On the 24th of December the gates of San Lorenzo, that had been kept shut for fear of treachery, were

opened, "but in the said church soldiers were always on ward as if it were besieged by enemies." On the 15 of May 1491 because it was said that large numbers had joined in the conspiracy against the rule of the Baglioni, many citizens went to the Palace of the said Baglioni, and made entreaty : "have pity on us for we have heard said that folk in the City talk of the conspiracy and accuse us that we have not revealed it to the Baglioni." And to all who went and asked for pardon pardon was granted. After this strict watch was kept in the city day and night, and more than six thousand foreign mercenaries were engaged besides the citizen soldiery ; the shops were not opened and every man always went about armed. On the last of May Giapecantonio de Fustino and Berardino de Buontempo were beheaded at the upper end of the Piazza because they had taken part in the plot for the return of the exiles ; and the dead bodies were let lie there till midday, and were then carried to San Domenico ; but no one followed the funeral save the monks only. "Then on the 6th of June in the morning a hundred and fifty of our exiles led by Messer Fabrizio degli Oddi entered Perugia, having marched all night from Gubbio. They made their way at once to the Hill in the ward Sole. There they slew Troilo della Beragna who was on guard there, being captain of the Piazza, as also the Captain of the mercenaries and many of his men ; and as soon as they had established themselves on the Hill Matteo degli Oddi went through the streets shouting Church ! Church ! and Long Live the People ! and would have persuaded the men of the militia to go up to the Hill and join them. But each remained in his own house, nor did anyone stir, but made answer : "What men are with you ?" "Very many" he said, and that their supports had reached the gates, and yet more were on the road. Nevertheless no one made a move. And in another direction Messer Fabrizio went to Girolamo degli Arciprete to his house, where they found him in bed, and asked him : "on whose side will you be ?" "With you," he answered, and at once he got up and dressed himself and put on his armour and said : "I will go and find my friends ; long time have I awaited you, and now we will go and kill those tyrants and traitors the Baglioni !" And he departed by the back of his house and went and found the Baglioni, Guido and Ridolfo, who in their shirts had hurried down, when they heard the uproar, to the lower end of the Piazza. They were at a loss to conjecture what the noise might mean, the more so

And whereas for the most part they had their resort in the city of Siena and its district—though some too of the said gentlemen were in the pay of the Duke of Urbino and therefore resorted to the towns of his Dukedom—they

because after they had taken those in the town who were in the plot they no longer had any fear or suspicion. Then as soon as these Baglioni saw Girolamo they caught him in their arms and kissed him, and at once determined to move against the hill. And with Guido at their head they assaulted the hill bearing themselves like Paladins; and after a hard fight drove the enemy from it, and slew Messer Fabrizio, and many others of the enemy and relieved the Church of San Severe in which their garrison had been besieged by the Oddi. The fight had lasted about two hours, and in the end sixty of the enemy were slain and forty-two taken prisoners. And the prisoners were hanged or hurled from the windows into the Piazza. And on the 8th of June the bodies were taken away and buried. Meanwhile others of the Oddi had come with horse soldiers and foot soldiers from Chiusi and Siena; but finding the gates shut they could do nothing, and returned home again.

And on the 11th of June four trumpets were sent through the town to make proclamation: that any one who shall kill any of the leaders of the exiles, such as Pompeio degli Oddi, Agamemnone degli Arcipreti, or Berardino degli Ranieri shall receive 200 ducats, or if he take them alive 300; and the blood money is deposited in the Bank of the Grasello; and he shall moreover have the right to give readmission to one exile, or freedom to one prisoner. Wherefore a band of men joined together and went to Gubbio to kill Berardino degli Ranieri, but, as God would have it, they were discovered and taken and quartered. The same day proclamation was made that any one who should speak or write to any exile should fall under the penalty of treason and forfeiture of all his property.

And on the 18th of June proclamation was made, that any one who had a ladder of ten steps or more in length within two miles of the city must bring it in under penalty of 10 ducats and four *tratte di corda*, and this because the exiles had sent to say that they meant to return to Perugia. [A *tratta di corda* consisted in this: the patient's arms were tied behind his back, and he was hoisted up by a rope fastened to his wrists and passing over a pulley; this rope was then suddenly slacked and after a fall of a few feet, as the rope tightened again, he was brought up with a jerk.] The same day five valuers were appointed to value all the property of the exiles and impound it for the public treasury.

so wrought with those who governed Siena that they promised them aid of men and arms and money, and undertook too to restore them to Perugia, but what it was that our exiles promised in return to the said government of Siena I cannot unfold. Moreover the Duke of Urbino promised to give them aid to the extent of his power. And in the end they set in array great numbers of foot-soldiers and horse-soldiers; and some of our exiles came through the parts about Siena. These had with them their own men and the men of Siena, and there was with them a gentleman of Siena of the House of Belanti, who led the men of Siena and was captain of the Sienese soldiers. So many were they that they counted their victory a sure thing, both seeing that their men were so many thousands and because not long time before the ring of Our Lady had been brought into this our city of Perugia, so for this reason, because they had lost the ring, they loved us not at all, nay rather hated us with a perfect hatred. For all these reasons aforesaid many men came in hopes of plunder, many men I say who were not under the orders of the Government of Siena nor yet had received pay for their service. And another body of our exiles had set out from the towns of the Duke of Urbino. These likewise marched with the soldiers they had hired, and brought with them many footmen and horsemen of the Duke. And before these forces had left their own place it was told in Perugia how that they had set out against the city. And to sum up those who were in the land of Siena and those who were in the land of the Duke of Urbino all marched at one and the same time with the aforesaid forces. They marched I say and entered into the territory of Perugia in the said year 1494 in the month of March on or about the 24th day of the month, and occupied the parts about lake Trasimene. And because the men there were their friends, all the men I mean who abode in the villages that belonged to the ward of Santa Susanna,* for that reason they took their way to Castiglione in the territory of Chiusi and forthwith the men of the place who were their friends opened the gates to them and let them enter into the town. And when they had taken the town they went up against the citadel to see whether they could take that also; but because the citadel is of its nature strong, and also because the warders were men well versed in war, and also because they were men utterly faithful to the House of the High and Mighty Baglioni, they would in no ways hearken to the entreaties of the exiles; and though they tried with prayers and threats and offers of much money, not even so could they bend the warders to their will; and the exiles had no great artillery with them to shoot against the citadel. Now there was a man Filippo de Braccio, a bastard of the House of the High and Mighty Baglioni; the same was a man of great courage and he was fo. 104 about 38 years old. He chanced to be there and also Berardo da Congna and Pietro of the House of the Arcepriti. They were I say in an island of the lake whose name I have not in mind, and they determined to succour the citadel of Castiglione: and to that end they entered into the water and endeavoured to approach that citadel; the which seeing Pompeio degli Oddi, who had placed much store of artillery and great guns in certain pits and trenches which were at the foot of the citadel, shot across the water of the lake and hindered those men that they could not bring aid to the citadel. Those who were in the citadel could not harm them that were in those pits for they could not see them, for they had been made in such fashion that those who were above could in no ways hurt those that were in them. They had indeed been prepared during another war, as I have heard from my forebears, for that very purpose, to prevent any from bringing aid to that citadel. And Pompeio so wrought that no aid could come to it. But nevertheless those who were in that citadel would never agree to yield it up; so those others must needs leave it and follow their adventure. And after they had busied themselves with it two days or three, they were desirous to follow out their adventure, though they had had the rain continually against them both while coming there and while they tarried there. But all this they reckoned of no account at all so entirely were their minds set on getting to Perugia. So they went on their way. Now that other party of the exiles, who had with them, as I have told you, the men of the Duke of Urbino, were already come and had drawn nigh to la Fratta; and with one heart and one mind the men of la Fratta opened their gates, and the exiles and those with them entered in, and when they had taken the town they took the citadel also, for the warders yielded it to them without waiting any trial of battle; true it is that the place was not then so strong as it was afterwards when its walls had been rebuilt. Now when this thing was told in Perugia it was held to be ill tidings for those who ruled the state.*

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* Santa Susanna was one of the wards of Perugia, and like the other wards of the city owned land and villages in the territory subject to Perugia. The citizens of that ward were as a rule hostile to the Baglioni.

And the exiles being minded to go through with the war, came down from the hills and marched on the way to Perugia, though as I have said a very great rain beat on them; and they entered into every town that was friendly to them. All towns in that district were friendly to them, and every hour seemed a year to the citizens till they could see the exiles enter into their gates. In this wise they entered into Colomella and Civitella and Mantignana and many other towns the names of which I do not remember. And those who were in Castiglione did likewise, for they took boat and crossed the lake and in one day took all the islands of it and almost all the other towns that stood on the shores of the lake, and among these Passignano. Nay rather the men of those towns did not wait their coming but themselves went forth to meet them in their boats. Yet the truth is that they could not enter into nor take the citadel of Passignano, not though it was not as strong as it is now, for that in it there were Filippo de Braccio and his companions whom I told you of before: and all this these exiles did though they had against them bad weather and much rain. Now when the Baglioni heard how these towns were surrendering they determined to make what effort they could to save the rest. And His Highness Messer Astorre called to him what number of men he could, foot-soldiers and horsemen, Perugians and strangers, and he went out at the city gate, at the gate of the ward of Santa Susanna, and with him went other gentlemen and among them Girolamo della Penna. But the High and Mighty Giovan Paolo Baglione and his brother Semonetto were not there, for they were in the parts about Florence, and they could not have license of the Lords of Florence in whose pay they were; howbeit without having license they set out to ride hither with their soldiers.

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* That is for the Baglioni. For though that family did not fill all or even the majority of the offices of the city they had at this time practically supreme command.

And to return to what I was saying. The High and Mighty Messer Astorre rode with his companions and his soldiers, as I have told you, towards the enemy, having it in his mind to attack them; and he rode even until he reached the lake and when he came there he gave one part of his foot-soldiers to Girolamo della Penna and sent him along the brow of the hill, and he with the rest of the foot-soldiers and the horsemen marched by way of the plain. And they began to draw near to Passignano, one along the brow of the hill and the other by the way of the plain, as I have told you. And when they had drawn near to Passignano they saw that there yet came across the lake boats laden with fighting men of the enemy who were minded to land. And His Highness Messer Astorre forthwith drew up at the water's edge crossbow men and foot-soldiers to hinder them that they might not land, and he went up against the gate of Passignano and fought against it. And those who were above, I say those who had gone along the brow of the hill, began to come down towards the town, and shooting from the higher ground they smote those who were within so that they could not stand on the walls to defend themselves, but they must needs leave the town and betake themselves to flight. And in such mad haste did they flee away, especially the men of Siena, that, when they passed through the opposite gate, that which leads to Cortona, they burst the gate open outwards, such was the mad haste with which they fled through it. And some of the aforesaid soldiers fled into the water of the lake and climbed up into a boat that had no oars, and they could not move it from where it lay; and so great was the throng there that many fell into the water, and they threw each other out because there was not room for them in the boat. And if there chanced to be a woman there with her child seeking to escape from death her the men flung out into the water with her child to make room for themselves; and this befell many women. And to end my tale many boats laden with these men foundered and they that were in them were drowned in the water; and many sank in the lake before they could climb into a boat, and in this strait no one heeded who was his friend and who not, so that such numbers of all conditions were drowned in that water that it was pity to hear tell, nor could the number of them be counted. And of those who died by sword and spear I tell you not, for of those too the number was very great. There too was wounded Bellanti, Captain of the men of Siena of whom I told you before. A peasant it was that hurt his thigh with a halbert. And if the High and the Mighty Messer Astorre had not been there, who would not suffer his men to exceed in cruelty against their enemies, these had all been slain. But he would not allow the massacre to proceed. And those who escaped alive were almost all taken and bound and led away prisoners to Perugia. And so many were they that there was not room for them all, no not though the dungeons of all the palaces in the city were filled; and need was that all the prisoners should stand on their feet, for otherwise there had not been room for them. Now those who were by profession soldiers were treated with all courtesy, for their word was taken and they were allowed to walk at will through the city. And there were taken also many Perugians, valiant men of war, and to them too was shown great kindness. There was also taken one Ludovico of the House of the Oddi, the same was wounded; and he was with the others brought to Perugia, and the young man Grifone Baglione asked that he might have him, to whom he was granted and given; and he had him cared for with all diligence and healed him of his wounds; and when he was healed he was banished to the village of the Spital of Fontignana; and his enemies, for he had in Perugia many enemies of old standing, seized part of his goods.

And not to wander from one subject to another I will return to my story, and I will relate how the High and Mighty Messer Astorre when he returned towards Perugia a conqueror, and wished to pursue the war and to have yet greater victory over his enemies, took lodging on his return at Corciano, and there abode that evening, and as has been said, sent his prisoners to Perugia. The next morning he set all his people in array and moved them down towards Mantignana, and drew up his army to assault the town. But the soldiers that were within the walls forthwith yielded to the High and Mighty Messer Astorre on condition of marching out free with their arms in their hands; and the end was that they went out unmolested from that place, and His Highness Messer Astorre entered into it with all his men; and the town they sacked and, as I believe, a part of the walls they broke down, yet I cannot speak of this with certainty. And when the other brothers of His Highness Messer Astorre heard how their enemies' hearts failed them for fear, they would have arrayed their battle and gone forth to find those who were at Ponte di Pattolo; but the old men their fathers would not suffer it. And His Highness Messer Astorre determined to accomplish the victory he had begun, for the weather was favourable and had begun to mend from the day when he had marched forth from the gates. So His Highness determined to go and find his other enemies who were at that said Ponte di Pattolo; yet I cannot remember whether he first returned to Perugia, but meseems that he did. And in short as he determined so he did, and he rode to that place; and they also yielded him the town and like the others it was given over to plunder. And when he had, as I say, recaptured Ponte, he moved his army and marched to the town of Colummella, and this he took by dint of a small fight, and in it many soldiers were taken who had been set as garrison there. And in a word it was given over to be sacked and plundered and much stuff was taken out of it; and many other towns were likewise taken and sacked. And thus as the enemy had in a short time taken much, so in a short time he lost nearly all. And whatsoever the exiles had taken that they abandoned, save la Fratta. To it they all gathered together, and it they fortified.

And to leave nothing untold I will relate how that before the High and Mighty Messer Astorre went forth to conquer the towns that had been lost, the enemy made an excursion and came up from Ponte di Pattolo, even through the ward of St. Angelo, and plundered and harried the land up to the mills of Lo Rio, and in the mills they brake the millstones. And here in the end was taken one of them by name Matteo or Buto, a man of the ward of St. Angelo. Him, when he was brought in, Semonetto Baglione, the same was very cruel, a mighty man of war p.118 though young, over whose chin no razor had yet passed, desired to have thrown out of the window of the palace, but his father would not suffer it.

And while these men were spoiling the land, all the folk that were in Perugia, both great and small, made ready for battle. And thereafter His Highness Messer Astorre came up and he drove them away as I have told you in its place; and so for long time they remained in la Fratta and did mischief to the land of Perugia, and so too did the Count Sterpeto of Assisi to the parts that lie towards Assisi, for that he had much friendship for our exiles; which things caused weary work and sadly hampered their Highnesses the Baglioni; thus it came about that the city of Perugia passed from woe to woe.

Now about this time, or a few months before, Pope Alexander, being in need of money, sold many villages that belonged to the Church, and among others Gualdo, to the city of Foligno, and many of the men of Gualdo who were friends of their Highnesses the Baglioni would not consent to be subject to the city of Foligno, so sometimes one party was exiled, sometimes the other, and in the end the party that held for Foligno had the rule and the others were exiled, and all of them, both they that stayed and those that were driven forth, were men of their hands, and never in so small a place was seen so great a number of ready fighters.

And, to leave nothing untold, in that year a brother of Sta. Maria degli Servi, whose name was Nicolo, was made Doctor of Theology. The same was a man of great learning, and that he might do something new and worthy to be remembered on the occasion of his being made Doctor, he had set up at the lower end of the Piazza a huge structure, so great as to take up the whole width of the Piazza, and words fail to tell the beauty of it. And thereon, high up so that all could see, was a device showing how King Totilla warred round about Perugia, and how in the end he took the town, and in it Saint Ercolano, the bishop, whose head he struck off. And in order to make this device he went to Rome there to find out the real root of the matter, and more especially touching the words that were graved over the gates of the old walls, which were *Vibia Colonia*. This show was held to be a thing worthy of note, and if I were able to set it forth all as it was seen I would write it down in this little book of mine, and if ever I have it I will set it down at the end. Now this was done in that same year while the Frenchmen were in the kingdom of Naples.

Now the King of France set Governors and officers over the Kingdom* to hold it for him, and determined himself to return to the north. The which when he heard Pope Alexander, while the King was on his journey up, suddenly moved out from Rome with almost all his Cardinals and came to Viterbo, and from Viterbo to Orvieto, and from Orvieto to Perugia; and he entered into Perugia the 6th day of the month of June, 1495, if I remember right, yet in real truth it may have been another day. He came with a great number of men-at-arms, with men of the Duke of Milan, and with men of St. Mark of Venice; they were indeed a glorious company, the flower of men of that time. And to sum up he tarried here fifteen days more or less until such time as the King of France had gone up into Lombardy. And the Pope being in Perugia with these soldiers, he desired to see the whole of the city, especially the strong places such as the citadel and the other forts, and how the defence of the city was ordered. And when he had seen them it came into his heart to desire to be Lord of Perugia and to have no hindrance of the Baglioni; for while these were in Perugia he had never been able to rule the city at his will, nor to dispose of anything that was in it: for they did not scruple to use violence to his Governor and other officers, and on one Governor, or rather Legate General, they worked their will, for they hurled him out from a window. *Item*, in the lifetime of Pope Innocent a bishop was slain, the nephew of the Pope (nor could Pope Innocent have satisfaction for this), who had come here to study. And thus whatever Legates or Governors, or officers were sent to Perugia they must all needs bend to the will of these gentlemen; or if they did not then was their danger great. And prisoners who were bound for their lives they drew forth, and they released them from their prison by mere force, and the Podestà was constrained to allow them. And the end was that for this reason the Pope determined to speak to all the Baglioni and the other gentlemen; and every citizen made complaint of these High and Mighty Baglioni. And in the end the Pope spake to Guido Baglione, saying that he wished to see a masque and some gorgeous tournament in Perugia. Now he had it in his mind, as I have been told, to take all these gentlemen in one place at one time. And to these words of the Pope His Highness Guido Baglioni, who was subtle and wise beyond all men of his time, answered and said: that he was ready to do a pleasure to him, and that he could not think what would be more pleasing and acceptable to him than to see all the people of Perugia in arms, seeing how well furnished with arms they were, and how well trained for war; and with them the rest of the captains of his house and their hired soldiers. And when he had spoken these words, which gave the Pope matter for many thoughts, he promised to show a beautiful masque of ladies and a splendid tourney: and when he had said this he left the Pope. And afterwards he made a pageant in the name of the House of the Baglioni, in which he showed the Pope and all the cardinals and other prelates. And after that he ordered a splendid tourney and other masques to do pleasure to the Pope.

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* *i.e.*, the Kingdom of Naples, Naples being at that time the only State of Italy under the rule of a king.

Father
Astorre

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And when the Pope knew that the King of France had passed on his way and entered the land of Siena, he was minded to return to Rome, nor would he see any more masques and tournaments. And men thought that when he came to Perugia he would have brought peace to our city of Perugia, and especially that he would have reconciled us with the exiles who were at la Fratta and also with the men of Assisi. Perhaps as people think, he was in great fear for the words spoken to him by Messer Guido Baglione, for well he knew how keen was that man's wit. At any rate he took himself off, as you have heard, and left the city in worse condition than when he came. For though he abode here sixteen entire days with all those cardinals and men of high degree, he took no order to make men live in peace and hearken to justice, nor yet with his many soldiers did he take la Fratta from the exiles. So he went on his way to Rome.*

Now when Pope Alexander had returned to Rome leaving our city in such state as I have told you; and the Oddi together with the other exiles being as I have said in la Fratta, it seemed to their Highnesses the Baglioni and the other men of birth who had rule in this city of Perugia that this thing was a very great injury and dishonour to them; for these men harried and plundered every day, from the day when they were broken at Passignano, if you well remember what I told you before. Forthwith therefore after the Pope had left Perugia they hired footmen and horsemen; and besides that they made a decree that every man should pay a ducat or else go out to the war for so many days. And the end was that they pitched their camp against la Fratta and brought against it great store of artillery. And here were almost all the exiles—that is within the town; and without were encamped all the Baglioni; and they did that town much harm, destroying the vineyards and olive trees and what else belonged to it; and all the corn they burned. And, as I think, it was in the last days of June that they went forth to pitch their camp 1494 against that town. So matters stood, and every day those within the town and those outside came to blows; and those of this side and those of that did valiant feats of arms, and most of all the High and Mighty Messer Astorre, who, such was his strength and dexterity, would with his lance hurl you a man clean out of his saddle; and this

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* Though Perugia was steadily Guelf in politics and ready to acknowledge the nominal supremacy of Rome, attempts by Papal Legates to reduce the city to servitude never failed in the end to rouse the people in defence of their liberties. Thus in 1372 the Abbot of Monte Maggiore as Papal Legate made himself absolute master of the city, called in Hawkwood's English Company to support him, and reduced the place to absolute subjection. Then in 1375 exclaims the chronicler: "In the name of God and of his mother Mary and of the blessed Saints Ercolano, Lorenzo, Costango who freed the people of Perugia and delivered us from slavery and out of the hands of the accursed shepherds of the Church! In this year on the 7th of the glorious month of December, for the hand of God was upon them, the holy people of Perugia, one and all, great and

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small, noble and lowborn, forgetting all injuries done and all ground of quarrel, all being of one mind, peace and concord uniting them, each man kissing his private enemy rushed into the piazza. Then all with one voice they shouted "Long live the Citizens! death to the Abbot and the Shepherds of the Church!" The Abbot and his forces were quickly driven into the Citadel and then besieged. The Citizens pressed the attack. Among other engines they rigged up a huge Balista that hurled stones of 1500 pounds weight, christened "priest driver"; Florence too sent an army to help, and after a three weeks' siege Hawkwood surrendered and the garrison marched out and with them "The Abbot who had been our Lord and Master whom God's curse follow!"

is the truth even as I tell it you, and at the might and dexterity of the man everyone wondered, and at his marvellous deeds. And of those within the town everyone was notable for his prowess in battle, and of perfect courage. And to sum up the besiegers dug great trenches and threw up redoubts and earthworks, and shot with their bombards every hour of the day; but forasmuch as the walls of the town had a great backing of solid earth the artillery did them no injury. But many of the besiegers died of the great shot that came from the town. This war had now lasted two months and a half and the city of Perugia had spent on it 20,000 florins. And under the walls of the town one Guido of the Oddi, brother of Pompeo, was taken prisoner. The same was formed for deeds of arms. Now* a proclamation had gone forth that whosoever should take any man of that family prisoner should be paid a price; and in the end this man Guido was taken and he was taken to the castle of la Bastia that belonged to the Baglioni, and there he was kept as I will tell further.

The High and Mighty Baglioni were at this time brought to great straits, and had many enemies, chief among these the cities of Foligno and Gualdo and Catania and Assisi. Of these the men of Assisi harried every day either the district of Perugia, or that of the towns that belonged to the High and Mighty Baglioni; and they of Foligno harried every day the lands round the town of Spello, but they could there do no great damage, for it was well guarded by His Highness Morgante Baglione. In other directions the Baglioni did not feel secure, for they had not trusty friends round them, but rather enemies. And at last while they were lying before la Fratta as I have told you before, the exiles looked round for help to raise the siege; and they wrought so that they of Foligno took into their pay Antonello Savelli, Roman baron; the prefect of Senigaglia too promised them soldiers as did the Lord of Mantelica, and likewise the Duke of Urbino and the Lord of Pessaro together with the men of Assisi. And they brought together all the men they were able in order to make a final attempt, as you shall hear in detail, and each event shall be told you as it chanced.

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* This proclamation was made 11th June, 1491. See note, p. 20.

Now while this siege went on His Highness Grifonetto Baglione had a son, to whom was given the name of Braccio; a son was born to him I say although he was the youngest man of his generation in the family of the Baglioni, yet for that he had neither brother nor father his mother willed to give him a wife, because of the great wealth that he had, exceeding that of any other man of the family of the Baglioni. So he had a son as I have said, for whose birth great festival was held. And for that birth the elder Guido Baglione returned from the siege and tarried, he and those that were with him, in the house of the said Grifo; and all shouted Braccio! Braccio! in honour of the new Braccio that was born. And the astrologers forecast for him a life of happiness as great as what they had ever in their lives promised to anyone in the world.

p. 95
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And though I must now tell of things which perhaps will not please you, yet I return to my story which I broke off, when I had told you how our exiles had got together a great force of men. Now when the time determined had

Grandson of Guido's eldest brother. His mother was Lady Atalanta. (p. 127).

come, the aforesaid Antonello Savelli appointed to be captain over his men a nephew of his, Troiolo Savelli by name, who he thought would rule his men with prudence. And he laid many charges on him, and lastly he bade him never to be so venturesome for any reason whatsover as to attempt to force his way into Perugia, even if he had certain hope of victory. So they set out from the city of Foligno and came on their way to Assisi having with them the men of Nicolò Sforza and of the Oddi with certain other of our exiles, whose names I do not remember. And when His Highness Messer Astore heard this thing he at once raised his camp and came and entered into Perugia, for he misdoubted that they were minded to come up against Perugia, forasmuch as they had a great part of the citizens friendly to them and faithful allies. In the end however they went by the way that leads to la Fratta and they all abode that night in the Abbey of Val de Ponte, and the garden and all the outhouses were filled with their horses. There they kept good ward and the next day they reached la Fratta, and there they abode and their numbers increased, and ever there joined themselves to them soldiers who came from all the bands that were in the country round. Some days they stayed there, and then when their forces were all assembled they went forth from la Fratta, being minded to bring upon us the evil days that were at hand. And they rode and came towards Corciano, and as soon as men heard of their being on the road it was thought that they intended to capture the town; and forthwith messengers were sent there to beg the men of the town not to yield it up to the enemy. And because each side had its friends in Corciano, the exiles I mean and the Baglioni, answer was made that they would never yield it to the exiles. Now they of Perugia could send no aid to that town, for that those in the city doubted greatly what might befall because of the treason that was being plotted within. And to make my story short, as men thought so it fell out, for when Giulio Cesare came to the gates of Corciano he began to say soft things to all the men that were within, entreating them to let him come in, and his words were comfortable to all their friends. After this the rest of the army of the exiles came up, and as soon as the men in the town saw the noble youth* Nicolò Sforza they at once opened the gate, though the friends of the Baglioni consented not thereto, and they all entered and quartered themselves in the houses of the friends of the Baglioni, and they did them all the mischief that was in their power. And they abode in that town with great joy and gladness of heart, for that they had got what no army could ever have captured by force, for you know what is the strength of that town. And this happened in the month of September. And to this place all their friends were gathered together so that a large number of fighting men was collected there, for there came thither men sent by the Duke of Urbino, and by the Prefect aforesaid, and by the Lord of Mantelica who was near a kin to them, and by all their other friends. And at last they moved towards Perugia, for they had an understanding with certain men in the city. Now he who contrived the plot was Lodovico of the Ermanni of the house of the

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* He was of the family of the Oddi, and was among the exiles what Astorre was among the Baglioni.

Staffa. This Lodovico was differently minded to an elder brother of his called Carubino and belonged to the opposite party. This Carubino was one of the men of high birth who held rule in the city and was well-nigh an enemy to his own brother, because they belonged to opposite parties. This Lodovico it was who plotted the treason in the way in which I will tell you further on.

So, to return to my story, the day after that the exiles had come into Corciano, they determined to come even to Perugia, moving against it with all their forces. And in that night there were burned many houses in the country round, for every friend of the exiles took vengeance for injuries done him, burning and spoiling the estate of any man who had ever brought shame on him. Now His Highness Messer Astorre, as became a man well versed in the art of war, foresaw that which the enemy would be doing the following day, so that he lay that night perplexed and his mind troubled with deep thought, and when the morning came he rose betimes and ordered that each captain should array his own men and his friends, and set a watch in the city and then bade open the gates, for they had before been shut, for he had allowed none to go forth without his leave. And he went with his soldiers even as far as the Inn of the Elm Tree. And it was told him by his spies and scouts how that the enemy came towards the city with a great company, and he halted as I have told you between the place which is called the Elm Tree and San Manno. Then when he had seen the enemy with his own eyes, for they were close to him, Messer Astorre withdrew himself to the plain of Massiano, which was a place better fitted for the battle, for the army of the enemy was three times greater than his. And when the enemy saw how that our men had withdrawn citywards they would not advance further, and forthwith turned their horses again and withdrew to the further Inn of the Elm Tree which is called the Inn or Mansion of Francesco d'Oddi. Here there is a small bridge over which you pass on your way to Corciano. There they halted and there they abode all that day with helmet on head and lance at side; so likewise on the other side the High and Mighty Messer Astorre and his father Guido Baglione with their brothers and other gentlemen. And his Highness Guido Baglione rode forward with one follower and went up towards the enemy along the slope of the hill. There he saw and understood how they were arrayed, and what men were with them and how their battle was set and how their captains handled them; so he saw everything and turned back safe, as a wise man and prudent. In this wise both sides stayed that entire day and at evening the one went to Corciano and the other to Perugia to lie that night. And the night passed and the day came, and about the time of the morning meal news was brought that the enemy had gone forth from the town of Corciano with their army and were going up in the direction of Mantignana, though I do not exactly remember the name of the town to which they were bent. After that the High and Mighty Messer Astorre set his men in order, and so did the High and Mighty Giovan Paolo, and all gat them on their horses and so did also Girolamo de la Penna and went forth from the city by the gate of Sant Agnolo, and so went on their way towards the enemy. Which when the enemy saw forthwith he turned him again and would not do battle with our men, not though he had far more men than we, and all well ordered for battle—for he had traitors within our gates that worked for him. And in the end the enemy returned to Corciano, and our men returned to Perugia in good order, even as in good order they had gone forth to do battle. So each man laid aside his armour and then waited the event.

p. 61. Now was come the day and the moment when on Perugia must fall cruel disaster, and the Devil of hell* ever urged and persuaded him that was destined to be the cause of all. Now it came to the knowledge of Lodovico degli Ermanni † that all that he had done and the treason which he had long time past plotted must needs come to light, nay had already come to light, and to the knowledge of the gentlemen of Perugia; so he having true and certain intelligence that the next morning the aforesaid gentlemen were minded to take him and examine him and then put him to death, did not for that lose his courage nor would he leave the city; rather he determined to give execution before its time to the treason he had plotted. Forthwith he sent a messenger to the exiles in Corciano, that they must come that same night because the plot had been discovered; and if they did not come then the treason he had plotted could no longer hold and that he himself, lest he be taken, must flee away from Perugia before daybreak; and he advised them of the way and the mode and the manner, and of the signals he would make. So when the letter of the aforesaid Lodovico had been delivered to them the exiles forthwith met in a church outside Corciano, which is called Sant Agostino as I have heard say. There they held a council and to it came Giulio Cesare of the Ermanni, cousin of the said Lodovico who plotted the treason, and every man of the house of the Oddi, and Agamemnone de la Penna elder brother of Jeronimo of the Arcipreti and also every man of gentle birth that was in exile from Perugia. There too came Troilo Savelli who commanded the men of Antonello Savelli his uncle, and the Deputy of the town of Foligno and of the most noble the Duke of Urbino, the Lord too of Mantelica and every other man in their army that was a gentleman and worthy to be present at so great a council. Then it was told how the plot had been discovered and that in that same night they must go in by the Gate of Sant Andrea in the ward of Santa Susanna and how that the traitor would open the gate so that they might all go up safe into the city. And to this answer was made at large, each man unfolding his own opinion with the reasons thereof. But the allies of the exiles, because they had heard how strong the city was, and that the High and Mighty Baglioni and the others were men of war, and moreover because they had learnt a lesson by the defeat of their two former attempts, and also by the death of so many men, all spake against this and said that they must not go up against the city to take it, but that, inasmuch as they were in this so strong town, it was better to harry every day all the land even up to the gates of the city, and then return for safety to the same stronghold of Corciano;* thus they would keep the city and its suburb in great misery and distress. In reply to these arguments it was urged that all that was done was done and planned in order to enter into Perugia, and great was their hope of success because they had friends within the city, and a yet greater hope because, as could readily be seen, the enemy was compassed about and attacked on every side; seeing that the men of Assisi rode out harrying every hour of the day, as did those of Foligno up to the walls of the ancient town of Spello, which His Highness Morgante Baglione held indeed though he was closely beset. There one day the men of Foligno made an excursion right up to the gate, and with them the exiles of Spello, and when they would enter in at the gate the aforesaid Morgante slew one Mario by name a gentleman of Foligno and one of the great men of that town; and thus every day they rode to spoil the land.

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* For this active participation of the Devil in human affairs cf. *Dino Compagni*, I. xxii., where he gives an account of the origin of the Bianchi and Neri strife in Florence: "Inasmuch as the young can more readily be deluded than the aged, the Devil, the originator of all evil, joined himself to a party of young men who were riding together."

† He was one of the Council of Ten in Perugia and thus able to work out his treason with full knowledge of the plans of the government.

In the end the exiles of Perugia who were in Corciano determined to go up that night against Perugia. And when they had so determined they marshalled their men; and they placed their sentinels on the top of the Monte della Trinita to watch for the signals that should be made.
p. 59 Suddenly they saw the signals which were two little flames

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* Corciano crowns the top of an olive-clad hill, and is by the natural lie of the ground one of the strongest places in the district of Perugia. The top of the town walls, which rise to a great height on the outside, is almost on a level with the streets of the town.

of fire hard by Monte Morcino, and to them they made reply. The signal was likewise seen by the sentinels in the city, by the sentinels I say that were stationed on the steeple of San Francesco, and they forthwith carried their news to the house of the Baglioni; but none would believe or hearken to their tidings, nor would any leave his bed at their word; for indeed many and many a time they had received such messages and had thereupon stood to their arms, and nothing had come of it. So they made mock of those sentinels. Then those of the enemy who had seen the signal hastened to Corciano and told everything to those that were there. Wherefore they charged the garrison, before they marched out, to guard them the strong citadel of Corciano, to the end that if they should be broken and worsted in the fight they would be able to return and retire into the citadel of Corciano. And when they had so done they set out thence and took their way towards Perugia to make a beginning of the evil that was to come. Yet would they not tell their soldiers that their faces were set towards Perugia, for many of these had declared that thither they would not go. At last as they rode on their way and had got near to Perugia, Troilo Savelli began to encourage his soldiers, speaking to each one words suited to the occasion. Likewise every man of the exiles bade them fight stoutly if need should be, though they did not think, as they said, that there would be need, "and this time" they said "you shall all be made rich," and so speaking they explained to them how they were to enter into Perugia. Then they took the road to approach and draw nigh to the gate, riding with their troops in column. Meanwhile

Lodovico, he who had this matter in hand, and slept not, and had ready the keys of the gates which he had had made for his use, when he saw the time had come to adventure the great deed, took four of his friends and companions and went to the gate* called del Piscinello; and they brought with them two ladders, and they opened the gate. Howbeit the sentinels who were on ward above the gate called to them to know what business they were about, and they answered with a very cunning tale. And because of the cunning tale they told, and also because that before they opened the gate they called to the watch above it bidding them keep good ward therefore they believed that these men were in truth friends. Yet they were not altogether persuaded but went to the house of the Baglioni and told how they had seen those five armed men go out of the gate. Then one of the servants of the Baglioni ran quickly to see what the matter was.

Howbeit Lodovico passed out through the gate and there he came to a bastion that held the water of the fountain that flows through that gate, so that there was no thoroughfare for any one to leave the city in that place; and against the wall of it Lodovico placed the ladders that he had brought, one on the inside and the other on the outside; and beyond the wall he found the foot-soldiers that he looked for, and them he bade come in with speed, and by the one ladder they ascended and by the other they descended, and then went in through the gate. And when he had brought in as many men as he thought fit, he went along inside the walls till he came to the great gate which is called Sant Andrea and this they quickly opened, and when it was opened forthwith the horsemen began to ride in. And they had with them bars of iron and axes, and with these they dashed in pieces the chains that barred the street. And when they had passed beyond San Luca they began to shout out each man the name of his family and his party, for one cried Duke! Duke! and Feltro! Feltro! and another Savel Savelli! another Colonna! Colonna! others shouted Staffa! and Oddi! Renna! and Ranieri! and many other names. Then because the horses could not readily be brought into the Piazza by reason of the many chains* that were stretched across the street, Nicolo de Sforza a young man of high birth was sent hot foot with his infantry to occupy the Piazza and the Hill of the Ward Sole.

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* This was a small gate adjoining the more important gate St. Andrea. It got its name from the overflow of one of the city fountains that ran through it.

Now the man of whom I told you, the servant from the house of the Baglioni who ran to see the truth of that which the watch at the gate had told, came and found the enemy at San Luca, and he escaped away and ran and came to the house of his masters and found his Highness Semonetto Baglione, son of Ridolfo, and spake and said to him, "Go not forth, my Lord, for the enemy are all in the town and have nearly reached the Piazza." To this he answered and said, "Rather will I die in this fierce strife than let my enemy drive me out of my house to beg my bread." And when he had said this, alone as he was, having with him no companion, with his shirt on his back and his stockings on his feet, with a buckler on his arm and a sword in his hand, he went forth against the enemy; and under the archway of the Court House of their Highnesses the Priori he met the enemy who was just then coming into the Piazza. Forthwith he set upon the foe and did battle with him bareheaded as I have told you and in his shirt; and no man born of woman was ever seen of so high temper and so brave, and full sure am I that never again in Perugia will be seen a man of such dreadful daring.

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* Many towns of mediæval Italy were provided with sets of heavy chains to be fastened to staples in the walls on either side, and so make the streets impracticable for a charge of cavalry.

He was at the present 18 or 19 years old, he had not as yet shaved his beard, yet so strong he was and so courageous, so fitted for deeds of arms that he was the world's wonder; and he tilted so gracefully and so bravely as to pass the belief of every man on earth. From morning till night he could have aimed at the bottom of a goblet with his spearpoint and never missed. Peerless was he in all ways, though indeed every man of that house was more worshipful than the other, and they had not their equals for deeds of arms. He then being but eighteen years old and without armour as I have told you went out against the enemy and encountered with them in the place I have described. Now the enemy had divided and entered the city in two parties. The one passing round by the Maesta della Volta came in at the upper end of the Piazza; and went to the door of the cathedral and called to the garrison that was within to open. Now the officer knew nothing of this assault of the enemy, yet like the wise man that he was he would not open. So that party of the enemy immediately went to the mount of the Ward Sole and there they halted waiting that the horsemen should break into the Piazza. And our valiant Semonetto fought against the other party in front of the Court House of the Priori in his bare shirt, and played the man so wondrously that words fail me to tell of his prowess. There, such was his stern resolve and the hardihood of his mighty arms, he wounded many and many of the foe, and that though he was surrounded by a crowd of three hundred or may be four hundred men. And among others he wounded with his sword a mighty man of arms who came from Fabriano. Him he maimed of hand and leg. So long and so fierce a fight did he wage with the foe that in the end he had two and twenty wounds on his dainty body, and naught could avail but he must needs fall to earth as if bereft of life, drawing over him his buckler. Thus he lay as lie the dead.

His cousin

At that moment up rode the High and Mighty Messer Astorre; his horse covered with housings of gold; himself all clothed about in steel, and with a falcon for crest upon his helmet; who well proved himself in look and deed a very Mars. Then spurring his good steed he drave into the midst of the foe nor would one whit delay to succour his cousin Semonetto, who then rose and stood up from earth, and spent as he was with his two and twenty wounds took himself off from that place, for in sooth he could have fought no more. And he went to San Lorenzo to his brother and there he laid himself down to rest, for by God's grace not one of all his wounds was mortal. Meanwhile His Highness Messer Astorre had, as I have told you, come up and had thrust himself into the midst of the foe. There he wrought like a second Mars. And, as he told me who with his own eyes saw him, the mind of man that but heard the tale told could not conceive the truth of the deeds done had he not with his own eyes seen it all. And men say that no anvil was ever beaten with so many blows as those that fell on him and on his horse; for every man that could come within sword's reach of his Lordship smote at him, in so much that each hindered each. And, as men say, the many spears and halberts and crossbows and other weapons rang with a mighty din upon his armour, so that above all the clash and voices of battle there were heard those doughty strokes; while he, as became an accomplished knight, thrust his horse in where the throng was closest, pounding men to the right and to the left; so that he always had at the least ten men of the enemy on the earth beneath the feet of his charger, that was a beast of fiercest temper. And thus fighting he gave the enemy no pause nor rest.

Sweat streamed from the limbs of that gentle lord; and heavily they sobbed, he and his horse, for so weary were they that they could not draw breath. And for that they were both so tired and spent he withdrew apart, and there he rested for a time on his charger. While he rested he saw how the squadrons of men at arms were nearly come into the Piazza and had by dint of blows cut through all the chains save that which was next the last, and this they beat on stoutly to cut it through; for when this were cut they would be able to turn off by way of the Court House of their Highnesses the Priori and of the Podesta, even if they should not be able to cut through the last chain of all which was stretched under the archway of the Court House. And while they tried to hew the chain asunder their Highnesses the Priori with their servants set to with might and main and hurled down great stones from the Court House, so that they could not draw near to cut the said chain. So too those of the enemy that were come to the Maesta della Volta were unable to cut through that chain and so open a way into the Piazza. And the very Reverend the Protonotary Baglione made them hurl down enormous javelins from his windows into the arcade, but these did no hurt to the men-at-arms there, for they glanced off from their armour.

And while the High and Mighty Messer Astorre was still resting two men-at-arms of his following came into the Piazza shouting, "Astorre! Astorre!" and when his Lordship saw help come his heart revived and his limbs were strengthened, and forthwith he set spurs to his horse and drave again into the crowded ranks of the foe, and began to do such mighty deeds that panic came upon the foe, and their infantry began to draw out of the Piazza, and they ran for shelter under the arcade. Then a constable of Ascoli, Ciotto by name, who was in the pay of Perugia and was stationed in the governor's house, when he saw how things went suddenly sallied out with his men and would not suffer the enemy to cut the chain of the Maesta della Volta. At that moment up comes the Noble Marc Antonio Baglione, brother of His Highness Messer Astorre, and at once spurs his horse towards the mount where stood the noble youth Nicolò de Sforza with the footmen; and there they fought the enemy, he and the men that were with him. b/b-29, 5

And now some of the friends of the Baglioni had put on their armour, and began to come into the Piazza and with them all the other men of that House. There was his Highness Gentile, and Giovan Paolo, and Gismondo and Carlo and Grifone; and Guido Baglione, old and grey-headed; and every other man of that illustrious race, some on foot and some on horseback. And they found Messer Astorre, who was no more able to reach the enemy than they him, by reason of the chains that were between them; and Carlo Baglione who had come on foot charged the enemy with the rest of his friends and with all who were on foot and could thus more readily pass the chains. He was about twenty-two years old; and at his furious onset the enemy began to give way. And the Most Noble Giulio Cesare of the Ermanni cheered on his men to fight stoutly and with his sweet words comforted their spirits; yet were his words of no avail, for fear had fallen upon all and they thought only to flee away; but so great was the number of armed men that had reached Santa Agata, and so closely were they crowded together that they could by no means turn back, so that they who were in front must needs abide the buffetings of Carlo Baglione and of those with him. And at the last they all broke and turned before the stress of those that pressed on them, and Carlo Baglione pursued his enemy. Then were done marvellous deeds of prowess; and so loud was the clash of arms and the clangour of cruel blows that the tongue of man cannot tell it; and the noise went up to heaven. But of the enemy none were like unto Giacomo and Pantaleone and their bastard brother Giuliano, whose courage and might were beyond those of other men, and these were minded to turn their men again to the battle. Then Pantaleone that noble youth came with a rush on his horse, smiting with the breast of it against a great stone lily, five feet every way, that stood in front of the Madonna of San Luca and cast it to earth. And there with his brother, as I have said, he took his stand and they made trial if haply they might do some deed of arms in the Piazza of San Francesco. But their entreaties were of no avail, and their courage they spent to no purpose, and in vain did they fight in the front rank and endeavour once and again to beat their enemy back again. For by now both divisions of the assailants were turned to headlong flight.

Now as they had come in at the city gate a constable of Perugia, Cecco Mancino was his name, had desired to cast down the gate from its hinges, but Pompeio degli Oddi would not suffer him; which thing now brought misfortune on them; for the first horse that came to the gate to fly out through it struck his breast against the left door, and it closed and the horse fell in the gateway, and on him fell the horse that came after, and upon him the third and the fourth and the fifth; and so great became the pile of horses and men that none could get out; but they were trapped as men that are drowned in the sea. And so there was no help for it, but horses and riders were all taken by their enemy. But the men on foot fared far better, for they leapt from the walls of the Piazza of San Francesco and of La Cupa and wheresoever else they were able. And the whole street from the Piazza as far as the gate was strewn with lances, some broken and some sound, and with every kind of harness.

p. 24

There stood Carlo Baglione at the gate of Sant Andrea

hauling out from under the bodies of fallen horses men fainting with the weight that lay upon them. Many horses he rescued alive and many men, though five horses died and several men, suffocated by the huge bulk that lay upon them; and as his Lordship drew them forth he sent them away to prison. And the Most Noble Marc Antonio Baglione, who fought on the hill of the Ward Sole, where he strove with the Most Noble Nicolò Sforza, with the help brought him by His Highness Astorre his brother, and by the Most Noble Giovan Paolo and others, routed the enemy, and many leapt down from the wall, each man striving to get in front of each, and before the fight was ended the
fo.3-6 Most Noble Nicolò Sforza degli Oddi was slain there. And His Highness Messer Astorre desired to follow up his victory and to pursue the enemy, that he should not establish himself again in the strong citadel of Corciano; so he commanded the Ivory Gate to be opened. But the key of it could not be found; and this, as the gate-ward said, was and is yet a thing to marvel at. And many entreated His Highness Messer Astorre not to go forth against the enemy, whose army was so great that, though he was not equipped to force his way into the inner city, he had yet been able to reach the Piazza. Nevertheless Messer Astorre was determined to pursue the enemy and made answer to those that said him nay—"That never any army that had been broken and routed was able to rally and make fresh defence if it were pursued by the enemy." And in the end the key of the gate was found and he with a few horsemen, four or perhaps fewer, went forth from the gate and rode towards the plain of Massiano. There he

saw a large troop of horsemen above Our Lady of San Manno and he desired to know whether they were enemies, so all alone he went to them, and one of the enemy came to him and spake—"A terrible mischance it was that this morning we were not able to force the city!" "Even so," replied His Highness Messer Astorre, and at the word turned him again till he came to a house that stood in the middle of that plain. There he picked up some ten horsemen and with these he rode against that great troop of the enemy. And when they had ridden right up into the ranks of the enemy, who did not recognise them, at once they raised the cry "Bagliona! Bagliona!" and began to smite with their swords. And when the enemy heard that cry they turned to flee, and some of them were killed, and some were wounded, and some yielded them up if so they might escape death. So they fought, and so they were chased even to the city of Corciano; till they and the pursuers all together poured into the town. And even while his Lordship entered in at one gate the garrison that had been left there fled hot foot out at the other. And great booty was won there, horses and arms and mules with their harness and artillery, and a great wealth of plunder beyond all telling; and whereas at the first the friends and followers of the Baglioni had been plundered, at this time the friends of the exiles were plundered, and so it was that by one side or by the other the whole town was utterly wasted. Many men were here taken and many were hanged from the walls of the town. Thus the first of the dead men who fell in this battle lay in the hill of the Ward Sole in Perugia and others lay in the Piazza, and others in the street where they fought even to the gate, and others from the gate of Perugia even to the inner parts of Corciano. And many men were slain and mighty blows were seen; among others one of the friends of Messer Astorre smote a foot-soldier in the Plain of Massiano, as he stood there, on the neck, and cut it sheer through, and that so lightly that the head remained upon the shoulders, and the dead body remained long time standing on its feet, and only when it fell was the head parted from the shoulders. And the High and Mighty Giovan Paolo Baglione found in the town a red banner which had been carried by the deputy of Foligno.

At the last they returned to Perugia with the glory and spoils of victory. And many prisoners were taken and many, as I have said, were slain; among others there was taken and wounded to his death near to Monte Oliveto that p. 42 Lodovico degli Ermanni who was the cause of all this woe; or if he did not die there he was then wounded so that he died that same day. Moreover near to San Manno Agamemnone da la Penna brother to Jeronimo was slain. He was slain by Francesco dei Barzi, of the family of San Costanzo, captain of horse under Messer Astorre. There too was slain another, as I have told you, even the noble youth Nicolò degli Oddi. The days of his life were but twenty-three years. Fair he was to see and lightly limbed, and for beauty was a second Ganymede. Splendid his horse and his armour richly wrought; his hauberk of chain work was worth sixty ducats, his surcoat too was of great price, as was all the harness that he had. Then a proclamation went through the city that every man must

deliver up his prisoners, or at the least tell who they were that he had, and there was a penalty for any man that did not obey. And when they heard this every man delivered up his prisoner. And among others there were given up the three brothers of the Oddi, Giacomo, Pantaleone, and Giuliano, who in this war had wrought and fought more than any other man. These were brought before His Highness Guido Baglione. And after them came the Captain Troilo Savelli who in this adventure lost more than he got in many months after. After him Bontempo of the Bontempi was brought up, and after him Federico of the Bontempi, who was of so great understanding that in counsel he alone weighed more than all the other exiles. His prudence and his wisdom were beyond all telling, and though not of the most noble blood he was accounted first among the exiles. When the said Federico perceived that he stood before the High and Mighty Guido Baglione, so great rage possessed him, and his heart beat so proudly within him, that blood forthwith gushed out at his ears and his nose and his mouth. And when His Highness Guido Baglione saw the piteous sight he handed him his napkin that he might clean his face and then took him to his own house. Many other prisoners of every degree were sent into safe keeping in different houses; captains of companies, and men-at-arms; and of others a great multitude. Count Alexander of Assisi escaped but hardly and by great cunning, so too did Giulio Cesare of the Ermanni, and Marcantonio Bontempo p. 52
was saved by certain friends that he had, and another brother of Giulio Cesare was in like manner saved by others. These had pity on their prisoners and would not deliver

them up; and in this wise many score of the others of baser quality escaped. And that noble youth Carlo, younger brother of Giacomo and Pantaleone, escaped but through much tribulation. He was about nineteen years old, and so pinched by hunger, as the nuns of Monte Morcino told, that he could hardly speak.

Thus were all the men of that noble company defeated and taken. But one who saw them all together said they were about six thousand fighting men; and in all the world you might not hear tell of men more likely or better ordered. There were among them some twenty sets of horse armour all inlaid with gold, and so many banners and other trappings that His Highness Messer Astorre and his father and many others who made it their business to go out to the wars, wherever pay and plunder might be earned, said they had never seen a company so daintily equipped. Wherefore it had seemed well-nigh impossible that they should have been defeated in a war to which they had gone forth in sure and certain hope of victory. And a proof of this is that Count Sterpeto of Assisi came forth with a great company, hoping to intercept the Baglioni as they fled away and to slay any that he might chance on. As did also Jeronimo degli Crispolti of Perugia, who, as I have told you, came with his company from Bettona to meet them, for he was their enemy. Howbeit he was not a rebel like the others. And when the news of that which had been done was told they turned them home again and were a scorn to all men. Yet if the exiles had conquered, then if any of the Baglioni had escaped from their hands they must needs, as they fled on the way to their towns, fall in with these, and so they would all have died.

p. 44

Afterwards it was found that those fires which were the signal for the enemy to come up against the city had flamed up from three piles of gunpowder, of the which two burnt ? and the third remained. And the end was that the next morning Federico dei Bontempi and Bontempo his brother and Berardino dei Cavaceppi were thrown out from the windows of the Court House of their Highnesses the Priori. This was done at early dawn and then they were brought up to the windows again, and there they were hanged and left for that day. And the others who escaped returned to la Fratta; and because the men of that place would not receive them and likewise because they had been altogether broken they departed thence; and the people of la Fratta delivered up that town on terms and conditions to the city of Perugia. Thus did Perugia conquer in that war and recover the strongholds of Corciano and la Fratta at one blow. And there were slain in the battle a hundred men and more; and of those that died in the plain of Massiano there was filled a very great pit which is above the shrine of Our Lady at the head of the plain beyond the crossways. Many were hanged as I have said and of these there were counted hanging on trees more than two hundred, and when the Count of Sterpeto heard this in revenge he hanged forty-four of the friends of the Baglioni. And the dogs lapped up the blood of many Christians, and a tame bear also ate of the flesh of the dead, a thing grievous to tell of. Howbeit the three sons of Leonello escaped death. And for that Giuliano the bastard had been a dear friend to Gismondo Baglione in the days before the strife (thus) he was had in much honour of Gismondo the son of Guido. Both these men were wondrous lean, and so nimble were they that they were a marvel to all men, and when they went either together or alone no man lived whose ears were so keen that they could hear them walk, for they stepped more lightly than cats. Moreover they rode excellently well; for by gift of nature Gismondo when he sat on horseback could make his steed leap without moving hand or foot, and not a man was there but wondered greatly to see this. And I speak to you rather of Gismondo than of Giuliano, for every day I saw him, but not Giuliano. Howbeit I must make an end, for I could never with any words of mine fill up the full measure of his praise. To end this part of my story, many horses were taken, not less than two hundred, as I am firmly persuaded, and one man had nine; and of the others one was given to His Highness Giovan Paolo which had belonged to Troiolo Savelli the captain of the exiles; black he was and fashioned in all ways as beseems a perfect warhorse. His former owner offered for him three hundred ducats of gold if so he could recover his black charger. Thereafter he was called *el Savello.* By what I have said you may judge how beautiful he was and excellent, yet he was not very big but seemed compounded of steel and fire. And of the other horses that were won and of the other plunder I will not tell you.

Now at the first news was brought to Foligno, that their army had broken into Perugia and had won great victory and that all the High and Mighty Baglioni were slain. Forthwith when they heard these tidings all the men of Foligno rose up and held high festival with much shouting and running to and fro and all cried out, "Let us go to Spello," and for very joy all the shops were shut. But upon this there came a man-at-arms on foot and he told them how all their men were slain, and broken, and taken prisoners; straightway when they heard these tidings they turned them each man to his own house, very sad at heart, for they looked that there should come upon them woe and tribulation, even such as they would have brought on others. This was told me by one who was at that time in the city of Foligno. So likewise to Rome and to all other cities there went tidings at the first false, and then the truth. And men reasoned of this thing not only in Tuscany but over the whole of Italy, nay even in Muscovy, as I am well assured, and in other distant regions.

Now these things, that is the assault of Perugia and the great defeat, came about on the 4th day of the month of September, 1495. So the captain Troilo Savelli was held prisoner many weeks with all courtesy and honour. Highly was he esteemed and great presents were made him both by the governors of the city and by their Highnesses the Baglioni and by other gentlemen, and by citizens of the burgher class. For clothes were given him and money and horses and other gentle gifts, and after certain months he was set free, and he was exchanged for the son of the Lord of Camerino, whose name I do not remember, who was a prisoner. And the other prisoners who were to be kept in ward were bestowed in the citadel of la Bastia.

fo. 42

Guicciardini gives an entirely different account of this attempt (Libro III); and so does Machiavelli.

After these things, when two or three days had passed, the men of His Highness Messer Astorre and of Giovan Paolo and of their brothers were set in array, and with all the gentlemen that would come they took the road to Foligno, which place the citizens had made as strong as their means allowed. And they went on their way and rode right up to the gates of Foligno and were minded to go into the town, for the gates were open. But His Highness Messer Guido left no word unsaid to prevent their men from going up to the gate, for he feared that great strength of artillery was mounted there. Nevertheless, they would have entered in spite of all had it not been for a band of the young men of Foligno who had sworn an oath that they would die for their city and their country, and there were fifty of them; yet even so if the old man Guido had allowed it they would, in spite of all, have forced their way into the city. Howbeit there went a cry through the city that the Baglioni were within the walls, and every man turned himself to flee, and already the women went wailing through the streets; but for that time God in his justice hearkened to their prayers. Many men of Foligno were killed in this affair, and our men rode through all their territory plundering and killing, and burning houses great and small, and all else that came in their way, and every day they went up to the city walls, and if any ventured out he won in again at great hazard; so for many days they kept that city in alarm.

After these things they determined to pitch their camp against Gualdo, and forthwith they encompassed it round about. And at the last the town was bombarded, for they brought up against it all their artillery, and many men of the army of the Baglioni were slain by artillery and arrow-shots.

Then the Baglioni were minded to make an end of the siege, so they took into their pay for a fixed time Virgilio Orsini, for he had with him a body of soldiers newly enrolled, and under good discipline; so he came to that place. To whom a much larger sum of money was offered by the rulers of Foligno, if he would so contrive that the army should depart from the place. In the end great sums were spent by the besiegers to build wooden towers, and they shot against the city and battered the walls thereof. But Virgilio earned his bribe so well that great store of provisions and a supply of bolts and bows found their way into the town. Yet the Baglioni before this had assaulted the town and many men were then wounded and killed; among others Girollamo della Penna, who was struck by an arquebus shot in his thigh, and other men also. Yet at that time they were not able to take the town, for Virgilio Orsini and his men would not do their duty. In the end he made terms between those of Foligno and the Baglioni, for he persuaded them by specious arguments, and so he brought them to a truce on certain articles and covenants between the two sides. And a main reason for making this truce was that provisions and artillery had been allowed to enter the town. So the Baglioni raised their camp and returned to Perugia, leaving the business as I have told you, and they entered into Perugia on the feast of All-Saints of that same year.

So the siege was raised and the land had rest. After that Virgilio Orsini desired to have in his pay some of the men of the House of the Baglioni, for that, as men of war, none were found equal to them. And when they had considered his request, in as much as his conduct had offended them, there was not one of the family found willing to go with him. Yet their Highnesses Guido and Ridolfo determined to send each one a son. So there went Morgante and that noble youth Semonetto, who hardly consented to go, and would never have gone only he hearkened to the voice of his father Ridolfo; so hot was his wrath against that man for that which he had done to hinder the siege. With them there went also Carlo Baglioni; and so they were three men of that family; and they marched on Naples with the army of the King of France; and whenever there was any fighting to be done Semonetto Baglione was eager to take a hand, but Virgilio would not allow it, for he judged that his courage was too great for his tender years. Now the Frenchmen were hated so much that there was not a man could endure to look on them; nay even the Italian soldiers that were in the pay of the King of France, when they chanced to find a Frenchman, a soldier in their own army, that had strayed to any distance from the camp, forthwith fell upon and slew and plundered him, not regarding at all the fact that they were all soldiers in the pay of the same Lord. Thus did the Frenchmen suffer more from the soldiers in the pay of their own King than from those of the enemy.

In the end need was that Virgilio Orsini should leave these parts; and many say that he asked for and obtained a safe-conduct from the King of Naples, and many deny this.

Be that as it may, as they marched through a narrow pass they were all taken and plundered, except the advance guard, which was I think under command of Bartolomeo da Alviano. And Virgilio Orsini was then taken and their Highnesses Morgante, Semonetto, and Carlo, and with them many other gentlemen who were afterwards released without ransom. And Morgante was prisoner of the Duke of Urbino who bestowed on him many gifts and much kindness. And the same chanced to all the other gentlemen save only Virgilio their captain. He was kept in prison and after a time his head was cut off privately. And his death was in great part due to the Pope, and this because long time before the said Virgilio Orsini had in like manner, on his own responsibility, ordered to execution a certain Signor Borgia, uncle of Pope Alexander. Thus all were set free except the said Signor Virgilio. In the aforesaid defeat the High and Mighty Morgante and others of the House of the Baglioni lost many horses. On the other hand the High and Mighty Grifonetto won many horses and much booty; but he was in the pay of the Duke of Urbino.*

If I remember aright, in 1496 there was a very great dearth and scarcity of corn throughout Tuscany, and especially in our city of Perugia; and this not because the crops utterly failed, but rather by reason of the evil fashion in which our gentlemen ruled the city. So great was the price of corn that a mule's burden cost ten florins* of the old standard. Yet I would not have you think that there had not been corn in the city of Perugia, but the reason was that their Highnesses the Baglioni collected a great quantity and sent it all to Foligno and Camerino, in so much that the book of the customs of Foligno showed that thirty thousand burdens had passed through that city on the way to Camerino, and this without taking account of all the corn sold in Foligno and in Assisi, where there had been no harvest by reason of the war: and other corn went to the city of Gubbio and to the parts about Florence. In such wise did the city unfurnish itself of corn, that it cost far more here than in the other towns into which it had been sent. Then the Baglioni wished to take order that he that had must sell; but they that had would not sell, and that for many reasons. In the first place they looked to their own advantage, and another reason was the hate they had for the artisans of mean birth, who were so puffed up with pride that the women of their families emulated with their jewels and their dress the ladies of noble birth; so that they desired by every means to make them leave this display.

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* In this adventure of the Baglioni family we have a good example of the free and easy way in which the families "whose trade it was to fight" took up a job from any paymaster who offered to engage them, irrespective of their natural policy and their more permanent connexions. The Duke of Urbino, it will be remembered, was a standing enemy to the Baglioni, a maintainer of the exiles whom they had driven out of Perugia.

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* The florin was first coined in Florence in 1252 in memory of the victories of that year; it weighed 72 grains of gold. It was imitated in Venice under name of Ducat, later Zecchino; and in Rome as Ducato Papale. At first it was worth 3·02 libre, but as gold gradually appreciated, its value, as measured by silver, increased, and in Perugia it went up to 4½ to 5 libre. Early in 15th century the florin was reduced to 69 grains. Thus roughly the florin was equal to 11*s*. Twelve denari went to a soldo and 20 soldi went to a libra; thus the denaro as measured by gold standard was worth from one sixth to one ninth of a penny. The prices of produce fluctuated very widely. In the time of Innocent III. we are told that in the Hospital of San Spirito a man was maintained for three denari a day, one for bread, one for wine, one for meat. At Perugia about the same time we are told that

2 eggs cost 1 denaro
A horse's keep 2 soldi per day.
Wheat 30 to 50 soldi the rubbio (of 450 lb.).
Wine 8 to 20 soldi the soma (of 300 lb.).
Sheep 10 soldi each.
Oxen 14 soldi the pair.
Capons 16 denari each.

The rubbio was apparently the same as the mule's burden, and the price of wheat in this year of famine must have gone up to 40 or 50 libre the rubbio: a price so extravagantly high that it is difficult to believe that our author has not here exaggerated. The price of salt was always high, 10 to 15 denari the pound. The sale of it was a monopoly that weighed heavily on the poorer inhabitants, who were, we read in the chronicle 1425, compelled to purchase 18 pounds of it per head. An increase in the price of salt ordered by Paul III. in 1534 led to "the salt war" that ended disastrously for Perugia.

Therefore by reason of the famine all the people of the baser sort made moan, and so great was the lamentation of the poor, that the like of their crying was never heard. For every man saw his sons and those of his household perish because of the grievous famine. So that men went to buy corn not only in the land of Orvieto, but even to distant Rimini. And when the corn from abroad came in the citizens began to sell their corn, and forthwith the price of it fell to seven lire the mule's burden, though aforetime you might see the poor folk on their knees at the feet of those that had corn offering them money for it, though indeed it would have been abundantly paid for with their tears and their bitter groans and lamentations; yet they could not have it for money, as I have said. And there were many rich men who would not sell their corn at the price I have told you, and many hundred measures were left on their hands; and there were many who thus laid up great riches; and there were many that got so great wealth that they must needs go well-nigh mad, and began nearly to be out of their mind, merely to see before them so great a pile and tale of money; for in all the years of plenty they had stored a great quantity of corn. And I will not speak to you of the many kinds of food with which folk stayed their hunger, nor would I have you think that when they did not find corn they found other grain or bread to buy; for there was nothing to be found, and meat and all else was exceeding dear; for ever since the King of France came into Italy there began to be great dearth of meat of every kind, and this scarcity lasted many and many years; for by reason of the wars the cattle failed, so that in Italy, and most of all in Tuscany, there was dearth of everything.

Now the Count of Sterpeto of Assisi was a bitter enemy of the house of the Baglioni and of every citizen of Perugia, and day and night he ever contrived how he might injure the men of Perugia, nor did he and his men ever go forth from their city save for that purpose; so that by him their Highnesses the Baglioni were much disquieted. Therefore, now that these had in part chastised their enemies, and somewhat re-established their power, when they heard that there was great pestilence and famine in the city of Assisi, they took counsel together and determined to conquer and overcome their enemy, and not suffer him to gather in the harvest. So when they had thus devised and determined they set their men in battle array and marched towards the said city of Assisi; and in the territory that is round about it they took many villages, and they pitched their camp round the village where was the manor of the sons of Cagnio, and they attacked it with their artillery; but those who were within, trusting to the great moat that girded the place round about, would not surrender. But his Highness Messer Astorre was fully determined to take it in their despite, and began to press it hard with his bombards so that nothing availed but they must need surrender; whom he would not accept on conditions, but at his discretion. In the end he entered into the place with his soldiers and it was altogether given over to be sacked; where was found much plunder, for it was a wealthy village; *item*, much artillery which was all taken away, moreover the woodwork of the houses was also taken, but no men were there slain. And when this village had been taken, all the other villages, and even the city of Assisi, began to doubt greatly what the end should be; and they were sorely troubled and disquieted. At the last they of Perugia began to press upon the city with all their forces, and the citizens were utterly confounded, and after some days when they knew that His Highness Messer Astorre had returned to Perugia and that His Highness Giovan Paolo Baglione was in command of the army they plotted to take him in a snare as you shall hear; for they devised to send a messenger to His Highness Giovan Paolo and to signify to him that the citizens of Assisi desired to hold parley with his Lordship and to treat with him for peace and a settlement of differences; and might it seem good to his Lordship to come up

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even to the gates of the city and there discuss articles with the said citizens, and with the Counts. So the messenger came to his Lordship and spake as it had been ordered him, and he answered and said that he would go there on the day that was named. So when the day appointed had come His Highness set out for Assisi, and a suitable escort went with him, and he went minded to treat for a settlement of differences, if so be that it could be done, and if not then as he turned again, to harry the country and do it all the injury he could. And as he went forth he gave it in charge to Carlo Baglione that if the enemy made any assault upon him there he should come to his aid. After that he went on his way to Assisi, and when he came to the gates thereof he signified to those within that they should come and speak with his Lordship, and the enemy set themselves to come slowly and entreated him the while to come into the city, which when he would not do, the citizens delayed their coming by every mean. Then, when Giovan Paolo perceived how slow they were and how they lingered—for he was a wise man and prudent—he began to suspect them, for it seemed to him clear as daylight that they were plotting treachery; so his Lordship turned to them that followed and said, "These men seek to snare us and take us by treachery, therefore it does not seem well to me to stay here but rather to draw back." Now the plot of the men of Assisi was this—to go forth at another gate and push in between him and his army so that his Lordship should have no way of retreat; and if any succours came to him then they would ring one of the city bells. And when he had spoken to his men His Highness Giovan Paolo retreated with his company, and after a while he turned and looked and saw his enemies how they had wrought treacherously. Then he set one of his servants on a black horse that did not gallop but rather flew, and sent him to Carlo his cousin and bade him send succour. And he turned to his soldiers and entreated them all to fight and play the man, and then he joined battle with the enemy. In the battle every man on both sides fought a good fight, for they of Assisi had become men of war and proved in swordplay; and they were all men reckless and desperate; so because they were four or five times as many as those with Giovan Paolo, all looked that he should be taken or killed; but such was his courage and of those that were with him, that they bore the brunt of battle without loss. Meanwhile Carlo Baglione sent a captain of the following of His Highness Messer Astorre, one Gonzaio of Perugia, with a company of his soldiers; and when they of Assisi saw that succour coming they rang their bell and made the signal that had been agreed on. And when those who fought in the field against His Highness Giovan Paolo heard the sound of that bell forthwith they were frightened and their hearts began to fail within them, but the courage of the Perugians waxed bolder, and their arms were strengthened so that each one fought like a lion. And when that Gonzaio, whom I told you of, came up they began to slay all whom they could reach, so that if I remember aright there were slain of those of Assisi about sixty men, and many were taken and hanged according to their deserts. In this way the twenty-five overcame the hundred, and those who were taken were cruelly entreated, for they were all given over to those who had suffered some injury at the hands of the men of Assisi, and especially to the men of la Bastia, for between these two cities there was hatred and enmity from of old. In this manner his Lordship returned with joy and victory from that great and perilous strife.

Now when the men of Assisi saw so great number of theirs slain or taken, and that this had especially befallen the most valiant, and that the enemy was at their gates, and that to try treachery availed them nothing, they knew not what to do nor what to say; for beyond the gates they could not go, and within in the city there was so great sickness and pestilence that the tongue of man cannot tell; and to fill up the measure of woe there was in Assisi such dearth and famine as never had been aforetime. And I myself with my own tongue have spoken with men who were at that time in that same city of Assisi, who when they called to mind that season of famine, pestilence and war, were all wet with tears; and if a thousand times in a day they should have spoken of these a thousand times would they have wept right bitterly, so gruesome a tale was it to remember. Nay not only those who told the story wept but also whoso heard them; and they said that men went hunting about the walls of the city and behind sheds or stables and wherever else they might, if so they could find wild chicory or other weeds to feed on; and by reason of the hunger that was on them they cooked and ate weeds of every kind, and many people kept themselves alive with three or four nuts sodden in wine, and of these they were good husbands, for they had but small store; and so many other things they told that theirs was indeed a pitiable tale to hear. And at the last, when they saw how they were brought to so great misery and such terrible straits, and that such sore judgments had come down upon them from heaven,—a very grievous pestilence, a most cruel war, and dearth and famine beyond what they could bear, so that citizens saw their children die of hunger and could not help them—and of these tribulations one alone would have been a great judgment on the said city of Assisi; at the last, I say, they came to a decision that should not alter and determined to come to terms and make peace with the people of Perugia and with their Highnesses of the House of the Baglioni, and to send ambassadors. And in the end all causes of offence were taken away; and many citizens of Assisi were taken to the city of Perugia, after that the Count of Sterpeto had been outlawed from the said city of Assisi. For fear fell upon that Count and he fled from Assisi with certain of his friends when he saw that the war could not longer be sustained, and he took with him great treasure; for before he went, as men say, he had plundered San Francesco of Assisi and the other churches. And when he had so fled away, it was agreed between the two people and the High and Mighty House of the Baglioni that he should never again be harboured, nor should ever again be allowed to return into the said city of Assisi; yet that his brother should be allowed to abide there, for aforetime he had been a friend to the House of the Baglioni. And His Highness Giovan Paolo gave him a sister of his that was a bastard to wife and made him his friend. On this wise the exiles were able to return to the said city, each man forgiving his fellow the injuries done. Thus peace was made and the said Count was removed from the city; and after that the army returned joyful to Perugia from the victory won over the people of the city of Assisi and the tyrants that had held rule there.

About this time Montepulciano had revolted* from Florence and given itself to Siena. But the Florentines could not endure to lose this town but must needs fight for the lordship of it. So they took into their pay their Highnesses Messer Astorre and Giovan Paolo Baglioni. And His Highness Messer Astorre was entrusted with the war against Siena and His Highness Giovan Paolo went against Pisa. For ever since the time when Pisa rebelled there had been war between it and Florence; and the citizens of Pisa were all used to bear arms. And in the army that was now in the field against Pisa there were many famous warriors, among others Count Ranuccio da Marsciano with his brothers, and Messer Ercole of the House of the Bentivogli of Bologna. And one day when the Pisan army was out plundering none of the Florentines ventured to encounter the enemy. But the High and Mighty Giovan Paolo went forth with his soldiers, and met the enemy, and fought against him, and routed a body of some hundred and fifty cavalry, and took a rich spoil and recovered the booty that they had collected. For which reason the gentlemen of Florence took him to their hearts, and added to the number of soldiers that he commanded, and gave him besides two live lions. And there was nothing that he could have asked of them that they would not have granted him.

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* This revolt took place in 1495.

And now I turn to tell you how the High and Mighty Messer Astorre carried on the war on the part of the Florentines against the Sienese. He had erected, to defend the camp where his army lay, a huge bastion well furnished with great guns, and this was bombarded day and night by the Sienese; and the army of Siena was so strong that no one doubted but that the Florentine forces must be defeated. Now the river Chiana flowed between the two armies and the air of that place was so pestilential that many soldiers fell sick, and among the rest the High and Mighty Messer Astorre. And he returned to Perugia and his departure bred much discontent in the army. But when he was cured he returned to the army, and all this time the bombardment was maintained, day and night, between the two armies.

And when His Highness had returned he determined to make a night attack on the Sienese camp and spike their guns. And he led the attack in person, but he found the enemy up and on the alert. So the affair ended in a reconnaissance; and after consulting with Guglielmo dei Pazzi, the commissary of the Florentines, he brought his army back safe. Yet was he not discouraged by the failure but determined in spite of all to defeat the enemy, so he drew out the army, and by a long flank march came upon their rear, and saw the enemy in full retreat, for the artillery had all been withdrawn and the camp broken up. Thus it was that the High and Mighty Messer Astorre defeated Giovan Savelli, Captain of the Sienese; and though the enemy escaped, much booty that they had not been able to carry away with them, was found in the camp. Thus His Highness had victory over the men of Siena. I see that I leave many events untold, because my memory does not retain its hold of all that happened in the past. Yet as far as I am able I will strive to tell of past events.

And now I will take in hand to tell you of events which were not ended in brief time and which were the cause of no small evil, as you shall hear.

I tell you that in 1498 there remained of the noble house of Nicolò Piccinino* only two men alive, of whom one was called Agniolo, and many said that he was lawful son of Count Giacomo and grandson of the great Niccolò Piccinino, and many said that he and his father were bastards, but commonly those who had known Count Giacomo said that he seemed in very deed Count Giacomo come to life again. The other was called Nicolò the

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* Nicolo Piccinino was the son of poor parents. His father was said to have been a butcher, and he got his surname from his small size. He was born in
? 1375 Perugia in 1386, and while still young went to seek his fortune in the army that Braccio Fortebracci had got together, and which for more than half a century was the terror of all Italy. His courage and ability secured his promotion, and on the death of his patron in 1425 he assumed command of the army. With a loyalty as exceptional as it was honourable he continued in the service of Visconti of Milan till his death, and twenty years of almost continuous fighting earned for him little but suspicion and treachery. His sons Francesco and Jacopo, far more than he typical of the men "whose trade it is to fight," inheriting their father's ability and courage, as well as his army, fought and plundered throughout Italy with a bewildering inconsistency, either openly for their private aggrandisement or in the pay of Milan, Venice, the Pope,
(1449) Perugia, or Naples as might chance. Francesco died of gout and Jacopo was in the end murdered in prison by the King of Naples (June, 1465), who, as he was leaving the royal presence to be arrested, kissed him with great show of affection. Francesco Sforza, his dear friend, was said to have advised the deed, and Paul II., his patron and employer, on hearing of it exclaimed: "To-day all Italy has recovered freedom." At his death the army of Braccio Fortebracci was finally disbanded.

Third; and how closely these two were connected in blood I cannot say; but certain it is that they were both of that famous house, and each one by his deeds of arms showed that he came of the noble stock of Piccinino; and none ever saw Count Agniolo but declared that never was seen warrior in saddle more fair to look on. Yet though they had many beautiful horses and splendid armour they were not soldiers by profession, nor did they frequent the city nor have their home there, but ever abode in a castle near to Mascione and Antría which their father Count Giacomo had built. Strong it was and to it belonged many fruitful farms in plain and hillside. There they abode summer and winter nor ever came to the city; and, as I think, Nicolò the Third was son to Francesco Piccinino and thus he and Count Agniolo were cousins. But in the course of time dissensions arose between the two, and so bitter were they that this Nicolò Piccinino was wounded with many wounds and was maimed of his hands, and went to Perugia to heal him and there abode many months. Then, because he saw that he could not live on his estate and enjoy it, and because he was at bitter enmity with his cousin, he left Perugia and went to Camerino to visit the Lord of Camerino. There he abode for some time and made gift to the said Lord of all that he had, and especially of all the claims he had on the castle or fortress I told you of with the estate belonging to it; and he lived at the court of the Lord of Camerino. So, because his Lordship desired greatly to have a place of such strength subject to him, he endeavoured in all ways to get it and satisfy his wish. And he wrote many letters to Count Agniolo and sent him many ambassadors, bidding him deliver over and restore that castle, because, as he said, gift of it had been made to him by Count Piccinino; but Count Agniolo would not, nay he made scorn of the letters and message sent him by his Lordship. And just as Nicolò Piccinino the Third had made gift to the Lord of Camerino so likewise Count Agniolo, for that he too was childless, made gift of the castle to Messer of Guido Gismondo Baglione whom he greatly loved and who loved him in return, so that the two were united like true lovers. Now this Gismondo was nephew to the said Lord of Camerino, as I will explain; for the Lord of Camerino was closely allied to the Baglioni in this manner, that a cousin and a daughter of his had both found husbands in that family; and the said Gismondo, Messer Astorre, Morgante, and all the other sons of His Highness Guido Baglione were his [illegible] nephews as being born of his cousin, and Carlo Baglione was his grandson as being born of his daughter. And the Lord of Camerino had greater love for Carlo than for the others, both because he was more closely related to him and because he was very young, and had neither father nor mother, and also because he had often been at his court; and the Lord of Camerino was much regarded and much feared, being thus related to the High and Mighty family of the Baglioni. In the end, as he was ready to do everything if so he might get and hold the castle that had been given to him; and because it was no less desired by His Highness Gismondo Baglione, the Lord of Camerino took thought to contrive the death of Count Agniolo; and first he took order that his two grand-daughters, [illegible] sisters to Carlo Baglione, should be married; so the one was married to Jeronimo de la Staffa and the other to Jeronimo degli Arcipreti, also called della Penna, to whom the Lord of Camerino showed much kindness and did much honour; and at last he begged Jeronimo della Penna to do his duty and slay Count Agniolo. And Jeronimo promised that in sooth he would do so; and to make my story short he returned to Perugia and, that he might accomplish that which he had determined and had promised to his Lordship, he sent certain of his household treacherously by night to that castle where Count Agniolo abode and laid a charge upon them that they should slay him. So they went their way and came to the gate and told one who answered them that they had a letter to give to the Count. Forthwith the gate was opened to them by certain of the Count's relations who were privy to the plot; and it was told the Count there was one without who brought him a letter, and he bade them send him in, for he was in his chamber, because he was just going to bed. And it came to pass that the traitors came in to the Count and at once set to and smote him, and he died a cruel death at their hands. Now these things came quickly to the knowledge of His Highness Gismondo Baglione—who did the deed and how, and every other circumstance; and how the castle was held on behalf of Jeronimo della Penna, and how all in it had become spoil, especially the horses belonging to the Count, which were exceedingly beautiful. And because he had great love for the Count, and would not, after he had lost him, lose the castle also and the other possessions, he sent many soldiers thither to recover the stronghold; and presently those who were in it surrendered on terms, and when the castle had been given up della Penna must needs give up the horses that were the Count's if he would not have debate with His Highness Gismondo Baglione. Thus he recovered everything; and his anger was so hot because of the death of the Count that he declared that he would never shave his beard till he should have taken vengeance for the death of Count Agniolo; and he let his beard grow for more than a month. So that Jeronimo della Penna began to misdoubt him much, and was little in the city, but abode almost always, and especially at night, at the Ponte di Pattolo. Thus he lived for about one month and after that he began not to come at all into the city, and did not return to it till a new thing chanced.

There had been given long time back a dismantled castle that stood on the boundary between Urbino and Perugia to a citizen of Perugia, Francesco Bigazzino by name, a very wealthy man who had for his arms a column and two lions rampant. During the late troubles His Highness Giovan Paolo Baglione desired to have in his own hands this stronghold which had been repaired and strengthened by the said Francesco Bigazzino and served as a great check on the Duke of Urbino; and so the said Giovan Paolo got possession of it, and was afterwards unwilling lightly to restore it to its rightful owners, for it was a very beautiful building and richly furnished. Francesco however using the influence of Ridolfo Baglioni, and helped by the intercession of his friends, succeeded in getting it again into his hands; and when he had got it he secretly made gift of it to the Duke of Urbino, and then, as is said, plotted and devised that the Duke should come up by stealth and take the stronghold; and so it was done, and there were taken prisoners in it the said Francesco and his sons, and they were kept for a time in ward and then loosed. Which thing was a great grief to the House of Baglioni and the people of Perugia, and often and often they demanded it again of the Duke, but he refused to give it up. And when they saw that it was not to be had they made trial if by any means they could take it, and many times attempted the thing, but they were never able to take it; yet when many had failed some peasants of the Castalda family managed so cleverly as to creep into it by stealth and recover it from the Duke of Urbino. Now this thing was a sore grief to the Duke of Urbino; and there followed from it that which I will now relate.

There was much bitter feeling between the Duke of Urbino and the House of the Baglioni and the people of Perugia about that fortress, for each desired to have it; and the Duke made claim and said he had strong reason on his side, and was in truth the Lord of it by virtue of the legal contract and the deed of gift; on the other side the people of Perugia and the High and Mighty House of the Baglioni said that it belonged in every way to the city of Perugia; and especially for two chief reasons: firstly because from of old the place on which it was built belonged to Perugia, and that it had been granted conditionally to the said Francesco; and secondly, because the said Francesco could not lawfully make over to another the said stronghold to the hurt of his own city, not even if it had never belonged to the city of Perugia, for it was built on the boundary. This assertion they based on convincing arguments, and especially on an old law concerning castles standing near a frontier. In the end so greatly was the Duke angered by reason of this castle that he made treaty with Jeronimo de la Penna, who had been exiled from Perugia, and with all the other exiles to make a party against the House of the Baglioni; and to them there was joined very great multitude and many Lords and towns, and they all arrayed their powers to their utmost strength; and they went and sought Count Berardino* and entreated him to seize this occasion, and come and enter Perugia, and make himself Lord of the city even as his grandfather had been. He, as people say, was ready to go, yet first he must have leave of their Lordships of Venice; but they would not give him leave. Howbeit they promised him that another time they would give their aid and countenance that thus he might bring his enterprise to happy end. Thus he could not at that time join in the adventure. Howbeit the friends of Jeronimo de la Penna went forth from the city to meet him and they were all men who lived by their hands and they had little to lose, for in sooth the men of the ward of Sant Agnolo have ever from of old been reckless and headstrong. And after this he went to Civitella and to the Bridge of Pattolo and fortified himself there; and the Duke of Urbino set his battle in array to go up against Bastia that belonged to their Highnesses the Baglioni, which place was exceedingly well fortified. These thought it well, while yet there was time, to send different ambassadors once and again to the Duke, who however was determined at any rate to make war; and besides these they sent other ambassadors to the Lord of Camerino, and he too was minded at all events to take sides against the High and Mighty House of the Baglioni: and this was the answer that he gave to the ambassadors, from the first unto the last, even to Filippo Cencio the Perugian, captain to His Highness Messer Astorre; who when he took his leave said to his Lordship: "If you make trial of battle against the High and Mighty House of the Baglioni I am utterly convinced that their Highnesses the Baglioni will win sure and joyful victory over their enemies." He said no more, but took his leave and returned, and told how that the Lord of Camerino for his wrath in the matter of the stronghold of Count Agniolo was altogether an enemy to the Baglioni. His Highness Carlo Baglione, as they say, had also gone many and many a time to speak to his kinsman Jeronimo to endeavour peace. But the end was that all the enemies of the House of the Baglioni were at one mind, and a great force was set in array against them; and some men thought that they would have died for fear, yet they showed little sign of fear.

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* This Count Berardino Fortebracci was grandson of the great condottiere Braccio Fortebracci who had been Lord of Perugia from 1416.

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And because it was seen that the Orsini were in sore straits because of their war with the Colonna and that no help was to be looked for from them, therefore His Highness Guido called a council of many citizens and began to speak to them and comforted the souls of the citizens, speaking as his wont was, with a fair flow of words. After he had spoken, at length he said that he would, with the others of his House, contribute at the present time fifty thousand florins for the war against the Duke and their

other enemies, and afterwards, if need were, they would give other fifty thousand; yet in truth they might have given far more for they were very rich. And the citizens took much comfort from his words and, no man pressing them, they made offer of many thousand ducats for the war, showing that they doubted not at all what the end would be. And to make yet greater show of courage he sent off his son Morgante with sixty or seventy lances to bring succour to the Orsini. After that the Baglioni took fresh forces into their pay to do battle with their enemy, for they were fully determined, as soon as the enemy came out to war to fight a battle against them and to overthrow them. Yet it fell out otherwise; and not to be too tedious in my tale I will end by relating how the Pope sent his Legate Cardinal Borgia to deal and devise so as out of these enmities to bring peace. And he journeyed and came to Perugia and spoke with their Highnesses the Baglioni, and to sum up he took a bribe and so wrought that after these enmities a general peace was made between the Duke of Urbino and Jeronimo della Penna on the one part and the House of their Highnesses the Baglioni on the other, and these terms were agreed to among
p. 50 others: that the castle of Francesco di Bigazzino, that is to say the castle of Coccorano, should be dismantled; and other articles also were agreed to. And Jeronimo de la Penna and His Highness Gismondo Baglione pardoned each other all their offences, and they made peace one with another remitting all wrong and hatred, and they exchanged true tokens of peace. Afterwards, though sore against his will, Jeronimo returned to the city with the Cardinal Borgia;

and from that day forth when he returned he never slept in his own house but with his friends, and shifted from place to place. And on the other hand His Highness Gismondo Baglione, who wore his beard till then, would not even now shave it, though he often walked arm in arm with Jeronimo; and many said that one did not trust the other, that there was still enmity between them, and that in name only there was peace between those who abode in the city. And thus they lived till that came to pass which I will tell you of below.

p. 80

After this peace had been made, and while our gentlemen in Perugia lived on the terms that I have described, the pestilence broke out in the city of Perugia. Thereupon every gentleman determined to go forth and serve in his trade of fighting. Now their Lordships of Venice were, as is said, bound by long-standing friendship to the ancestors of His Highness Piero de' Medici of Florence; and when he was driven forth from the most noble city of Florence they determined to endeavour to restore him. So after that they had considered the matter they sent a deputy and took soldiers into their pay; among others the Duke of Urbino, and under him Jeronimo de la Penna. They took also into their pay Signor Carlo Orsino and Signor Bartolomeo da Alviano, and His Highness Messer Astorre Baglione; he had on his own account and on account of Carlo and Grifone, who were still young, a hundred and sixty men-at-arms under him, that is a hundred for himself and thirty for each of the others, on this condition, namely, that His Lordship should have command of the whole body of a hundred and sixty, with an equal number of light horse. And in the end they set in array a noble army of valiant fighters, for they were all men of high birth. The reason for the doing of this was that the Florentines had been routed by His Highness Braccio, son of Count Carlo of Perugia,* who had been captain of the Venetians in the war of Pisa. Now this Braccio was younger brother of Count Berardino. And forasmuch as Paolo Vitello had a band of men under him yet was not fighting in the pay of any one he accepted the chief command of the forces of Florence. And their Highnesses Giovan Paolo and Semonetto would not take their stand save on the side of the Florentines, whose captain was Paolo Vitello; and much people flocked to one side and the other, for the other wars were ended; especially that between the Orsini and Colonna families, for they had discovered that the Pope helped both sides underhand; and when they had discovered that thing they made treaty and peace one with the other. So all soldiers were gathered together to the war of Florence and they began to fight at the setting in of winter, and the Venetian army went into the Casentino† where His Highness Messer Astorre took Bibiena; and many other towns were taken, and both sides made great proof of valiancy. And on both sides was heard the war cry Baglione! Baglione! and there was great glory won.

And His Highness Giovan Paolo Baglione and His Highness Messer Astorre sent every day to Perugia and to the towns round about, officers to hire men to fight, the one under their Lordships of Florence, the other under their Lordships of Venice; and by these many youths were persuaded to come forth from their nests and become soldiers, and they got them much renown. And His Highness Giovan Paolo, because he would win yet more favour of the people of Florence, sent two hundred hired footmen to fight for them. After a while peace was made between Florence and Venice; and it was agreed that His Highness Piero should remain in exile for a time, and then be readmitted to Florence, and that in the meantime he should be paid a pension by the commonwealth of Florence.

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* Carlo was the son of Braccio Fortebracci, born 1422, and entered the service of Venice in 1447.

† The upper valley of the Arno in which are situated La Verna, Camaldoli, Campaldino and other places famous in Florentine history.

Now the Pope wished and desired very earnestly to deprive the Lord of Camerino of his lands and Lordship, and for this purpose he had brought together a large army; and his Lordship had fortified himself very strongly, using windmills and trenches and walls and other defences. And ? when His Highness Messer Astorre perceived that the Pope was determined to take his Lordship from him, he let him know, and this though he was soldier in the service of the Church, that he would never permit such thing, even though the Lord of Camerino treated him as an enemy and not as his nephew, as indeed he was; and the reason of p. 78 this was the death of Count Agnolo and the disputed inheritance. And when the Pope saw that His Highness Messer Astorre withstood him, he gave over all thought of that enterprise, for he would not risk battle about the Lordship of Camerino so long as the family of the Baglioni was hostile and opposed to him. So it came to pass that his Lordship was assured in his estate; yet he did not for that leave his hatred of the High and Mighty House of the

Baglioni, as is the way of men of obstinate and devilish instincts; nay rather these, after benefits received, are the more ready to act as their nature teaches them; as also this man did.

Here begins the Chronicle of the new rule in Perugia.

If I have left untold some of the events that have chanced, and if in my narrative up to the present, which has been incomplete, I have, as I know, omitted many things, the reason has been that when the changes began in this our city of Perugia I was but young and had not the wit to tell the tale of them; but when I saw so many strange changes come about in Perugia and in Italy, a desire came upon me to tell of them and to leave a record to those who shall come after us, beginning from the time of which I wrote in the first pages of this book, that is to say from 1488 up to the year 1500, making mention of all the things that have chanced, which as yet have not slipped from my memory entirely, even though they have in part. Wherefore the events which I held in my memory I have written down and recorded as they have happened, up to this day of the year 1500, and those which henceforth shall happen I will narrate exactly as they shall chance, that is to say all which shall come to my knowledge. Wherefore I make another beginning and set forth the purport of my history to the end that my writing may be more clear. And in order that you may the better understand and that your minds may take more contentment I will make in my story an interlude and digression, the which, I pray, you may not think wearisome.

I have seen in this august city of Perugia the gentlemen hold rule and government. Very numerous they were, and very great the tale of men of good station and noble birth; and I have seen all the gentlemen live as a single being and a single body, united and bound together for a single purpose.* Then I have seen all that body split up with minds and desires divided and diverse, each man in his will opposed to his neighbour and disagreeing, and all full of envyings and plottings; so that there must needs rise disputes and quarrels among them seeing that in their souls envy and strife had taken birth. And the gentlemen had come to such uncharitableness that if one brother had won more credit than another, the latter forthwith leagued him with his enemy and sought to bring that other down into the dust. So it was that almost all the houses of our gentlemen were divided against themselves, save the High and Mighty House of the Baglioni and the House of the Oddi, which p. 12
were one the first, the other the second, of our city, as I told you in the beginning of this my little book. Now the

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* Matarazzo refers, it would seem, to the short peace, or rather truce, of p. VIII
1488, between the Baglioni and the Oddi and their respective followers. The Chronicler writes: "On the 12th of June many of our gentlemen, the High and Mighty Ridolfo Baglione, the House of the Oddi, Agamemnone degli Arcipreti, and others met together and made peace and alliance one with the other; insomuch that everyone wondered, for they had been at discord for many long years. And the reason of this was a brief from the Pope ordering the levy of a tithe on property in the town under pain of excommunication." But in October of the same year many of the family of the Oddi will not go into the Piazza because they have heard that they are to be murdered by the Baglioni. The Baglioni then fortified the church of San Lorenzo, and from loopholes in its walls threatened with their falconets the houses of their enemies. On the 30th of the month there is a fight in the town, in which men are killed and wounded, and early the next morning "all the Oddi flee away, and God be with them!"

first origin of the disputes came through the family of the Corgnie, which was utterly cast down through the might of the High House of the Oddi. And these Oddi had their origin from Hungary. But their Highnesses the Baglioni came from Germany; and these Oddi had for livery one stocking striped red and white and the other all black, and for arms they had a lion azure on a field of gold. And their Highnesses the Baglioni had the livery which Count Jacomo, son of Niccolò Piccinino, gave them, that is one stocking green that is the left, and the other the right, red, with the garter white on the outer side, and for their arms they bore a shield azure traversed in the middle by a bar of gold, and above for crest a griffin's head, and behind this hung down a serpent's tail. And the noble house of Corgnie came from Corgnie, near the Perugian Lake, and had for arms a tree of cornel standing on six bars, black and yellow. And the House of the Arcipreti had their origin from La Penna, which is above Rome, but I know not exactly where, and for arms they had a wing, and afterwards a leopard, which had been given to them by Count Carlo, for it was his own cognisance.

And of the other gentlemen I will not speak, for to do so would take me too far afield; but I will only tell you that the whole class of gentlemen was divided into two parties, the Baglioni and the Oddi; and brother strove against brother, and son against father; and very great was the league against the High and Mighty House of the Baglioni; and to this league the more part of the gentlemen belonged. Yet their Highnesses the Baglioni were the stronger. So the end was that the Oddi with their followers went into exile, as I told you more fully in the early part of this my little book. And the beginning of all the war and enmity came about through the House of Corgnie.* pp. 11, 19

Thus I saw the city under the rule of gentlemen; joined in loyal harmony, and this was the first state of the city which I saw: and after that I saw the gentlemen that were left rule and order the city, and their Highnesses the Baglioni were at the head of them; and they held sway and rule for twelve years, that is till the year of the salvation of Christians by the pardon of sins in the Roman jubilee of 1500. And this was the latter state of the gentlemen of Perugia.

Although the city of Perugia had been widowed of many of her Perugian gentlemen because of the former broils, yet during this period of twelve years so many men had been born to the families of those gentlemen who had remained in the city, and had grown up to manhood, that our city was right well furnished with honourable gentlemen. Here I make pause and am purposed from this point to set forth all things in order unto you.

Very sooth it is that there were many famous men and worshipful in every walk of life in our city; but, not to depart from very truth, since the day when the Oddi with their followers were banished from our city matters ever went from bad to worse. Martial exercises were neglected; and all the young men turned them to the trade of soldiery, yet submitted not to drill or discipline, and were men of evil life. Every day there was seen lawlessness of every sort, and the city was brought to such a pass that there was in it neither right rule nor justice, but every man rendered judgment in his own cause on his own authority, and by his own strong hand. And the Pope sent many legates if so be that he could bring back the city to obey his rule; but all as many as came departed again fearing to be cut to pieces; for many they threatened to throw out of the windows of the court-house of the Priori. So that there was no Cardinal or other Prelate but feared to come to Perugia if he were not a friend to the Baglioni. And the city was brought to such evil plight that the more wicked men were the more they were esteemed; and whoso had slain two or three men could go about in the public offices at his pleasure, and such fellows went girt with sword and dagger to speak to the Podestà* and other officers; and one man there was who led such a life that men told of him that he had killed, between the war of Assisi and that of the exiles, more than seventy men, and he led such an evil life that all wondered, and no tongue could tell his wickedness. Shops and warehouses were broken into and then, when they had stolen the goods, the thieves laid out the empty cases on the steps that led to the Court of the Podestà. Yea, the head constable of Perugia tried one day to arrest one of the band of ruffians by order of the Legate Cardinal *de latere*, but he could not take him; and the fellow, who went about fully armed, was so bold and determined that he came into the constable's office and fell on that constable and smote him and wounded him so that he died; and every officer feared and was afraid. And moreover every honest man was overborne by cut-throats who had the countenance of the gentlemen;* and no citizen could call that which he

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* "On the 9th September 1488 there was a scuffle at Passignano between men of the Corgne and Oddi families. The reason and the beginning of it that two men who were playing fell out. And many were wounded on both sides but most on the side of the Corgne, and some of their houses were plundered."

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* In Perugia, as in most other Italian towns, one of the most important officials was the Podestà, who was always a foreigner, and as a rule a man of noble birth. In Perugia, Siena only excepted, he must come from a town at least fifty miles distant, and must be a Guelf. In the 12th century we are told of a Podestà being dismissed before entering on his office, because it was discovered that he was a Ghibelline. The office was held at first for a year, afterwards for six months. He was at first called in merely to moderate the bitterness of factions, but gradually many other functions were assigned to him. His salary was 2,000 florins, and he was provided with a large number of

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officers who, like him, must come from foreign towns. The notaries in his service might not have practised in Perugia, and the Doctor of Laws, his assessor, might not have taken his degree in the University of Perugia. His attendants were even provided with a foreign barber, in order that they might have no intercourse with the citizens. At the end of his term of office he had to submit to an audit, and might be either punished or rewarded according to his deserts. Thus we hear of Messer Giovanni, of Pistoja, having a crown of gold awarded to him, while Messer Inghilese, of Pistoja, was condemned for forgery, and his portrait, as that of a forger, painted on the walls of the Court House. His functions were, if one may use the expression, the administration of equity, political, civil, and criminal; and to find a parallel to him we have almost to look back to early ages of civilisation, when the judge of the Israelites, or the tribal chief of Greece, decided the cases brought before him on their merits without much regard to the niceties of law. They dealt with offenders occasionally much on the lines that Solomon followed in his celebrated decision in the case of child stealing. In later times the Captain of the People supplemented the Podestà, and relieved him of criminal jurisdiction and military functions. When a Papal Legate was appointed to enforce the rule of the Holy See, the office of Podestà was practically in abeyance.

* In 1498 the Papal Legate came to Perugia with eight horsemen and fifty musketeers for his protection. His constable was soon attacked by a ruffian, Mancini by name. He took refuge in a shop, but the bystanders were warned to mind what they were about and not interfere, and accordingly the constable was murdered. The Legate took fright and returned to Rome. The Pope

had his own, nor could dispose of his own property, and the gentlemen despoiled now one man, now another, taking from them their having and their goods. And they put up all offices for sale; and some they had abolished, taking to themselves the profits of them; and so grievously were the citizens plundered and oppressed, that every man made moan all the day long. And these plaints came to the ears of the gentlemen, but inasmuch as men held that all good and all evil proceeded from His Highness Guido Baglione — for he was wise and prudent beyond others*—yet if His Highness had desired to make remedy, all the other gentlemen would have united against him, seeing that each one desired his friends to be feared and respected by officers and private citizens alike. And all this came about because of the ill-will that there was between His Highness Guido Baglione and Ridolfo, and their sons, and the others of the House of the Baglioni; so that naught could help but the city must needs fall into evil courses. And if a man lay in prison condemned to death, he needed not to fear to die if only some gentleman had for him a little goodwill; and all said that things could not go on as they were, seeing how ill the city was governed, and the dearth that there was. So that to sum up all you see that the city was reduced to great misery and distress.

On the other hand the city was of good repute, because that there was in it such a crowd of men worshipful in

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demanded that Mancini should be surrendered for punishment, but being a follower of the Baglioni he was protected and the Pope got no satisfaction but empty words.

* Our author's grammar is here intentionally irregular, but his meaning is not for that less emphatic.

every art and craft. And there were in men's mouths ancient prophecies that the year 1500 would be marked by deaths among the great.

Here I make pause that I may set things forth more clearly and ye may the better understand that which shall follow.

There were in the House* of their Highnesses the Baglioni two brothers, one called Guido and the other Ridolfo; and at this time His Highness Guido, who was the elder, had five sons, to wit, His Highness Messer Astorre, Adriano, also called Morgante, Gismondo, Marcantonio, and Messer Gentile, who was Abbot, and His Highness Ridolfo had three sons, to wit, the eldest Messer Troiolo, Apostolical Protonotary, Giovan Paolo, and Semonetto. And after these there were two second cousins, to wit Carlo Barciglia, who was tall but ill-favoured in his stature, so that he must go almost like one deformed, hence he added to his arms a

× p. 128

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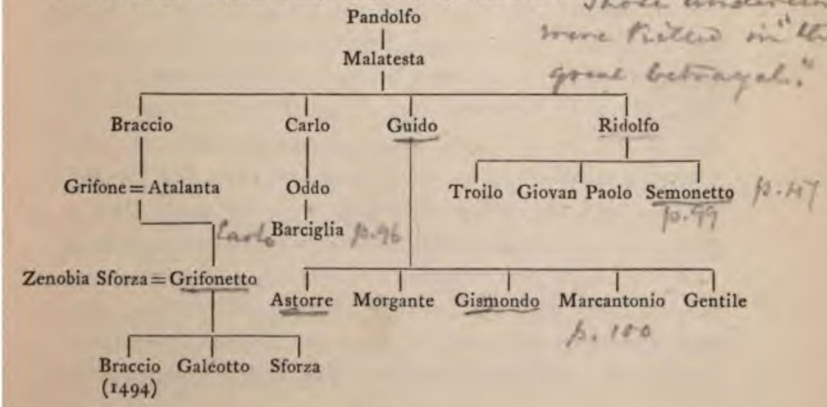
* The following family tree shows the relations of the more important members of the Baglioni family mentioned by Matarazzo.

Those underlined were killed in "the great betrayal."



Great-nephews, grandsons of those two elder brothers

Barciglione or cock's beard, and from that he took the name by which he called himself, Carlo Barciglia. He was grandson to Carlo Baglione, who was elder brother to Guido and Ridolfo, as you may read in the book of Altro Marte in which is recorded the life of Niccolò Piccinino: and men called the other the Noble Grifonetto, who for beauty was a second Ganymede. He was second cousin to Guido and Ridolfo, being grandson of Braccio, their eldest brother, and he was reputed to be more wealthy than any other of that family; and he had, for himself p.101 alone, a far finer house than any of the others. In it there was a room in which were portraits of all the Captains that ever ruled in Perugia from the beginning till that day, and so also of its famous Doctors, each one painted in his likeness. The whole of that house was painted within and without from roof to foundation, and it had two towers, as ? I told you before, and it stood hard by the new University. And Grifone was of all the youngest, and His Highness Messer Astorre was the oldest, not taking account of Guido and Ridolfo. Now though this Grifone was the youngest of the family, yet because he had no father and was rich, he had a wife beautiful and winsome as he himself was; and of her he had three sons and one daughter, of whom p.27 one was called Braccio, the second Galeotto, and the third Sforza, and the eldest of these was not more than six years old. And this family was so proud and so high going, that they kept great numbers of horses, and racers to run for the Palio, and, besides these, horses and mules of every sort, and court fools, and whatsoever else beseems a gallant gentleman. And besides all else they had an enormous lion in the courtyard; insomuch that it seemed to those who went to that house that they entered a king's palace, so great was the state that they held. And whenever His Highness Guido, or Messer Astorre, his son or Giovan Paolo his nephew came into the Piazza every citizen ceased from his work to marvel at them; and any stranger that chanced to pass through Perugia spent pains to see the High and Mighty Guido, and even more Messer Astorre because of the fame of the glorious deeds he had wrought. And even the pages that waited on him had coats of brocade. And of that High and Mighty House there were descended many bastards, among others one Filippo de Braccio. He had ever been p. 23 an ensample of goodly life to Grifone, who always looked Half-brother to him for counsel as to his master and father. | There was moreover in our city Jeronimo de la Penna, who had for pp. 79, 80 friends men of most dissolute life. These, for that they p. 109 were poor, would have committed any crime for their Lord. And this Jeronimo who was at this time twenty-eight × years old did what was right in his own eyes and led a lawless life, as did also Carlo Baglione. The same had Brother of two cousins between whom and him there was but little love, for just as he was at enmity with his own brother because by him he was shabbily treated, so they with him, because by him they were shabbily treated and thus could not show hospitality to their friends as he could to his. Lastly he who of all that family was most haughty and his temper most harsh, Semonetto, did not trust Jeronimo de la Penna, Nephew of and was minded to slay him; for he had made proof of Guid him and saw that, if he did not do so, they would all die at the hands of the said Jeronimo; for he knew that the

Husband of Carlo's sister

man was compounded of gall and of deceit. And being so minded he asked leave of his uncle, the High and Mighty Guido, who would not allow it and would even have persuaded him to give up all feeling of enmity; and then Semonetto bent his haughty spirit to kneel to his uncle and beg him to grant leave, but he would not. In like manner Semonetto went about to get the consent of his brother Gian Paolo; but he would not allow him. For that which was to happen must needs come to pass.

Now the time arrived when His Highness Messer Astorre was to take to him a wife, that had been given to him by the King of Naples, and she belonged to the family of the Orsini. Then because His Highness Messer Astorre was very dear to his father His Highness Guido Baglione gave order that in our city high festival should be held for many days to do honour to his son; and each ward set in order its own company of young men and maidens, and each citizen arrayed his sons and the women of his house according to his rank and condition; and each ward strove to outexcel the others in doing honour to His Highness Messer Astorre and his wife; save only the ward of San Agniolo, which because it was friendly to Jeronimo della Penna and to p. 77 the della Staffa family, called not out its company nor set it in array. And in this that ward differed from all the others, and showed but little goodwill to the High and Mighty family of the Baglioni; but all the rest did them honour, both the single citizens and the community, for each man clothed himself in silk and velvet and the gentlemen in brocade of silver or of gold according to their rank, and so likewise did the women; and each several ward decreed to make a banquet and a procession in honour of the spouse and of her husband. And that noble youth Semonetto, because he wished to give proof to his Highness Messer Astorre that he loved him from his heart with a perfect love, not as a cousin but as a very brother; and also to give full proof to the citizens that they loved one another more than some thought, and that there was not between them any division, but rather utter love and goodwill, had an infinite number of trees and leafy branches brought to set up in the Piazza and in the ward San Pietro; and ordered all the tradesmen's booths which were in that ward to be removed from the arch that stands midway, even unto the Piazza; and he had almost the whole of that street repaved, whereon he spent many scores of ducats from his own purse; and he gave money to those who for that they were poor could not find money to adorn their own houses. And moreover he had all the balconies brought into line and the fronts of all the houses whitened; and he removed the middle arch that stands over against San Domenico, and so opened up the view from the top to the foot of the street. Moreover he wished to make a fountain of running water where the Great Lily of Santa Croce stands, drawing the water for it from the spring of Sant Ercolano, and he had the benches and tables of the butchers removed so that all that quarter seemed new built. Now that ward had been assigned to him by his father and his brother, that is to say the premises that belonged to the High and Mighty family in that ward, both within and beyond the walls of the city. So it came about that he won much love of the citizens and especially of those who abode in that ward, for the man was wholly large-minded and free-handed and did deeds to be had in everlasting remembrance. Yet time failed him to do all the many things he had then devised, for that His Highness Messer Astorre tarried not in taking to him his wife, but had he tarried longer then Semonetto would have accomplished all the things he had designed. And he was altogether minded to do them, for he too must take to him a wife in no long time. And all this shows that, as I said, he was a man of lofty spirit, though he was but a youth of twenty-five years or under. He had also paved the Piazza of Deruta, and intended to build a fountain in the Piazza and an arch from one mount to the other to bring water into that r Piazza. And he was ever doing things worthy to be had in remembrance for all time.

Moreover there was built a triumphal arch of wood covered with cloth, blazoned with the victories of His Highness Messer Astorre, and beneath each a motto the writer) written by Messer Francesco Matarazzo, setting forth all his mighty deeds. And the cost of it came to well over fifteen hundred florins, and it was set up at the bottom of the Piazza and was very high and very cunningly devised. It was wrought in the Governor's Hall and the beauty of it no tongue can tell.

Moreover presents were given to His Highness Messer Astorre by all the citizens, and by all the towns and guilds of Perugia and by very many gentlemen and cities of the country round about; and so great was the number of ambassadors that came from all parts that all men wondered and were amazed; and some gave gifts of gold and some of silver, and some of cloth, and some one thing and some another, so that there were given to him more than two great chests full of silver; and the presents which he had would have filled full a whole treasury.

And he brought home his wife on Sunday the twenty-eighth of June, the eve of St. Peter and St. Paul in the year 1500. She travelled with great pomp, attended by 1500
many gentlemen and ambassadors, and with so many trumpets and pipes and all kinds of music that men held their breath. She entered Perugia by the gate of Borgo San Antonio, and all the wards waited on her, and she alighted at the house of the noble youth Grifonetto, for that of her husband was not furnished to receive her, and this house was in any case more beautiful than any other; and so it p.96
fell out that His Highness Messer Astorre brought his wife home to his cousin's house.

Now His Highness Messer Astorre was all clothed in gold from head to foot, and he had a very great number of robes and many fashions and patterns all of cloth of gold, and he had a collar very precious of massive gold which had been given to him by My Lords of Venice. And moreover his wife had all her garments of gold work, and the sleeves silk embroidered with very precious pearls, and likewise her head was all covered with pearls; and His Highness Guido Baglione, his father, had a cloak worked with pearls and gold which was worth much money.

And at the last the bride was brought into the house of His Highness Grifone very honourably; and supper was laid out, and they all supped in the Piazza which lies between the house of Grifone and Sta Maria degli Servi, which was all covered in with cloth broidered with their cognizance, and set round with tables and sideboards sumptuous and great. And night came, and thus an end was made to the masques and dances and songs for that day. After that the bride was laid in a bed of great price, and over it, besides other draperies there was spread a counterpane made of thread of gold and scarlet silk, and all the silk fringes were encrusted and embroidered with pearls of price, in so much that this of itself was a treasure of untold value, nor was anything more beautiful ever seen. And of the many things great and goodly that she had in her chamber, I speak not to you, for I could not tell the tale of them; nor yet of the great pageants, nor of the instruments beyond all count, and every street was adorned with arches and branches of box and green ivy, so that never was any sight more beautiful seen in our city, nor so great and costly. And to end my account nearly the whole Piazza was covered over with woollen cloth, and all the tradesmen's booths were removed from the streets.

And the conclusion of all was on this wise. The day had been brilliantly fine, but the night fell with rain and tempest and a very dreadful storm of wind, so that all those cloths were beaten down and fell with a very fearful din and were all found on the ground rent and marred. And this was held to be an omen of most evil presage; and it followed on other omens that had before portended evil. For they say that when the bride was a-coming she was well-nigh drowned in a river. Nevertheless, for that the city guilds were minded to honour to the utter-most His Highness Messer Astorre and Madonna Lavinia his bride, they covered the Piazza anew with woollen cloths even as it had been covered at the first; and then they invited the bride and her husband to the shows which I will now describe. First they were invited by the guild of the Ward Sole; the members of it came arrayed in silk and velvet, having on coats of white silk and mantles of the same, as has ever been from of old the way of that ward. At the upper end of the Piazza this ward had enclosed a round space with a palisade, and into it they had bidden His Highness Messer Astorre and his bride and all others of that High and Mighty family and all the ambassadors and the visitors of noble birth, both men and women. Thither came too all the learned men of the city and all the fair ladies, as many as there were in this our city, and of these there were full thirty ladies dressed in cloth of fine gold, and others again in cloth of silver and others in silk and velvet, each one according to her rank and degree; for at that time our city was altogether given over to display and vainglory. And by-and-bye they danced there with great pomp and splendour, and after the dance came the banquet provided by all the citizens of the Ward Sole; and they made so abundant provision of all manner of victuals that by far the greater part was wasted; whereof all that wished took as they listed. And all these things were done on the day of St. Peter and St. Paul. Moreover to the pageant and the banquet they bore His Highness Ridolfo on a chair, for that he could not go a foot by reason of the sickness that was on him. And when the dancing and the banquet were ended all the men accom-

Father of Semonetto

panied His Highness Messer Astorre home and all the women accompanied Donna Lavinia home, and they went in and supped with the men and women that had been invited from other towns to the wedding.

And the next day they were invited by the Ward San Sanne to their pavilion which was in the very middle of the Piazza and was all covered with branches of trees and tapestry work. Great pageant and festival was there held, and thereafter the ward provided a banquet very marvellously abundant; for on the table were spread every manner of fruit fashioned of sugar; and after these frogs, crabs, scorpions, snakes, lizards, birds of every kind made of sugar, with confections of every sort. And the cheer was so ample that leather wallets were used to carry all that abundance, and every man had his fill; and so that feast too had its end.

Then followed the fourth day and the fifth on which a tourney was held. And in the tourney strife and variance arose between Jeronimo della Penna on one side, and Count Ludovico of Marsciano and a Signor Bartolomeo, Umpire of the Tournament, who had come to this wedding, on the other. Semonetto Baglione too had a hand in the dispute, for he maintained that the decision of the umpire which was impugned had been rightly given, and most of those that looked on agreed with it. This Semonetto was all on fire to meet Jeronimo in the field and joust with him, although the latter was older than himself, though not a more finished fencer or of finer mettle. So at this tourney many words were bandied about, but they did not come to blows; nor did the men show any real ill will to each other. Thus the tournament ended and the fifth day of the festival.

And on the sixth day they were entertained by other two wards: to wit the Ward San Pietro and the Ward Eburnea. These two were joined together and jointly entertained the bride and bridegroom in their pavilion which they had set up at the lower end of the Piazza. And after the grand pageant they set out confections in great abundance, first, in vessels of silver, even as the other wards, and then in salvers and vessels of gold. By-and-bye there came a cart full of confections; in which show His Highness Semonetto displayed his wit and his pomp, for he stood on the cart and with a spade scattered the confections to all who would have them, lavishly and with all bravery, so that men spoke much of this thing throughout all Italy, and most of all of the lavish magnificence of His Highness Semonetto; so that throughout all Italy these were held to be great and splendid doings. And comparing Ward with Ward that of San Sanne was before all the rest in every way lauded. And in doing honour to the wedded pair the citizens spent more than sixty thousand florins. And very many other treats and entertainments were offered them beyond all that I can find words to tell.

And while this festival was yet a-making it began to be bruited about that the mother of Messer Astorre who lay at Spello sick and full of years was dead. And thereafter men of evil tongue wished to bring more discredit on the most noble House of the Baglioni and they began to tell how that His Highness Marcantonio, brother to Messer Astorre, was dead, who lay ill near Naples where he had gone to take the baths. For a snake bit his leg when he was a child and the hurt could never be healed, and now a sore sickness was on him from which he suffered great anguish and every day he went from bad to worse. This man was the youngest save one of the sons of Guido Baglioni, and his father loved him above all the rest.

This same Marcantonio was fair to look on and a man of few words and exceeding wise, as was his father; stout of heart too he was and passing subtle. And he lodged at the waters with a great train as became a gentleman, and the Queen of that place showed him much honour and kindness. Howbeit they made no pause in the pomp of the marriage festival, for the parents and brothers knew that there was no truth in what was told of the death of the said Marcantonio and Madonna Costanza. And afterwards on the sixth day all those that came from afar were dismissed, and they went their ways, yet the pomp and the pageantry did not for that break off, but lasted many and many a day after. And men said that no such a marriage had ever been unless it were three hundred years before when the elder Biordo * was married with even greater

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* Not 300 but 100 years before, in 1397, Biordo Michelotti, one of the most ambitious and successful of condottieri, was appointed Captain-General of the army of Florence in succession to Sir John Hawkwood. He was at that time Lord of Todi, Orvieto, Assisi, Nocera, Trevi, Spello, Gualdo, Perugia, and had good hopes of establishing a strong permanent dominion in central Italy. "He remained short time in Florence, for seeing signs of evil import, he kept his own counsel, and misdoubting that a plot was on foot to murder him, he rode out one day from Florence as for his pleasure; but as soon as he was clear of the city set spurs to his horse and came the same night to Arezzo, and so on to Perugia." In November of the same year he was married to Giovanna Orsini, daughter of the Count of Pitigliano.

festival than His Highness Astorre. A triumphal arch was then erected as at the present time, and greater abundance of gentlemen came to the wedding. The Signory too of Venice was represented, and from every king and duke and potentate of Italy ambassadors. And men said that after his marriage he held rule for three months and then was betrayed and killed by his brother* and also that "much laughter bred disaster." And so the same thought was in many men's minds touching the marriage they were now celebrating: that it was as it were the filling up of their cup, and an ostentatious display of their overweening pride of place, and that it boded ill, and that "great laughter must breed disaster"; and they pointed to many evil omens that had been noted during the present wedding.

Now in these days there appeared a comet with a very great train of fire that spread to the parts above Fossato and was seen night after night for a great while; and another showed in the Kingdom of Naples. It was a very terrible and awful sight, and passed through the heaven with a mighty rushing sound, and then followed on it a clashing and clangour like the shots of great guns the which were heard for thirty miles around, so horrible a thing it was. And of it I will make no further mention; yet through it all they held festival and pageantry for the new-made bride. Then His Highness Guido Baglioni would have given a wife to Carlo Baglione his grandson, although almost all His Highness's own sons were older than was

nephew

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* The murderer was not Biordo's brother but Francesco Guidalotti, abbot of San Pietro, who was engaged in a plot to establish Papal supremacy over Perugia.

ephew
(1) ×
the said Carlo Barciglia his grandson. But because the young man had neither father nor brother but was alone in the world therefore he was anxious to find him a wife.

p. 77
" 78
The time was now come and the hour when evil fortune must befall the High and Mighty family, and in which the Lord of Camerino of the house of Varana must work treacherously and falsely against the High and Mighty family of the Baglioni, not calling to mind any more his kindred and alliance and relationship, nor yet the benefits he had received of the High and Mighty family of the Baglioni, nor the promises by which he had bound himself from of old, but only that which his nature bred in him—to be ever prompt and ready for evil, and prepared to do treachery and treason as he had often done before; and in this his features clearly betrayed him—one who made enemies for himself and his state by his treacheries and treasons. So, that he might do after his kind and as had been appointed for him, he plotted against the High and Mighty family of the Baglioni to slay them all while they slept: and that befell which I will now tell you.

andson
(2) ×
p. 75
There were three of the High and Mighty family of the Baglioni that had a hand in this plot and treason, to wit Carlo Barciglia, nephew to the Lord of Camerino; he was a youth about 27 years old, and of all the men of his family he was poorest and most prodigal, and was lightly esteemed by his companions and the soldiers under him. Yet he was a mighty man, terrible in his wrath, riotous, and dissolute. He became the head and leader of all the rest, to do a pleasure to the Lord of Camerino,

(1) Grandson of his brother Carlo. p. 75
(2) Son of his daughter (p. 75).

his uncle, and to become rich, and to take for himself the government and rule of the High and Mighty family of the Baglioni. He planned and discussed the whole business with Jeronimo della Penna, his kinsman, who still nursed in his heart the embers of his ancient malignity. This Jeronimo, as I have related, had already in his life hatched other treasons, yet he was but 28 or 29 years old; a dissolute man he was and a spendthrift like Carlo, but in strength and courage far behind him. But he had with him men of most dissolute lives who yet to him were utterly faithful, and ready for every wickedness and crime; for they were men of the Ward San Agniolo; and from of old the citizens of that ward were not men of substance like those of the other wards; and he was much loved of his friends. Moreover Carlo had gathered to him, time was, certain exiles who lived in San Severino della Marca, worthless fellows, and some other friends witless and young. So they weighed and discussed the business and determined what they would do; and Carlo took in hand to cajole one Filippo de Braccio, bastard of the High and Mighty family, promising to make a gentleman of him and to give him a lodging in the ward of Porta Sole where he dwelt, and to make him joint ruler of the city with themselves. And that all this might the more readily be done he was to persuade the noble Grifonetto to take part in the treason. And, for that this Filippo was a man of about 40 years old and astute, as soon as he had consented to take part in the treason he began to bear the noble Grifonetto in hand, who, though he had great trust in the afore-named Filippo, yet would

Husband of
his sister

p. 97

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p. 23

not forthwith come in to the great betrayal. Yet in the end, through his great importunity, Filippo won him over, just as Ahitophel won over Absalom when he persuaded him to rebel from David his father. For he persuaded him that he would become the first of all the family of the Baglioni, and that he and Carlo would be masters of all the lands that they possessed. Then that he might the more completely deprave him Filippo made him believe that His Highness Giovan Paolo, who of all that family was the most beautiful, slept with Madonna Zenobia, wife of Grifonetto, who was a lady passing fair, much loved by Grifonetto, whom too she loved in return, and they deserved each other's love, for the two were like unto two angels of paradise. And after this, one day that Giovan p. 127 Paolo and Grifone and Madonna Zenobia his wife conversed together, the Devil from Hell persuaded Grifone that in word or deed his wife behaved herself unseemly towards Giovan Paolo, and the Devil thus clearly proved to him that His Highness Giovan Paolo wronged him with his wife. And as touching this men generally say there was no truth in the accusation, and lay it all to the charge of the Devil of Hell. Yet, because the noble Grifone believed this idle fancy, he was altogether ensnared, and bound himself to go through with the treason together with the other traitors.

So all these were banded together, to wit, Carlo, Grifone and Filippo Baglione and Jeronimo della Penna; and they were very glad to have brought in Grifone, who, indeed, showed himself a very boy, remembering neither father nor grandfather nor brothers nor any other thing that was dear to him, when he let himself hazard all and be brought into the great betrayal. Then, for that the adventure was not one that could be carried through by a small number, nor a light undertaking, Carlo spoke to his other kinsman Jeronimo della Staffa and persuaded him, and he consented to the plot as the others had done. He, too, was unripe and infirm of judgment, being young even as was Carlo Barciglia. And after him they found Berardo da Corgnie, who had two brothers, one called Pietro Giacomo, and the other Ottaviano, a gallant youth. And with them another cousin of theirs—Giovan Francesco by name. These two last were about 22 years old; and Ottaviano was a noble soldier and of great renown. Moreover this Berardo was made to understand that if this thing were accomplished, that is if all their Highnesses the Baglioni were slain, he and his brothers would have the government of the Ward San Sanne, and that, as it was now ruled by their cousins the sons of Messer Pier Filippo da Corgnie, so after the deed they would rule it, inasmuch as the San Sanne ward pertains to the family of the Corgnie, and that after the death of the High and Mighty Baglioni they would be able to slay the sons of Messer Pier Filippo, and themselves become the first gentlemen of that ward. So Berardo, because he saw the truth of the matter, agreed to the great betrayal; and even as Carlo and Grifone were ready to betray their uncles and cousins so he too determined to betray his cousins. And to this treason he cozened and procured his other brothers, though of a truth he hardly persuaded them to so great a treachery, especially because Ottaviano was much loved of the High and Mighty Messer

Husband of
his elder
sister
p. 227
p. 90

p. 120

Astorre. So all the men I have told you of were banded together and they were all young. Berardo was 38 years old and very wise and far-sighted; and save for him and Filippo de Braccio none of the others was as much as thirty.

Now they being all of one mind there was not one of them who could bring more men to the business than Jeronimo de la Penna. And they determined to do the deed during the marriage festival of the High and Mighty Messer Astorre; to which were gathered all the men of the High and Mighty House of the Baglioni, save only Marcantonio, son of His Highness Guido, who as I told you was taking the waters in the Kingdom of Naples. For they who had devised the betrayal thought that the time had come when they could take their enemies all at a single cast, while they were at the marriage feast; for the men were many and save so they could not take them all at a single cast, and so they determined to do the deed during the marriage feast. Yet whatever were the reason the plot was not carried out, for the traitors did not see how to make a clean job of it. Meanwhile His Highness Morgante took himself off and went to Spello where one or other of the family always abode.

p. 106

p. 13

While this was doing the men of Todi harried the land as far as the town of Pantalla and burnt some ricks of corn that belonged to Sforzino, bastard brother to His Highness Giovan Paolo and Semonetto. Hearing this His Highness Giovan Paolo was minded to take vengeance on the men of Todi for himself and his brother, and rode out to the town of Pantalla with

250 men and set himself to harry and plunder the land of Todi. And when the men of Todi perceived it they sent ambassadors to His Highness Giovan Paolo ? Guido Baglione, who entreated his Lordship to make terms with the men of Todi, for they were ready to make good all the damage done; and they submitted other articles that had been agreed on in the town.

Now when the traitors saw that the men of the High and Mighty House began to be scattered abroad, and that they could not take them all at once, they stayed their hands and waited till at least the High and Mighty Giovan Paolo should return. Meanwhile they saluted their enemies with caresses feigned and false, even as Judas Iscariot did Christ. Honey had they in their mouths, and in their hearts gall. So these waited that His Highness Giovan Paolo should return. And he tarried at Pantalla, and there came to Citta di Castello His Highness Vitelozzo p. 129 with 300 horse, and many thought that he was come against the Count of Marsciano to revenge on him the death of Paolo Vitello, his brother, who had been slain by the Florentines; yet none knew the certainty of the thing. And while he abode in the land of Todi, near the marches of Perugia, he went to meet His Highness Giovan Paolo, and begged him to consent that his Lordship would be content that he and his men should abide and share camp with the men of His Highness Giovan Paolo, and to this His Highness Giovan Paolo consented with a cheerful countenance. So the two armies were made one, and the two captains abode together, eating at one table like brothers. And after this His Highness Giovan Paolo on the 14th of July returned to Perugia. Now their Highnesses the Baglioni had some intelligence of the treason that was plotted against them, but this intelligence was concerning Jeronimo della Penna only. And they ever refused to believe what was brought them, holding that he had not the spirit or the bravery to rise up against them, nor did they imagine that any of their family and noble blood would ever agree to this betrayal, nor yet that the house of Corgnie was divided against itself.

14 July
x

The evening came; and that same night the great calamity was to fall on us, the great betrayal was to be wrought. And the traitors dined together as young men are wont to do, and then went to San Luca, where on that evening of the year pardon and indulgences are given. And they kissed one another, speaking no word of the great betrayal, and they remained together till bedtime. Then, when they thought that their victims were fallen asleep, they brought together, each one of them, a number of men whom they could trust. Then all assembled in the house of Carlo Baglione, and all were sore afraid, and their spirit failed them, and they all stood as dead men, fearing to set hand to so great an enterprise. But Carlo Baglione at this decisive moment showed more spirit than them all, and gave courage to all of them; and when he had comforted them all he ordered that 15 men should go to the bedchamber of each man of the High and Mighty family of the Baglioni, and sent as many more to serve as sentinels at each important post, as at the Marzo gate, the Santo Savino gate, and so forth. And that all should be

From here to p. 148 is the story of
'Five days.'

the more punctually done he ordered that, when a big stone was thrown from the balcony of the room of His Highness Guido, and when they heard the crash of the fall of it, then they must all, in that moment, at the selfsame time beat in the doors of the chambers in which the Baglioni × (1) slept. These doors they were to beat in with beams or balks of oak that were bound with rope to cross-bars, four men or six to each balk, and with them they could beat in with a few blows a stout wall, much more the doors against which they were prepared. Then when all was ready Carlo, and a man named Fioravanti with him, leapt from his own house to that of His Highness Guido which stood beside his, and went to break in the door, which, however, he found open. Then he returned to his companions and they all went each man his own way, he to the chamber of Semonetto, and Grifone to that of His Highness Giovan Paolo, and Filippo de Braccio, having with him Ottaviano da Corgnie, to that of His Highness Messer Astorre, and Jeronimo della Penna to that of Gismondo, whose enemy he had been aforetime, and a man named Bernardinello, son of Messer Gregorio, who was of a noble family in Antigniolle, to that of His Highness Guido. Howbeit His Highness Messer Astorre lay in Grifone's room for he had not yet come to lie in his father's house. At last the signal was given, the great stone was thrown down. And when they heard the great crash of the stone they all began to beat in the doors of the bedchambers: and that of His Highness Messer Astorre was, according to one story, opened with a key, which that ill-begotten traitor Filippo had had made;

pp. 75-7

? a room belonging to him (2)

(1) The whole family lived in one palazzo?

(2) Grifone had his own house (p. 101); ? he was of the attacking party

and when they had opened the door they saw His Highness Messer Astorre risen from his bed: and he had no arms. But as I have been more certainly informed, Filippo called him; and his Lordship rose and opened, trusting the man who was his enemy, and when he had opened and saw all the armed men he knew that he was betrayed with a great betrayal. And that traitor Filippo and Ottaviano da Corgnie were they who slew him; and his Lordship said nothing save that he called the traitor Filippo by name; after that he said, "Alack that I Astorre die like a coward": and he spoke no word more. And (1) x his bride saw all that happened, and, eager to save her husband, flung herself upon him, and with her gracious body made a shield for her husband; but they dealt him so many wounds that His Highness Astorre died, and one-fifth of the wounds he received would have sufficed for .126 his death, and his wife was wounded once. And when he was dead the traitor Filippo thrust his hand into the breast of the noble Lord through a wound he had in his breast, and, as men say, dragged out the heart of him and bit it with his teeth, even as if he had been aforetime his deadly enemy, and had of his Lordship received some great hurt. Afterwards they dragged him down the stairs, as if he had been a mere hind and a base fellow, and thrust him out into the street naked as his mother bore him. And Berardino of Antigniolle had already burst into the room of His Highness (2) x Guido, and they found him risen from bed. For he had gone to a corner where he was used to keep a sword, but he found it not; and the first blow aimed at him was with a halbert or partisan. This his Lordship warded with his

(1) Married five weeks before.

(2) Why was it given to this 'outsider' to do thi

arm, and seizing him that dealt it by the hair dashed him fiercely to the ground with the vigour of a man young and hale. Then his enemies crowded round his Lordship, striking savagely at him. Thereupon, for, as I have told ? you, he was a man who always believed in destiny, he said, "My time has come to me," and amid taunts and insults he was slain.

And Jeronimo della Penna had already broken into the room of Gismondo, and had hacked through his throat, and he ever kept his face turned away that he might not see the image of the death that was come upon him.

Now, when His Highness Semonetto heard the noise in ✗ the house of His Highness Guido and saw the blaze of light, he suspected treason, and cried out, saying, "Fear not, brother Gismondo." And even as he shouted he heard the great crash at the door of his room, for Carlo Baglione his cousin had come to slay him. So, though alarmed, yet was he not dismayed, but snatched up a sword and shield and stood on his guard against the traitor. And there was wounded by his side a man-at-arms who lay with him that night, Pavolo by name, young like himself, and whom he loved dearly. And when His Highness Semonetto saw his companion wounded, he set his teeth, and in despite of the enemy, burst out of the room, opening a way for himself; and so doughtily did he strike that he won through the hall and saloon, and came down the staircase, and passed out through the cloister in the midst of his enemies. And when he was come into the street, there he found yet other men, against whom he fought, fending as he best could. Then with the might of his right hand he smote two of his enemies, one

(1) Semonetto was Guido's nephew, Gismondo's cousin.

of them, as I have heard, to the death. And his enemies so multiplied about him that they slew that noble knight, naked as he was but for his shirt. He was a man so strong
p. 30 and gallant while he lived that tongue of man cannot tell the worth of him. In very truth, he was one who never, in all his days, knew what fear was, and till the last word died on his lips he ever showed himself the greater hearted,
p. 122 as though he were not vanquished, but victor of his foe.
r And if he had come to the age of thirty years, he would have done such mighty deeds as had been the world's wonder—deeds greater than man alive has ever done. So I leave you to ponder this: what deeds of everlasting and undying remembrance he would have wrought had he
p. 76 lived to be old. Truly, I believe that Nicolò Piccinino had never done the like. Men say that he could have escaped, but his courage was too great. And so he died, for he would not turn to flight.—And those who had gone to the chamber of His Highness Giovan Paolo, Grifone that is, to whom that task had been allotted with some of those of the house of Corgnie, and
x Carlo, too, who hurried there, although it was not his business—for he had been chosen to go to the chamber of Semonetto; but, for that he was not a little anxious as to Why?
monetto's brother Giovan Paolo, he joined Grifone and the other—all these, I say, went to the chamber where that noble Lord was used to sleep, and entered in, and there they found one that was a servant or attendant, and him they slew—that is, Carlo with his own hands slew him, thinking that he was His Highness Giovan Paolo. And when they saw that it was not he, they turned to go to the rooms above, and as they

From the chamber of Semonetto

went up the stairs they found him at the stairhead with a buckler in his hand and his sword drawn. There he stood in his shirt, and with him was a companion, a man-at-arms, whom he loved dearly, Maraglia the Perugian. He had a spit in his hand, and when the enemy would have climbed the stair to slay his lord, the same Maraglia struck at them with his spit, pricking them in the breast above the cuirass and tumbling them down the stairs; and he smote so lustily with his spit that his lord had time to get out through a small window on to the roof of his house. And fleeing along it, he reached the roof of Grifone's house, and was minded to have leapt down into the cloister of Grifone's house, for he did not then know that Grifone was art and part in the betrayal; but afterwards he thought better of it, and would have gone by a window into the Sapienzia Nova, but doubted him that the enemy would be waiting for him there, as indeed they were; for they made sure that he would go out that way. But God, in his sore need, poured into his heart wisdom and prudence so that he bethought him to go to the house of a private citizen. And so he did; and the man was so frightened that he doubted whether he would not take him in. So Giovan Paolo turned him again, and went back across the housetops, and went and entered into a house near San Biagio, in which there abode certain students: and when they saw him they were all sore afraid, save only one, Messer Achille della Mandola by name. He showed that he had it in his heart to die for his lord; but his enemies lay in wait for him a great while at a window by which he could enter the Sapienzia Nova across the roof. Next page

Then when all these things were done Grifone went to Brother of Astorre slay Messer Gentile the Protonotary, who was son of His Highness Guido, and had his house in Santa Croce in the Ward San Pietro, and when those who went to slay him got there they found him on horseback near the steps of Sant Ercolano ready to ride to where the tumult was; and there were round him many that bade him not go. And when he met the enemy, not being perfectly informed, he drew near, and they set on him to slay him; who then suddenly turned his horse and fled away, and his horse full oft stood and would not go, though aforetime he was used not to gallop but fly, howbeit by the grace of God for that time he got clear out of the town. And when they saw that they could not slay Messer Gentile, they went to the Father of Simonetto house of Ridolfo Baglione. He was in his garden that he had but lately laid out in the Ward San Pietro, at the postern gate that is near to Santa Maria degli Angeli; and through that gate His Highness Ridolfo, in a woman's dress, escaped p. 103 into the church of Sta. Maria degli Angeli. Ill he was and could not walk, so he waited there till they brought him his horse, and as he got to saddle the enemy came up, but he pricked spur and away. After that they went about to kill the sons of that man of renown Messer Pier Filippo da Corgnie, but when they reached the house it repented them p. 111 that they would have killed the children, seeing that they were now helpless to fight.

preceding page Day now dawned clear and His Highness Giovan Paolo doubted greatly of the event, nor could he tell who was alive and who dead; then he broke his fast, for he seemed on fire by reason of the great thirst that was on him. After that he took a student's gown and put it on, and one of the students went out into the street, and seeing that none passed that way he coughed as a signal that the road was clear. Then His Highness Giovan Paolo leapt forth, and walking between two students went to the gate Borgnie and gat him out of the city. Then he let the two students go, and all alone he went on his way till he came to a garden that lies above the Fonte da Veggio, where his brother Messer Troilo lived. He was Protonotary of San Lorenzo and lay there ill. When he got there he found that his brother was gone, for he was in any case to have started that morning before day to go to la Fratta. There he found a mule that had been left behind, and he got on it and rode on his way through the plain of Genna, and when he was now close to the bridge of la Pietra he saw his brother the protonotary that fled away, so he pricked on hard till he came up with him. Then he got a horse and went on his way. Next page p. 129

Now I am minded to turn back in my narrative and tell all the deeds that the traitors did in Perugia; and I say that after their Highnesses the Baglioni were slain, they went about to kill the family of the Tei. The number of these was very great, for they could bring a hundred men, yea, and far more than a hundred, to serve at the call of the High and Mighty House of the Baglioni: for to that house they were bound to do service, and by that house they had been raised up. But when the enemy got there they had (traitors) all escaped; so seeing that they could not kill their enemies (the traitors they set fire to their houses. And with the Tei there fled away Messer Lodovico, bastard son to His Highness Ridolfo.

And here the traitors would have slain certain other men, friends of their Highnesses the Baglioni, but when all was done two men only were killed who had had it in their hearts to take arms and run to the defence of their patron and their lord. And it seems to me a hard saying and incredible that at the lowest two hundred men did not die for the [the Baglioni) death of each one of them, yea, even for the least one of that mighty house, when I consider the high estate which that family owed. And men held it to be a great judgment of God and a marvellous thing, that this event should have fallen out after this fashion without further alarm or hurt to any citizen.

Preceding page So these were slain as I have told you, and His Highness Messer Astorre lay in the street dead on the bare earth, and so too the noble Semonetto; and those that saw them, more especially the students and others that came from distant towns, likened His Highness Messer Astorre, as he lay thus dead, to an Ancient Roman, who while he lived was indeed a man among men, so grandly were his features modelled and so dignified. And for Semonetto I will say this—as those who aforetime wrote his praise in prose or verse would quote the phrase *indomitus que Simon*, so now they that saw him dead declared that in death he wore a look so proud and scornful, that in despite of that cruel and cursed p. 118 death, he seemed neither conquered nor overthrown; so the earth on which he lay, proud and fierce in death as in life, seemed his field of fame.

And the others were not taken from their rooms, but those who slew them left these lords thus dead, shamefully. And they took San Lorenzo, which is the strength of the Piazza. Then they went and attempted the guard house of San Agnolo, but the warder would not surrender it to them. Thence they went to the house of Messer Baglione that was of the nobles of Monte Vibiano, and when Messer Baglione heard the voice of Carlo Baglione and of the rest calling to him, he was sore afraid, and held himself no better than a dead man; and he had a son about eighteen years old. Him he would have constrained to flee away, but he would not hearken to his father. The name of the lad was Jeronimo. Very wise he was and prudent, of great judgment considering his years. And the end was that Messer Baglione went to them trembling, and they let him know that they desired him to procure them to have that guard-house; for he was a learned man, versed in civil and canon law, highly esteemed by those who ruled the state, and by them trusted in all important questions. And when they had talked together he gave orders to let them have the guard-house; and they took it and set there a keeper who should hold it for them, and put in it certain prisoners, friends of the High and Mighty Baglioni. The keeper was a friend to Jeronimo della Penna, moreover Jeronimo desired to place his own friends in San Lorenzo. For which reason jealousy began to grow up between Jeronimo and Carlo Baglione, but, for that Jeronimo had more men than had Carlo, he had his desire.

And Carlo went about speaking comfortably to the friends of the High and Mighty House, bidding them not withdraw the love that they had of old for the house, seeing that they who were dead and he and Grifone were all of the High and Mighty House, and that "to-day the whole house is summed up in us, who will be far more kind and loving to our friends than were those who are dead." But none the less all their friends still wept, and many left the city and went to the towns of their lords. And I leave it to you to imagine whether or no there were stolen from their stables horses of great price. And as though it were not enough to have killed these lords, certain base fellows would have cut off their fingers so as to get the rich rings they had on them; but, to tell the truth, Grifone would not suffer them; nor yet were sundry people who would have done so allowed to plunder the furniture they had in their houses, for the traitors had let it be known that they wanted it for themselves.

And that selfsame day it was noised through the city by the traitors that His Highness Adriano had been killed in Spello even as they had ordered should be done, and they said that signals had gone and come signifying that he was dead, and also that Marcantonio had been taken by the men of the Colonna as had been ordered, but this was not believed.

A little time after the great betrayal was accomplished, by order of the traitors, the town bells rang out merrily calling men to rejoice, not that it was in the heart of any man to be glad, rather all were astonished, and though their ill living had ofttimes stirred the people to wrath, the family was not for that misliked, but their vices and tyrannous rule.*

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* In a letter written at this time by Jacopo Antiquari, secretary to Lodovico Sforza, Duke of Milan, there is an instructive comment on the event: Too

And after these things, because that they were much afraid of the people, they made a proclamation through the city that none should dare to revive old feuds under a great penalty. And they did many things which I do not remember. And when they met together to hold council with each other, it seemed a feigned thing and a show, for they were all dissolute men and not such as of whom anyone would take counsel, and in no way statesmen; and especially they were all youths nor had they a single elder man among them, such as were His Highness Guido and Ridolfo and others with whom they of the family took counsel.

Moreover they sent ambassadors to the Pope, and news of the event to the Lord of Camerino; also they went about the town saying that His Highness Giovan Paolo was p. 121
dead. And as it is said in that beautiful scripture *I will strike the shepherd and the sheep shall be scattered*, even so every friend of the High and Mighty House of the Baglioni was despitefully treated and scorned and flouted by those who misliked that same family, and especially by those of the ward of Sant Agnolo, just as the disciples of Christ were

great was the confidence shown by the Baglioni in sleeping in their beds without watch or ward, so that they could be murdered by their enemies. Many a time have I warned them that they should consider their dominion but ill assured in a free city, and one that had never shown itself timid or cowardly. I remember to have written to Guido and Ridolfo, as heads of the family, warning them to win to their side honourable men, and not to keep near their persons men that were murderers and of ill life, the consorting with which engenders hatred; and to curb the youthful excesses of their sons; and that they should persuade themselves that their wealth and their rule could not become lasting save on condition of keeping aloof from unbridled ambition, haughtiness, and violence.

by the Jews when their Master was taken—even so I say were the friends of the High and Mighty House misused, and especially those of the Ward San Pietro.

5 July And when even was now fully come Carlo Baglione gave orders that the dead should be buried, and His Highness Guido Baglione with his two sons Messer Astorre and Gismondo were laid in three biers, to wit His Highness Messer Astorre in that belonging to the hospital of the Misericordia in which were borne all those who died shameful deaths, slaughtered or hanged; and Gismondo was laid in a bier so old and broken it could never be used after.

And men say that the traitors would not suffer the dead to be in any sort honoured, but had them buried with every extreme of ignominy. Thus shamefully were they laid on those biers, naked on the bare boards, and nothing over them save a piece of black cloth. No man was there so bold as to dare escort them to the church of San Francesco, so they were borne without candles or any other observance, these three to San Francesco, and the body of the noble Semonetto to San Domenico where two of his brothers already lay. Thus were these buried, very piteously after their grievous downfall; and they who ought to have had honour done them above any man who might die, not in Perugia only but a hundred miles round about, these I say were buried very piteously and very meanly. So God gave warning to the proud.

And to set forth everything in order I tell you that the widow of Messer Astorre, together with her mother who p. 116 had come to be with her daughter, wounded as she was, went her way and came to the convent of Poor Ladies that is in the Ward Borgna and there abode; and thence she went and came to the convent of San Giuliano and there abode; moreover, after these doings the mother of Grifone —Atalanta was her name, a widow she was, young and beautiful, and was left a widow when not yet twenty years old, and ever lived in widowhood for the love that she bore her son Grifone—this Lady Atalanta, I say, for that she was very wise, as soon as the great disaster had befallen, forthwith, without a moment's stay, took instant care to have in her hands two sons of His Highness Giovan Paolo; and when she had these two bairns in her hands she went with them and with her daughter-in-law, that is the Lady Zenobia, wife of Grifone, taking nothing with her save only the robe on her back, and swore an oath that never, while her life lasted, would she return to the house of her son Grifone. And being so resolved she went from the house of Grifone her son, and went to her own place, to the house that had been left her by her father, which stands on the hill of Landona over against the chapel that has been newly built there. Thither she went and there she abode. And thither her son Grifone went again and again to speak to his mother, but she would never hearken to him; nay, at times, she drave him away from her, cursing him with such fierce wrath, and that not once, but a thousand times, and yet again a thousand, that it seemed that the earth must open and swallow up the unhappy youth. And he, not once, nor twice, but again and again returned to speak to his sweet mother, and she, for the wrath and scorn that was in her, would not listen

p. 110
Why?

p. 135

to her son; nay, rather, cursed him and the place where she bare him and the hour of his birth. For the noble r Grifonetto had repented him of the great betrayal, but that sufficed not; in that repentance after deed done is of no avail, as many discovered, who like him repented. So no man trusted him, and many a time, as I have heard tell, he bewailed his great mistake, but as he had called for the music so must he finish the dance.

And when the traitors knew that Morgante was alive, and x that Messer Gentile was at Bastia, and Ridolfo at Cannaia, and that His Highness Giovan Paolo was at Marsciano with his brother the Protonotary, they began to feel the ground fail under their feet, and to fear for the safety of their rule. And that same day they wrote letters to Berardino of the Ranieri setting forth in order how all had fallen out, and bidding him return to Perugia, for that the time had come when he must no longer be numbered among the exiles. But Filippo de Braccio spoke against it, for he desired to be the only gentleman in the Ward Sole, and to hold rule over the men of that ward as the other gentlemen did in the other wards. And in the end, because Jeronimo della Penna thought that he had accomplished all that he desired and had established his rule, and had become the leader and head of all, he spake to Filippo de Braccio and answered and said: "I am resolved that Berardino shall return to Perugia, and thus I will have it, for I am master now and I only. This is my will and so it shall be." And they were all much displeased when they heard it, and saw the overweening pride and arrogance of Jeronimo.

roilo
p. 121

And now I mean to tell you of the other men of the

Gentile, son of Guido; Giovan Paolo and
Troilo, sons of Ridolfo.

15 July
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p. 113

High and Mighty House, what they did; for in that same day His Highness Giovan Paolo, and with him his brother the Protonotary, came to Marsciano; and when his Lordship came there he sent for His Highness Vitelozzo, who was at Pantalla, in the country of Todi, begging him to come to Marsciano without any stay or delay, and bring two or three horsemen with him. And the messenger that he sent knew nothing of that which had happened at Perugia, but of a surety thought that some strange events had chanced. And he brought the message of His Highness Giovan Paolo to His Highness Vitelozzo, who presently set out on his way for Marsciano. Meanwhile His Highness Giovan Paolo was informed of the death of his brother Semonetto, of whom he had till then thought that he was alive, nor had he any certain knowledge save of the death of His Highness Messer Astorre, but now he was informed of all. And jump on this, His Highness Vitelozzo came to his Lordship and he unfolded to him all things how they had happened, and how he had presently with him under his hand part of his people, and how he could, in short space, collect others, both horse and foot, and many other purposes and particulars; and so he entreated him that he, being there with his people, would come with him and help him in the adventure of Perugia; and after many words he promised him assistance to the utmost of his power. And when this had been determined His Highness Giovan Paolo begged him to return to Pantalla that very day before the sun should go down, and set his battle in order, and take command of his own men and of those of the Baglioni, who were in the same camp, and lead them all that same day to

(Vitelozzo

San Martino in Campo, and there pitch camp; and so it
was done. And His Highness never stayed nor rested at
all, but rode to the towns that obeyed them, and to the
districts where they had friends, and sent messengers and
letters wherever they could look for men or maintenance.
And all these things were done on the selfsame day of the
great betrayal, to wit on the 15th of the said month of
July from two hours before day dawned till even. And
p. 120 His Highness Giovan Paolo, as I have told you, fled from
Perugia about breakfast time and came to Marsciano, and
all that day he had his headquarters at San Martino in
Campo, and thence he rode north and south and east and
west calling on his friends to help him in his need. And
p. 112 His Highness Morgante was at Spello, and he would
gladly have taken his people and marched against the
enemy with His Highness Giovan Paolo, but on the other
hand he feared to leave the town, for at that time he had
the exiles on his hands at Spello, and he doubted that there
was some treason afoot, as was indeed commonly reported.
Therefore he wrote letters and sent messengers again and
p. 120 yet again to his brother Messer Gentile, who was at Bastia,
entreating him to go to Spello and keep ward there,
because he desired to go on the adventure of Perugia with
His Highness Giovan Paolo. But Messer Gentile would
not consent to this, neither would he hearken to the
prayers of his brother, nor yet to the prayers of His
Highness Giovan Paolo.

And all these things aforesaid were done, as I have told you, on the said 15th day of July. And on the next day, to wit on the 16th day of the month, there came to pass what follows. Those who at that time ruled the city of Perugia sent to bid Berardino degli Ranieri and Filippo his p. 128 son to return; and he, for the longing he had to be again in Perugia and in his own house, returned to Perugia that same day, he and his son. And they brought with them some of the country folk to fight as foot-soldiers; and when he was come all his friends came to visit him, and many were pleased at his return, but many were displeased. Moreover Jeronimo della Penna had brought in much infantry to support himself and his friends in the position they had won, and they also looked for aid and maintenance from the Lord of Camerino.

And when they heard how that His Highness Giovan Paolo gathered his forces at San Martino in Campo and that hour by hour he was waxing stronger, they began to be troubled and dismayed. And it seemed to them a sure thing that if his Lordship came against the town he would not come save by the way of the Ward San Pietro. So because Jeronimo della Penna believed that all the men of that ward were friends of those without, he devised to take all the men of that ward and send them to live in the Ward Sant Agnolo, and likewise to take those of the Ward Sant Agnolo, who were his trusty followers, and send them to live in the Ward San Pietro. But when Jeronimo came to speak of this matter with Carlo Baglione, Carlo would not allow it, and this chiefly because of certain words that Jeronimo had used, which showed that he p. 128 thought himself to be ruler and master of the whole business. Thus on the first day there arose dissension between these two. And many say that when Messer

? of Montevibiano

? Baglione knew what Jeronimo had planned he spoke to Carlo Baglione, and pressed him so hard with his words and stringent reasoning, with his flattery and colour of fatherly love, that he put it into Carlo's head that the thing purposed was not to his advantage, and that it was not for his honour to move the folk of the Ward San Pietro into the Ward Sant Agnolo, as men suspected and untrustworthy; and so it was that Carlo in this matter never consented to the proposal of Jeronimo della Penna. So these two were at strife and variance one with the other.

Now two mounted archers, Grifone's men, had been sent by those in the city to scout in the direction of the Madonna of Trebbio di Luciano, and they were there made prisoners by the men of His Highness Giovan Paolo. And when those within heard this thing they at once sent a trumpet to His Highness Giovan Paolo as from the Vice Legate and others, asking for a truce. But the trumpet got no answer p. 130 nor was he allowed to return. And already Messer Gentile was come into camp and with him Count Mario da Marsciano with horse and foot, so that much people were gathered together. And still there came letters to the camp sent by the citizens that were friends to them, bidding them come up with their forces, for that they would surely conquer; and telling them everything that from hour to hour was done in the city. And when those in the city saw that there were within the walls many who were bound by the strongest ties of love and kindred and rank to those without, and who might greatly hinder their management, they resolved to kill them, one at a time; and when they had so determined they were minded to make a beginning with Jeronimo, son of Messer Baglione of Montevibiano. And that there might be no uproar in the city Carlo Baglione set him on a mule and led him to San Costanzo that he might slay him in a field that was there.

And when His Highness Giovan Paolo saw that he had brought together about eight hundred horsemen in so short a time, and with them a large number of infantry, he drew up the companies of his army, first his men-at-arms and then his infantry beside these; so that on the flank of each squadron of horse there was a company of infantry. And His Highness Giovan Paolo Baglione led the first squadron himself, having with him his cousin Messer Gentile. And after them came many beasts of burden laden with provisions, so that the plan he had devised should not fail for want of provender; and he was purposed, as men say, to go up to the city and if it were at all possible to enter into it, and if so it were that he was not able to advance beyond Borgo San Pietro then to stay there among his friends and backers with his soldiers; for he thought that he would not be able to make his way through the gate called "The Two Gates," and even if he did so that he could not enter into the Old Town. And so it was that to the sound of trumpet about two hours before sundown the army, all dazzling to see, squadron by squadron in battle array marched towards the disordered city of Perugia. And with measured march they came even up to the rise of Monte de Corno. And when they had come there they began to wheel in towards the city at their best speed.

16 July

And when the army had now come near to the city the soldiers were seen by Carlo Baglione, who with his friends p. 123 surrounded the noble youth Jeronimo, son of Messer Baglione, being, as I have told you, minded to slay him. And when Carlo Baglione knew that it was His Highness Giovan Paolo Baglione with his army he forthwith left Jeronimo Baglione, whom he desired to slay, and went into the San Costanzo gate and shut the gate, and pushed in the bolt; but lock it he could not, for he had not the key. And when he had shut it he departed and came to "The Two Gates" and shut that likewise, but he could not lock it, for in the lock he found bits of stone and gravel. So this gate also was secured with the bolt, but not locked.

And now the men of His Highness Giovan Paolo had come to the gate San Pietro, and when they found it shut they began fiercely to hew it down with their axes.

But just then a company of country folk came up inside, who, seeing none to say them nay, opened the gate; and then His Highness Giovan Paolo went in with his people and went on as far as "The Two Gates" and found that likewise shut, and through the Judas of it the two parties, to wit those that were outside and they that were inside, had sight of each other; then a musketeer of His Highness Giovan Paolo's men aimed at a man-at-arms of Carlo Baglione, Fioravante Tantino was his name, that was also called Porcio Roscio of Perugia, and shooting at him through the said Judas as he stood beside his horse, he smote him that he died. Whereupon those within, as they say, were somewhat afeared; and then one Berardino Caldoro, a constable of Perugia and an honourable man, who belonged to the party without, and chanced to be on the spot, called to a man whose name was Goro and bade him open the gate quickly, and forthwith the said Goro obeyed and opened it.

And when the gate was opened forthwith His Highness went in with his soldiers, and still his Lordship rode in front of all on his black horse, in his hand a sword, like to a Saint George. And ever as he kept his charger at the gallop he bade all his friends be of good cheer and show their true love for him, and they all came forth from their houses armed to fight for His Highness Giovan Paolo and his brothers; and men who before this would have shed their life blood for His Highness Carlo Baglione had become enemies to him because of the great betrayal he had wrought; so that at the sound of the voice of their Lord Giovan Paolo all came forth from their houses, and he prayed very humbly and modestly to all, yea, even to women he made his entreaty, that they would pray God to lead him conqueror and to conquer against his foe. And as he prayed so the women made their prayers to God that His Highness Giovan Paolo might be happy and victorious. And good Christian that he was, he also entreated those who stood by the roadside to make ready wine so that his soldiers might drink and not faint for thirst. And it was done as he bade.

All the city was now up in arms, some on one side and some on the other. And when the noble Grifonetto heard the mighty uproar, for he had gone yet once more to speak p. 127
to his mother, and she would not listen to him, sick at heart and groaning heavily, he left her and said: "Never again will I come to you, and the time shall be when you shall wish to speak to me and shall not be able, you that

are a harsh mother to your unhappy son Grifone." Then, weeping bitter tears, with his armour about him he mounted his horse and rode to meet his enemy, and so came to the Ward San Pietro, and there he met Jeronimo della Penna who fled from the battle; and Jeronimo came to him and ? shouted to him—Griffa! Griffa!—as though he were not afeared, yet still he fled. So when the noble Grifonetto ? saw his enemy, and saw neither Carlo Baglione nor any other gentleman to back him, he turned his horse and came to p. 109 the Piazza. There he found Filippo de Braccio and some others with him who knew not what they should do, seeing that they had with them neither Jeronimo nor Carlo. As for Carlo he was already fled and had leapt from the city walls near Santa Maria degli Angeli, hard by the postern gate of the Ropemakers. But Jeronimo della Penna as he fled ever kept sending back his men to face the enemy that he might so gain time and escape the more easily.

And like a falcon His Highness Giovan Paolo swooped down mounted on his courser, and came upon a man of the enemy riding a mare that had belonged to His Highness Messer Astorre. At once he knew the horse and made for the man, and snatched his sword from him, and dealt him a backhanded blow across the throat that well-nigh shore his head clean off from his shoulders, so that he fell from his horse, and before he came to earth was dead. This was the first blood of his enemies that was shed, and he shed it with his own hand over against the door of Santa Croce. And already the enemy began to strengthen themselves there; and when His Highness Giovan Paolo had slain the first, he saw Giovan Francesco della Corgnie.

And forthwith his Lordship drove in on him and began a stern strife with him, and when his Lordship could not foil or beat down his enemy's guard he stood up in his stirrups and brought down his sword with such fury that, missing his enemy, he and his horse both reeled; forthwith his Lordship was stayed up by his men that he fell not, and he steadied himself again in his saddle; but meanwhile the said Francesco della Corgnie fled away.

Already the blood of the traitors began to flow, and he of them who showed most courage even he was the first to die. And His Highness Giovan Paolo and his soldiers smote and spared not, being utterly set to make their way into the Old City, for they were persuaded that they could never take it by force of arms if they gave the enemy time to rally, or if they did take it, it would cost them much blood. Therefore he endeavoured to ride in quickly, and taking a few horsemen with him he set himself to enter by the gate that is near Sant Ercolano beneath the hospital of the Misericordia, and he went in through that gate, meeting no man to stay him.

Now though Carlo and Jeronimo had fled away, yet Grifone had determined to try and keep the gate through which His Highness Giovan Paolo entered. And, as he went to that gate, when he had reached the door of the hospital just by the men's infirmary he met His Highness Giovan Paolo, who had already entered in. And when His Highness Giovan Paolo knew him he went up to him and pointed his sword at the throat of the noble youth and said: "Farewell, Grifone, traitor, you, you, here"—and would have added more, but broke off and then spake,

Son of his cousin

saying, "God be with you! for I will not slay you, I am not the man to embrue my hands in the blood of my house, as you have in the blood of yours." And when he had said this His Highness Giovan Paolo turned his back on him, nor would smite him. And as soon as his Lordship had turned him about his soldiers began to strike the noble youth; and many tell that Messer Gentile Baglione was the first to wound him, and many tell that it was Filippo Cencio, who had been ensign to His Highness Astorre; and this the more part say and maintain. And of this so much. But on his Lordship's noble body there fell such a storm of blows that he lay there with his winsome limbs all stretched on the earth. And they told this thing to his p. 135 dear mother and to the wife he loved. And forthwith his mother and his wife ran to see him, before that he should die. And when these came near to him all they that had struck at him went their way that they might not be known of his mother and his wife. And when they were come they found that he was not yet dead, and his mother wept, and she said to him: "Son, behold your mother that was wrath with you! and now I would speak with you, but you cannot hear, even as you said it would be." Then her son gazed upon his mother eye to eye, and then his mother like a prudent woman and a wise ceased from her sore wailing, and spoke comfortably to her dear son, bidding him forgive all those who had brought him to his death and to give her a sign that he forgave. And thereupon the noble youth stretched out his right hand to her that was herself so p. 127 young, and clasped his mother's white hand in his. Then at once the soul left that beautiful body and departed comforted with the very great blessing of his mother in requital for those former curses. The tears that his woeful mother shed and the wife that so dearly loved him when they saw the street drenched with that noble blood, and how sad was the wailing of his wife when she saw herself bereft of her husband, her darling sweetheart, who shall tell? nor yet the wailing of his mother, who had ever remained widow for the love she bore him? So he died and his body was taken to the hospital, and his mother would not be comforted, but marred with grief, shaken with sobs, she went through the market place with her daughter-in-law all smirched as they were with the blood of the noble Grifone. And had any one been found so cruel as to slay her she would indeed have died rather than live, yet as she went on her way she was reverenced of all men. And in a very little time the body of Grifone was taken away and carried into the market place to be a terror to the enemy. Now see how God's justice works. Just as two hours before sunset His Highness Messer Astorre lay on that mean bier, so at the selfsame hour of the following day there was Grifone laid.

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16. July

Meanwhile His Highness Giovan Paolo, for I must return to my story, came into the Piazza, cutting down his enemies as he rode, and his Lordship took the whole Piazza, and at the upper end of it very many of his enemies were slain. There his Lordship bade them forthwith set fire to the gate San Lorenzo, and it blazed up with great fury. And making no further stay he went towards the gate Sant Agnolo, and the men of the House of Monte Sperello came to meet him, bringing him help. But he still pursued the enemy and slew all as many as he came ronimo) up with. Now a certain man, a friend of Girollamo della Penna, when he saw that everyone was turning to flee, shut the gate that was behind them called "The Little Arches," in order that driven to bay they might pluck up courage to fight. So it fell out that when Jeronimo p.130 della Penna wished to flee away and escape by that gate he found it shut, and he immediately turned his horse and rode to the gate Sant Agnolo and rode out by it; and when he had gone forth the warder bade cut the ropes of the portcullis and immediately it dropped just as His Highness Giovan Paolo came up to the gate, so none of his men were able to go out to pursue Jeronimo nor the others that had fled; and a sure thing it is that he could not have escaped had not the portcullis come down. And so the whole town was taken by His Highness Giovan Paolo, and he had with him so many men that when his Lordship came round again into the Piazza his soldiers had not yet all reached it.

Moreover Pietro della Casandra was slain hard by the place where the noble Grifone fell. He was of the family of Jeronimo della Penna, and he died at the hand of Chirionne who belonged to a noble house of Monte Sperello, being nephew to Messer Giovanni Petruccio. There too was slain Jeronimo, scion of a noble house of Antigniolla. And of the others that died I cannot tell for they were many, especially about San Lorenzo, for in the church, and in the cloisters, and in all the rooms behind the church there were slain a great number. And there fell in this coming home again of His Highness Giovan Paolo more than a hundred men of his enemies, and of his own men two only, and they died by mischance, killed by their own friends.

Then when the fight was ended and the victory won he took all his soldiers and gave them lodging in the Ward Sant Agniolo, and quartered them in the houses of that ward as in an enemy's country, but the inhabitants had fled at his approach, fearing to be slain by His Highness Giovan Paolo's followers; yet as many as were caught there were all slain, young and old, rich and poor one with another, nor did it avail aught to kneel at the feet of the friends of His Highness Giovan Paolo, entreating pity for the sake of Christ's passion, with prayers that might have touched a heart of stone. And this was often and often manifestly seen. And observing this each man could learn and mark how great is the rage, how terrible is the destruction when a city is sacked; the innocent suffer for the guilty and the just for the unjust, and neither prayers nor lamentations are of any avail. And so loud was the crash of the fall of shattered doors and wrecked houses that it seemed as though mere hell had broken loose and the end of the world was come. And so the whole of that ward was taken a prey by the soldiers, and was all sacked and plundered, nor did any escape save such as were saved and entertained by friends or kinsmen that lived in other wards. Thus were the citizens of Perugia cruelly entreated. Yet His Highness Giovan Paolo came minded to do no more harm to the town than was needful, and therefore he did not burn down the whole of that ward; and in this, seeing that he had won the victory, he deemed that the revenge he took was very moderate. And to end the story there were some who in their headlong flight were so spent that their hearts burst for mere breathlessness, and so they were picked up dead, without a wound on them.

16 July It was now late; and when His Highness Giovan Paolo had assigned quarters to his soldiers and to all the men that were with him, there came a scout to him and told him how that Carlo, spent with running and overcome by sleep, had taken some food at a labourer's house on the estate of Prepo near the town, and was now resting asleep. As soon as his Lordship heard this he set out and went to that place, and when he had come near, Carlo heard the neighing of the horses, and aroused himself and got up, and warned the hind not to deny that he had been there, if by chance he were asked, but to say that he had gone away, and that he did not know in what direction. Then he went and hid himself in a large cane-brake that was near, with a single follower. Comes thereupon to the farm His Highness Giovan Paolo who takes him the hind and says—"Show me where the traitor is"; and that hind did just as Carlo had taught him. Then, because it was now late, they made some little search round about the house and came back again. And that night His Highness Giovan Paolo lay in the noble Grifone's house, which he also seized and p. 96 kept for himself, for it joined on to the other house that was already his, also he took great store of furniture that was in it.

And as soon as His Highness had won the victory the town bells rang out for joy.

And to leave nothing untold, as soon as His Highness

Giovan Paolo had left the place where Carlo Baglione was hid, the said Carlo took himself off with his follower, and went towards Bettona, and when he reached the ford of the Tiber he met Metello degli Crispolti who came from Perugia, and they recognised each other. This Metello was about twenty-six years old, the same age as Carlo, and as he was a-horseback he mounted Carlo behind him, and together they went to Bettona and there they lay that night till near daybreak. Then in the morning before it was day they left and came to Camerino, where they found the head and leader of the other traitors and the real master of treasons. And all the other exiles had set them as a place of meeting Ponte della Pietra in the Duchy of Urbino and there little by little they assembled; some were dressed as monks of this or that order, and others as porters, and so most of them escaped in some disguise or other.

So the entire ward of San Agniolo was, as I said, sacked. And the next day His Highness Giovan Paolo called out all his soldiers and marched through the country districts that belong to that ward, and razed the walls of Pietra and Civitella and Ponte de Patolo, and of many other towns, and this was done on the 17th of the said month of July; and a large part of that district was plundered.

17 July

That same day His Highness Morgante returned to Perugia. And when His Highness Giovan Paolo entered the city, the Lord of Camerino's men had already reached Colfiorito, bringing support to their friends. And afterwards letters were found in Carlo's house from the Lord of Camerino, moving him to the great betrayal, by which it was evidently seen that he had been the head and contriver of

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the great betrayal, forgetful alike of his near kinship and of the favours he had received. And after this their Highnesses Giovan Paolo and Adriano preserved all the shops and stores in the Piazza that had not been gutted, and orders were given that the city should be repaired and restored, that it might not at this time fall altogether to ruin. And first and foremost the Church of San Lorenzo was washed with wine, and was consecrated afresh; and a large number of ordinances were published by those who now held rule.

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Thus I have told you the story of the peaceful state of Perugia which was in the beginning. Then came the split among the gentlemen that led to the banishment of the Oddi, and of many others with them; and they that were left in the city took up the government, appointing two officers for each ward, and they called themselves the Decemviri of Sovereignty and of the Five Wards. The High and Mighty House of the Baglioni by themselves represented the Wards San Pietro and Borgnie, and shared the Ward Sole equally with the nobles of Monte Sperello, and they also had one half of Santa Susanna, sharing it with the noble house of Corgnie, and Sant Agniolo was divided between the Staffa family and that of Jeronimo degli Arcipreti; so that of the ten magistrates the High and Mighty House of the Baglioni had six. And while this state lasted much blood was shed, and the city was brought to the utmost distress, as had been foretold by the holy man Bernardino da Feltro, who now lies buried at Pavia. Yet it is true, as I told you before, that though the city suffered terrible things at the

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hands of these gentlemen—strange and unheard of oppression—yet because of the High and Mighty House of the Baglioni she was had in honour throughout the whole of Italy in respect of the great dignity and splendour of that house, the pomp it maintained and its great name. So that through that house our city was many a time highly esteemed by those mightier than it, and especially by the republics of Florence and Siena.

This then was the second of the stages through which I saw our city pass.

The third stage was that of the traitors. And this lasted one day and a half.

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The fourth stage was that of their Highnesses Adriano and Giovan Paolo and their brothers, of which I am now telling the story. And all the edicts and proclamations that were at this time made, did not run in the name of the Decemviri of the Sovereignty, but in that of the Men of the Ecclesiastical Government of the City of Perugia. And this was done because the High and Mighty House of the Baglioni had almost absolute rule of the entire city, and they had not enough men to provide two for each ward, nor would they suffer others, smaller men than themselves, to have a share of that to win which they had shed their noble blood. Moreover, you must know, and this was of great import, that save and except that of Monte Sperello, a family in truth of small consideration, every single house of our nobility was split up into feuds and factions.

So it came to pass that the High and Mighty House of the Baglioni was Lord of Lords, and that which they did was done, but without leave from them none of the others could do anything at all, for they were well-nigh lords absolute.

Advice was given by His Highness Vitilozzo, that in order to win favour with the citizens, restitution should be made of that which had been plundered and taken from the men of the ward San Agniolo and the other wards; and judges were named for the recovery of that which had been stolen, and of these were His Highness Vitilozzo, the Master of the Rolls to the Pope's Legate, Cesare Crespolte, Gentile of the Signorelli, and certain other of the noble citizens of Perugia. These then made proclamation throughout the city that whosoever had lost any property should come and make appeal to the above-named judges and declare who it was that had taken anything from him, and that the thief would be compelled to make restitution. Thus by help of the said judges much property that had been stolen was recovered.

Now when His Highness Morgante and Giovan Paolo saw that many men had fled out of the city, for the number of these was infinite, and that it was an unjust thing that so many men should suffer hurt for the wrong done by their patrons, they determined to take order for this; and they issued a proclamation in which it was set forth that all those who had fled from the city, and were not guilty of the great betrayal, and had not been art or part in it, might return freely and safely and abide in their own homes. And when this thing was known these fugitives were bidden to return by Jeronimo della Penna, who asked them to pardon him for the evil they had suffered for love of him. Likewise they were bidden to return by His Highness Giulio Cesare della Penna, who abode in the place which had been assigned him by the Duke of Urbino. Very excellent reasons he gave them why they should return, as a man who had learnt by long experience what a thing it is to live banished from your own country.* So it came to pass that many returned to Perugia and would no longer follow their patrons, but the rest still abode at Ponte della Pietra.

The most noble Duke of Urbino, because he hated the traitors and, moreover, because he desired to be friends with the commonwealth of Perugia, sent ambassadors to their Highnesses the Baglioni to express his grief for the great disaster, and to promise that his Lordship would not harbour their enemies in his land; which thing pleased them not a little. And as his Lordship promised so he performed; for he made a proclamation that within three days the aforesaid traitors must betake themselves out of his jurisdiction; and this order they at once obeyed, and all went to Camerino, where they were gathered together round the chief of the traitors. And the Lord of Camerino gave to all of them meat and drink, for they were poor men unable to support themselves and with no means of subsistence. So they were all gathered together to his court. This is the third sign that the great betrayal was ordered at his motion, for if it had not been so he p. 123
would not have harboured in his court those who had slain

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* Cf. Dante, *Paradiso*, xvii. 55: "Thou shalt leave everything beloved most dearly; and this is the shaft which the bow of Exile first lets fly. Thou shalt prove how salt the taste is of another's bread, and how hard a path it is to go down and up another's stair."

his kinsfolk. And so it was that he gave all of them lodging in his court.

His Highness Marcantonio Baglione heard tidings of the wicked deed, not to the full extent but in part, and at once asked leave to depart of His Majesty the King of Naples; and because it was the King's messenger that brought the news to His Highness Marcantonio, so it was that the King knew the thing before His Highness Marcantonio. And the King was much grieved at the great betrayal and the grievous mishap, and he offered to assist His Highness Marcantonio to the utmost of his power, who thanked the King for all that he did and said, and then took his leave. He sent his horses by land through the country of the Colonnas; while himself went by sea and came to Rome, where he would not have it known who he was, but a constable of Perugia, Meneco degli Giugliari by name, his friend, knew him and told him the whole story, and, as is said, His Highness was like to have died when he heard of the death of so many of his house. And then the man told him the happy victory they had won over the traitors their enemies. So His Highness went on his way towards Perugia and Paolo Orsino bore him company. And as they went on their way they met her who had been wife to His Highness Messer Astorre, but now a lone widow, whom His Highness Marcantonio had never seen; and with her he lifted up his voice and wept. She was going back to the place whence she had come with her mother; so the noble Marcantonio and Paolo turned again and bore her company even to the place whence she had come. And how bitterly they wept both he and she I leave it to you to imagine. So she remained there with

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her tears, and he with Paolo Orsino went on his way to Perugia.

And when he was come there and had gotten him down from his horse and looking round missed the sight of his father and his dear brothers, whom he had left in the gladness of festival honoured of all, he wept as one who has no hope in the world; yet in his tears he found no solace from his grief. And his soul was so hot within him with the fury of wrath that he bade men kindle many torches, for that it was night, and he would have gone and set fire to and burned down the entire ward Sant Agniolo. Howbeit such was the prudence of His Highness Morgante, his elder brother, that he stayed the rage of His Highness Marcantonio his brother, so that he did no deed of violence, and refrained from the great evil which he had determined. And the next morning His Highness came into the Piazza and there he saw the triumphal arch which had been set up p. 100 in honour of His Highness Messer Astorre, with all his victories emblazoned; and when His Highness saw that triumphal arch his heart was so heavy with grief and woe that he seemed like to die; and his grief was so great that his bodily health also suffered not a little, for he had begun to improve after he had gone to take the waters; p. 106 but this new grief did him great harm. Thus our city was indeed like to a woman doubly widowed, in that she had been bereft of so many renowned and honourable men. And whereas before there were twelve men in the High and Mighty House of the Baglioni without counting those that were boys, now there were left just six and no more. For five were dead, and the sixth was that Carlo Baglione who by his own deed had become an exile and an enemy of the rest. And I do not count that bastard who wrought according to his nature.

Filippo de Braccio

Everything about them showed dismal and tearful; all their servants went about weeping; the rooms of those that were left of the High and Mighty Baglioni, their halls, and all else were hung around with black drapery; their screens, and dining tables, their seats, their beds, their sideboards hung with black, showing the very desolation of woe. Their Highnesses and all their household and all their soldiers were dressed in black. The trappings of their horses, the lances of their horsemen and footmen were likewise hung with black, and so the housings of their horses black, every pennon and banneret black, black even the cords of their trumpets. Everything showed the same dark hue. In the city there was no one any more who played or sang, there was little laughter, no gay-coloured cap was seen, but every man was dressed in black, and all of the Great House went about like men of royal blood, with swordsmen before them night and day, who kept guard over their high and mighty persons. The sound of trumpets or of pipes was no longer heard, yea for a great time no one played any more. Some mourned because they had lost their patrons that were dead, others mourned because they had lost their patrons that were banished, and many because their goods had been plundered, and so there was no citizen but was sad at heart. Thus did our city lose eight men of the High and Mighty House of the Baglioni if we count in Filippo de Braccio and his son. And it lost the whole of the family of the Della Penna, for Jeronimo della Penna had fled away and with him seven men of his noble blood, and two were left dead on the field of battle. And four men of the most noble House of the Corgnie were in banishment, and five of the House of the Ermanni, and two of the nobles of Antignolla, and one was slain in his house and cast out into the Piazza from the windows of his own house. Berardino of the Ranieri also was cast forth and his son with him. He had come back to Perugia on that very day, and he had hardly had time to break his fast and take a turn round the Piazza when he had to go back again by the way by which he had come; or indeed a worse, for if he came down gladly he was yet more glad to be able to get him up again, and with quicker foot.

So our city was widowed and bereft of twenty-eight gentlemen who were held in high esteem throughout the whole world, without counting their sons who in short time would grow to be men fit for any enterprise. Thus Perugia fell back into its old habit, even that which it had ever followed, as I find, since the foundation of the city; as though it had been built with this end. And its fate was evermore to suffer hardships and to be the sport of the fights of factions, and to mourn the destruction of citizens great and small, and dissensions and broils; and to be the occasion of never-ending hatreds and every other evil. And whereas other states seek and ensue such good things as true peace and brotherly love, and numerous citizens,—for which things' sake indeed citizens are had in honour, and for this purpose they make laws granting favours to different classes, hoping so to increase the number of inhabitants, as is treated of at length in the law entitled *Soluto Matrimonio*—now I declare that our city has always striven for the opposite of all these: the destruction of citizens, of peace, of love, and of the common weal, yea and of every other good thing; and has become the cut-purse and overthrower of her own liberty, subjecting the city to the rule of others, spoiling her of her revenues, and granting them away to strangers, stripping her of all her earnings, choosing rather the good of foreigners than that of her own citizens and of the commonwealth; undoing everything that was fairly ordered; in such wise that men can no longer tell of her as *Perusia augusta*, but *Perusia angusta, vel quod peius esset, Perusia combusta*. For you must know that when a beginning was made of banishing our gentlemen they were sixty all told; and of these during all that period some or other were ever being slain or banished, as was necessary in order to maintain those who from time to time were in power. And p. 157 at the end of twelve years twenty-eight of them were gone, as I have told you. Thus you may think what a great supply of gentlemen were needed in our city to allow of her being so often despoiled. And if the future in Perugia shall be as the past she will soon be ended and utterly undone.

It is found written in the records of Perugia that long ago the condition of the said High and Mighty House of the Baglioni was greater and more splendid than in these latter times, and how in a moment of time some twenty-seven men of the High and Mighty House were slain all in the lower half of the Piazza, so that of all there remained but one who lay in his mother's womb. It is said that he grew up to be Malatesta, father of His Highness Braccio, of Carlo the elder, of Guido and Ridolfo. It was by him that Braccio da Montone was banished with other gentlemen of Perugia, of whom it is written that they were the cause of so great misfortunes that befell the city. Yet of these things I have no certain knowledge, but as I have heard so I tell, and if it be not the truth not mine is the blame. But it is very truth and not a lie that they were almost all slain and that their houses were broken down, and that with the bricks of them the streets of the town were paved, and also a wall was built with them in the Field of Battle close to the fountain. And it is called the wall of Filoncia that joins on to the Tannery. And this is the simple truth.

I have also heard that none or hardly any of the High and Mighty House died save by violent death, and of the deeds of blood many stories might be told; but because they did not happen in my time, I should be at great pains if I were to undertake to write of them, and I might, through no fault of mine, tell and relate very lies; so for this reason I will not write any more about the past, beyond what I have already told, in order that you may know that more than once ere now like chance has befallen them; and that they have always held the first rank among the gentlemen of Perugia. Thus, as I have in order recorded, it came about that at this time they had banished all other gentlemen from the said city of Perugia and alone held rule in it, allowing just as many to remain there as pleased them and no more.

I know that I have written many things that may seem tedious to you, but not to make my story too long, I resume where I had broken off, and I tell you that many of the High and Mighty Baglioni desired to make some requital p. 146 or sign of gratitude to His Highness Vitilozzo for the kindness they had received at his hands; and as a mark of their love they ordered that the Commonwealth should make him a citizen of this our city of Perugia; and so it was done, and entry of it was made in the lists.

After that they agreed together to make an unchangeable statute and law that in the city of Perugia men should live as they did when she was orderly ruled, and that all crimes that might in the future be committed should be punished; and that favour should not be shown to any, neither small nor great, as was used in the past; and to this they bound themselves by a great oath sworn to each other. Afterwards they made public proclamation, telling men of what had been determined.

Now they were so fixed in their resolve that, when after proclamation made some of their dearest friends offended—men who had again and again set their lives to the hazard for the sake of the High and Mighty House—the houses of all these men, when the thing was proved against them, were razed to the ground. Moreover, when certain men, because of their high position, thought to resist the officers of the Podestà and the captain of the city guard, then one or other of the High and Mighty Baglioni went, and by their presence gave countenance and support to the officers that they should not be hindered; so that for this reason men had the fear of justice before their eyes, and no longer committed any violence. Yet were not those banished that had been condemned in the courts of law or had been outlawed, seeing that three men out of every four that lived in the city or suburbs had been condemned, and this because of the ill lives that men had been wont to live in our city.

And when they saw this, all men were pleased that some beginning of living cleanly should have been made; yet they feared lest what had been begun should not last. And things went after this manner for about twenty days. Then in order to put the traitors to open shame, it was ordered that they should be painted hanging up by their feet, as is the way men used to deal with traitors.

And nine of the gentlemen of highest rank who had been leaders and inventors of the whole crime were so painted, and at their feet a legend, telling who they were and of what family. And when the paintings were finished they were uncovered, and proclamation was made of the name of each by sound of trumpet.

Furthermore, it was ordered that the work begun at the time of the French by His Highness Messer Astorre should be continued, that is the strengthening of the old walls of the city, and so it was done.

Wooden gates were also made, and these were closed at night. A new gate was also made at San Tomaso and in several other places, which I am not particular to set forth, and they were fitted with chains and all else that was needful. Moreover, over the gate that leads into the Old town, there was set a stone, and on it letters carved that said, *Exactis nefariis paricidis, vittoribus Balionibus, vetus instaurata urbs.* Afterwards all the movables and all the landed property that had been confiscated by the State, all, that is, that had belonged to the exiles, from the greatest to the least, were divided among the friends of the Baglioni, and this man got a house, and that a field, and a third one a vineyard, and so for all the rest. For the men in power distributed, and gave gifts, and showed themselves free-handed at others' expense; in which matter fortune played her usual game.

You are now to hear what startling events were brought about by the deaths of the High and Mighty Baglioni, which were a great grief to all the house of the Orsini and the entire Guelf faction. Most of all they mourned His Highness Messer Astorre, whose death was the cause of untold tears throughout Lombardy and the kingdom of Naples. For he, if he had continued in the world, would have done such deeds that he would have left behind him a name no less than that of the glorious Captain Nicolò Piccinino, whose years were no more than his. On the very day that he died he was looking for the Marshal's truncheon of the Signory of Florence, with the command of two hundred men-at-arms, accompanied by light cavalry according to present use. The fame of him was heard through all the world, and in the very prime and vigour of his days, in the midst of his deeds of daring, he passed from his splendid life, leaving a glorious memory of his early years.

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Wherefore to show the great readiness to do and dare that has ever been the heritage of the High and Mighty House, they marshalled their men-at-arms and then called out the country folk for infantry, and set in order all the artillery that belonged to the city of Perugia. This was made after the French pattern, cast all in one piece and set

Born [1375] 1386; died 1444. (70 years).

on limbers, on which it could remain while it was served. And when everything was ready the command went forth that all, both horse and foot, must on a set day meet at the castle of Deruta to be reviewed, but they were not told whither they were to march nor for what purpose, nor was anyone able to guess it.

So, too, did His Highness Vitilozzo; he ordered his p. 154 artillery and called out his country folk to serve on foot.

Moreover, it was decided that His Highness Giovan Paolo should go out with the men of Perugia, while His Highness Adriano remained behind to rule the city of (Morgant Perugia and keep order there. Now I must tell you that of the six men that remained to the High and Mighty House of the Baglioni three were sound and lusty; to wit, His Highness Morgante and Messer Gentile, his (Adrian brother, and His Highness Giovan Paolo; but His Highness Ridolfo had long been ill, so that he could do nothing at all, likewise Messer Troilo, the Protonotary of San Lorenzo, was down with a fever that had been on him fourteen or fifteen months, and His Highness Marcantonio was laid up with the old disease in his leg; so that saving by p. 106 the three that were sound, little or nothing could be done. And of them Messer Gentile abode always at Spello.

As it was ordered so it was done. And the host came to Deruta to be reviewed. Yet no review was held; but they all marched off quickly and went and pitched their camp at Aquasparta, where abode Altobello, an exile of Todi, with his cousin Jeronimo da Canale. These belonged to the faction of the Colonna, and were of their kin. And they had wasted and destroyed a great part of the district of

Todi, its farms and villages, devastating it with cruel war. And whosoever was caught was forthwith slain, and no hope to save his life by any ransom. But more even than elsewhere was their cruelty manifest when by treachery they entered into Acquasparta. There they threw the very babes out of the windows, working very cruelly, doing abominable deeds. This Altobello was of the House of Chiaravalle, a very cruel man and full of malice; so that even if Nero had been now alive men would have spoken rather of his cruelty, than of the cruelty of Nero; and the same I might say of one Agnolo, son of Averardo, the Perugian. They were both 26 years old, and they were guilty of countless robberies, and of murders of gentlemen of high estate, yea, and even of prelates.

And so, not to make a long story of it, the camp was pitched round Acquasparta, beyond all expectation of Altobello and Jeronimo; and it was done so quickly that they could not sally out of the town, nor yet staying within provide themselves with artillery. And they could make no sally, for the besieged were few and the besiegers many; among whom was His Highness Giovan Paolo, with more than five thousand men, and His Highness Vitilozzo, with about three thousand; and with other three thousand came he who was the enemy of the said Altobello and Jeronimo, Lodovico of Todi.

There was also with the besiegers a large body of
p.148 infantry from Spoleto, and Paolo Orsino came with many men; and there were many others besides, so that in all there were more than fifteen thousand men encamped against the town of Acquasparta.

And now the great guns had come up, and they began to batter down the walls with them, and after four days or so they thought that breach enough had been made in the town and the walls of it, and they determined to try an assault. So each general bade his men arm, and the great assault began, and they fought a great while, and then began to give way; but at that moment the men of His Highness Giovan Paolo, by weight of numbers, had driven the enemy from the walls and began to force their way in; and seeing this the other captains rallied on either flank of them, so that in a moment they were all in the town. But they got in because His Highness Giovan Paolo had done so first.

And the whole town was at the mercy of the enemy, and all men as many as were taken died, and not only fighting men, but women also, and greybeards and every living soul; and the men of Lodovico of Todi were very forward in the business. But His Highness Giovan Paolo, for his nature ever led him to be tender-hearted, made many prisoners, and sent them to his tent to save their lives; and so he saved the lives of many. And in the midst of this Jeronimo da Canale was found; and he was taken, and forthwith his head was cut off. And proclamation was made to search for Altobello; but for a time no one could find him. At the last he was found in a barn full of hay by a citizen of Todi, his enemy, who did not recognise him. And he asked him his name, but that other would not tell it, but answered and said, "I am a poor fellow," and folded his hands and begged for mercy, but his robe of purple cloth and his rings betrayed him that he was not a poor fellow; and in the end he told his name to

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his enemy, who at once led him away prisoner, and all his prayers were of no avail. Then they who had taken him would have kept him alive and brought him to show to their captain; but every man who saw them ran up and would have slain him. But they who had taken him would not. Yet so great was the multitude of those who cried, "Kill him, kill him at once," that they began to smite him. And if the first had tried to protect him they also would have been slain with him; and great was the number of those that wished to smite that in the throng they wounded one another; and they that were behind thrust their swords in between the legs of the others to get at him, to wound him, and from this you may judge how many wounds he received. And when he was dead all that were there ran and seized the flesh of him and ate it, raw as it was, like dogs or swine; so that nothing was left of his wretched, miserable body. Yea, had he been as huge as a giant he would not have sufficed to give his enemies to eat. And if anyone had had an ounce of that flesh to sell he could have found those who would have bought it for a golden ducat; but none was left. And when they could not have any of his flesh they lit a fire over the blood of him that had been spilled; and many other barbarous acts they did which my tongue refuses to utter.

So he fell by the just judgment of God, in requital for the deeds that he had done in his lifetime. And he who had once been close friends to him became his enemy to betray him, even as divine justice sometimes allows it to be. And hardly will his bones be brought together again in the day of judgment. Now there was a man of this our city of Perugia who ate a piece of the baptised flesh of this Altobello; and after certain days he came back from the army, and fell sick. And, as I have been told, after eight days he threw up all that baptised flesh, which had become one solid lump; and of that sickness he died, and that flesh which he had thrown up remained long time in the street, and was in size much greater than that which he had eaten. And the dogs would never touch it. So this was held to be a great sign of the quality of baptised flesh.

So I now make an end of telling you of this event, and merely add that Altobello and his brother died, being about twenty-six years old; so I ask you to think how great evil they would have wrought had they lived to be old, and not departed from their evil ways. And they left no legitimate descendant alive at the time of their death, but two bastards, of whom one was called Messer Vittorio, and the other Pier Bernardo, and they were brothers. There was little to choose between them and those that had died, for though they were not legitimate they were no whit less dreaded for their temper, their character, and their strength of body. However, for the time they took themselves away from the district of Todi. Thus was the city of Todi delivered from its oppressors, and also the country round. And the town of Acquasparta was altogether plundered and sacked; not even the women escaped. Wherein was grievous cruelty. In like manner other villages that had been hostile to the city were given over to be plundered.

Now, at this time, there began to be dissension between the men of Spoleto and His Highness Vitilozzo; for Viti-

lozzo would not suffer the men of Spoleto to make booty, but would have everything for his soldiers. So the men of Spoleto went their way. And after a time every village became again subject to the city of Todi; and the greater number of them called in His Highness Giovan Paolo, and surrendered to him to do as he would with them. For His Highness did not give them over to be sacked, but showed them kindness, and took from them nothing but bread and wine and corn, and other foodstuffs, and save for that neither he nor his soldiers took anything. So he
p. 159 showed them much goodwill, and won the love of many.

But His Highness Vitilozzo and his soldiers did the exact opposite to this; for where they passed they left not even the nails in the walls. So they passed on their way and marched with their baggage and artillery to Amelia. But they found this town well prepared for defence, so they accepted of the citizens a large sum as ransom, and so passed on, leaving the town safe and unharmed. And, not to spend words over my story, they rode towards the city of Viterbo, taking and sacking every town on their way that did not surrender. And many to escape being sacked surrendered to His Highness Giovan Paolo, even though they were very strong for defence. So the allies went on and came to Viterbo, where they were minded to restore the exiles who belonged to the faction of the Orsini. And whereas the Pope was bound diligently to use every endeavour to prevent his city from being injured, as is the duty of the Vicar of God, it was he and no other who gave orders to the warden to give admittance into the fortress to the whole army. And so it was done; and they all came in; and some soldiers of the Colonna that were in the town were taken, and the whole town was given over to be sacked; and much plunder of very great value was won. And because His Highness Vitilozzo was son-in-law to Paolo Orsino and akin to Giovan Giordano Orsino, he was determined to be the first man and above every other in that army, and those three men were agreed together to allow no other to enrich themselves save their own soldiers only. And they went about driving forth the soldiers of others from the rich houses and putting in their own men; and as they went they came to the Monte del Pasto, where they found three men of Perugia, and of these His Highness Vitilozzo struck one with his own hands because he desired to have the booty found there for himself and his own soldiers. On that the other two made as though they would have smitten him as an enemy. Then all the rest of his men ran up to kill our Perugians, and thither too hurried up all the Perugians. And there arose so fierce a scuffle that many of the other side were slain by the men of His Highness Giovan Paolo. And on this account many words were bandied between these gentlemen. And the followers of His Highness Giovan Paolo time and again showed a desire to come to blows with those of His Highness Vitilozzo, but His Highness Giovan Paolo was always in time to prevent it. And the end was, as I have already told you, that Vitilozzo and Paolo and his son stole the plunder of many soldiers, and got booty enough to make them rich all the days of their life. So these men did grievous wrong to the soldiers of the other commanders, in such wise that great numbers of men who had come with-

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out pay to the assistance of the Orsini went their ways. And whereas they had been friends to them, now they became their enemies. Moreover, in the town there was found booty of jewels and pearls and money in abundance, so that it was above count, and also great numbers of cattle.

And His Highness Giovan Paolo lodged in the house of Madonna Ipolita who was a widow, and, widow as she was, ruled over the town of Viterbo, upholding the cause of the Colonnas, that is, of the Ghibelines, as her husband had done. But her brother took the rule from her, for he was opposed to the Ghibeline faction, and recalled the exiles, enemies though they were to his own sister. Truth it is that his sister had no sons; nevertheless, this Madonna Ipolita was loved in Viterbo past all telling, for she was a lady very prudent and very wise. And when at times she rode into Viterbo, honour was done her by the Priori and other citizens, insomuch that on one occasion she came into the city with seven hundred horsemen to escort her, as is told by those who were present. Much then did My Lady grieve to lose the sovereignty of Viterbo; but yet more that her brother was in great part the cause of it.

And so more and yet more towns of that district granted and gave themselves into the hands of His Highness Giovan Paolo; and at last His Highness determined to go even to Rome and speak with the Pope. So he went and spoke with him. And they held counsel together at large as to the past and the future, and took order for further deeds to be done. And the Pope gave him money to enrol many men for a season to go and serve in the Romagna with the Duke of Valentia, his son, even as I will tell you. Cesare Borgia

Now while His Highness was in the neighbourhood of Viterbo, before he had come into the town, the Signory of Siena sent him their truncheon. And he was made captain of the Sienese, and received much money of them; so that the Pope must needs borrow him for a time of the Republic of Siena, seeing that to them he was bound. And the Republic, after hearing the Pope's request, let him go, and then His Highness took leave of the Pope and returned to Viterbo, and from Viterbo he went with his soldiers and came to Perugia, and there he rested till that time of which I shall tell you.

But you must not think that if to the north of Rome the Orsini faction did hurt to the Colonnas, the Colonnas did not in like measure requite the Orsini in their towns to the south of Rome, for they had the forces of the King of Naples ready to come whenever they asked for them.

So His Highness Giovan Paolo became captain of the Sienese; for up to that time he had been in the pay of the Florentines. And when the Signory of Florence heard that their Highnesses Guido and Ridolfo were dead, to whom they had always paid a salary for their personal service, without any obligation on their parts to keep any soldiers equipped (and this they did in order to keep them as friends), and that the noble Semonetto, their general, was also dead, and His Highness Astorre, too, whom they were for making their captain at the time that he died; then, p. 156 because they wished to have some one of the High and Mighty House of the Baglioni on their side, they invited

His Highness Morgante to take their pay, with a hundred lances and as many light horse. And they also invited the noble Malatesta, son of His Highness Giovan Paolo Baglione, to take their pay with thirty horse. A well-favoured lad he was, about nine years old. But their proposal was not accepted for the present.

I now return to speak of my native place. For from the day in which the great disaster befell in this our city of Perugia, and ever since the High and Mighty Baglioni got the power again into their hands, men still lived with the fear of justice before their eyes. And His Highness Morgante was full of justice and equity, and he p. 156 was firmly purposed and determined, as far as he might be able, to reform the manner of men's lives in Perugia; and though the administration of justice was not all at once raised from the depths and made sound, yet it was amended as far as he was able to do so. For to do all at one time would not have been possible, as I told you before. He was a man who would not for his own profit have done the least injustice even to a man of the lowest degree; and he always was careful that the poor should have grain in abundance, and utter justice. And if a poor man appealed to his Lordship on any affair, the more lowly the petitioner was the more kind and gentle he showed himself, so that all men fell in love with his Lordship, and praised him and delighted in him. And if any of the High and Mighty House of the Baglioni committed any injustice, he was the more determined so to deal with it as that none could say that he was other than truly just. And because before this time his Lordship was hardly ever in Perugia no one had any knowledge of him; but now he was spoken of by all, and all men were pleased when they saw impartial justice done.

And at this time, when any of the High and Mighty House went out, they went accompanied like lords and kings, having their paid guards always around them, who were on service about them day and night; which thing was accounted a sign of pride by all that saw it.

One thing more remains for me to write about which I will not pass over in silence. There came in the year 1500 a monk of the Order of Saint Peter to our city of Perugia, who went about and astonished all men with his preaching. He was, as was thought, nine or ten years old, and being lodged in the Monastery of San Pietro, he desired to preach in our city. And he preached in the Piazza. And whereas no one thought that he could say anything worth the hearing, he preached many sermons learned and eloquent past all telling, and he supported his doctrine with many apt quotations, bringing not one text only to maintain his thesis, but even five, yea, and twenty, all of them bearing on the same point. For he was learned, not in one faculty only, but in all, and not only learned but very learned. And many doctors and wise men desired to make proof of his science, and when they had done so they found that it was no counterfeit, but that the grace of God had been poured out upon him. And if I had not seen with my eyes and heard with my ears I could not have believed, not though all the world had borne witness, for it was indeed a marvellous thing. After that he departed and went to the Pope who had sent for him.

In the year 1500, in the month of October, the Pope and his son, the Duke, began to put in execution the plan that they had devised. The Duke marched out with his army of Spaniards and other foreigners, about ten thousand men in all, with great supply of cannon, and powder, and shot, and other warlike stores. And they rode and rode till, on a day of pouring rain, they came into the district of Perugia; and they came to Deruta, and others of them to Torsciano, and to Bettona, and there they were quartered for four days. And the towns they sacked as though they had been enemies, and behaved most outrageously; for first of all they consumed all the food, so that nothing was left to eat, nor yet any wine, for with it they washed the feet of their horses, and what they could not drink or consume they spilled on the earth. And when they went away they treated us to this piece of good breeding; they threw in filth into all the casks of muscat wine through the bung-hole, so that it should be serviceable to no one; and they defiled the floor under all the tables at which they ate, and all jars of confections that they found they emptied and then filled with filth, and the same with all basins, and bowls, and baskets, so that everything was filled with the foulness of them; and where they had been none could go for the stench. And the room where the Duke had been was worse than the others, for there of a truth no one could stay because of the horrible stench. So that I would have you to understand that never had any such filthy folk been seen as these Spanish outlanders, these utter enemies to us Italians. And when they had spoilt and destroyed everything it was but fitting that they should depart. Meanwhile the keys of the gates of Rimini were one night brought to the Duke, and many said that he had got them by bribes. And when they were brought him there were great rejoicings, with bonfires, and bell-ringings, and shooting of great guns. And when the noise was heard at Torsciano, the men of Torsciano thought that a tumult had been raised in Deruta against the Spaniards, and forthwith they were minded to kill the soldiers in their town, hoping thereby to win two hundred horses, and as many mules, with their furniture. But after a while the news was contradicted by certain elders of the town, who hardly restrained the others till the certainty of the thing should be known. For the men of Torsciano have always been men of the devil's own temper. Yet on this occasion they did no violence; and a great reason for that was that they had not been treated as had been the men of Deruta and Bettona.

And now His Highness Giovan Paolo had already arrayed all his men to earn the money that he had had of the Pope; and his army was encamped at Montefalco, and there too lay the army of Signor Paolo Orsino. And His Highness Vitilozzo and his men were to have quarters in the town, for the Pope had given it to him to be plundered, and all the goods in it to be his booty, after the manner in which an enemy's town is treated, having no regard to the fact that it was subject to the Roman Church. And he had assigned this to him as pay and reward, acting in sooth like a good shepherd and the Vicar of God. But in the end His Highness Giovan Paolo and Signor Paolo Orsino, who had got to know the thing, arranged that the people of His Highness Vitilozzo should be quartered in the Trevi and Foligno district; for Montefalco was allied to the Orsini family, and the citizens of it had acted as friends to His Highness Giovan Paolo when he returned to Perugia in his enemies' despite.

And when he had made an end with Deruta the Duke moved his army from it, and from those other towns, and came to Assisi. And he treated Assisi as he had treated Deruta, or rather worse, though indeed it is true that many bodies were found below Deruta that had been bound and thrown into the stream of the Tiber, and so were drowned. It was said that the Duke had intended to march on Perugia, but His Highness Morgante would not allow this on any terms, for he was determined that none of his people should suffer any hurt. And after they had spent some days at Assisi the whole army struck camp and marched to Fossato. Now the men of Fossato had provided a store of victuals outside, so that the ill-omened army of the Spaniards should not enter into their town. Yet when these had come to the town they desired to enter in, but the citizens would not suffer it. Then the Spaniards bade the men of Fossato be easy, for they would not assail them, but after a time they tried to force their way in through the gate that had been left open, and they overcame the citizens, and entered in, and slew many men, and plundered all the town, yea, and they even outraged the women. And the Duke took many prisoners, and then determined to have the citadel also, and when he had taken it he, with his own hands, set fire to all that was in it. After that there arose dissension between His Highness

Giovan Paolo and the Duke, who was indeed a most brutal man, and, young though he was, had more than once endeavoured to slay the Pope, his father. Yet in the end Signor Paolo persuaded them, and they were reconciled. And when the army marched from there it was devil take the hindmost, for the inhabitants fell on them so that many and many of them were slain, especially of those that were misled and guided into the wrong roads.

And the army marched to Fabriano, and the citizens of Fabriano had prepared a donation of 3,000 florins. Yet they were treated not merely as rebels to the Roman Church, but as bitterest enemies, nor did any bribe avail to save them. And here the Spaniards showed themselves thoroughgoing enemies of all that is Italian; for they defiled the women and plundered the town; and as they marched out of the town some of them were slain.

Then the Duke went on his way and came into Romagna, and pitched his camp round about the city of Faenza; and in it there were many lords, and among others the Lord of Pesaro, who looked that their lordships also would be taken from them after that the city of Faenza had been taken. Now this city was under a lord that was a child in years yet very wise, and one day he called the citizens together and spoke to them and told them: that he did not intend that through him Faenza and its inhabitants should come to ruin, and that if they were content he would depart from the city, so that the citizens might be saved. And the citizens with one voice answered and said that they would in no wise allow his Lordship to depart, for they would have no other lord but him alone. So the siege went on, and many a brave deed was done by the citizens and many by the foe; and one day, as it is said, a conspiracy was discovered, the device of a priest, to whom promise had been given that he should be made bishop. And when the plot was known he was taken and cast into prison; but the people rose in their wrath and took him from the prison and put him to death, without degradation from his orders. Now the Duke was set on having for his own the lordship of Faenza, so he let the lord of it know that if he would give him the city and make him lord over it he would give him some thousands of ducats, and besides have him made Cardinal. And the siege went on, and after a time the citizens published a decree that if anyone spoke of surrender, he should be put to death; for they had determined not to be subject to the Spaniards but rather die first. And many things were said and many done. And the city was bombarded, and the enemy came up and assaulted it, and many of the Spaniards were killed like dogs; so that after each assault the Italians won a better opinion for themselves. And ever fresh Spaniards kept coming up in great numbers to strengthen the Duke's army; yet after all they could not take the town, for it was fortified by every device that could serve to save it from the enemy; and had become very strong and impregnable. So the siege continued for a time, till by reason of the bitter weather the Spaniards had to abandon their lines and go into winter quarters for a season. Then the Duke wished to give the command to His Highness Giovan Paolo Baglione, but his Lordship would not accept it, but asked leave of the Duke, and with his people returned towards Perugia. For he would not any longer give Borgia his support. And, indeed, he could not, in any case, have allowed his forces to camp with those of the Spaniards, for his soldiers secretly took and slew all the Spaniards that they could catch in any solitary place away from the camp, so that the Italians and Spaniards were not on terms. Nor could his Lordship, do what he might, prevent this; so that the Duke often complained to His Highness Giovan Paolo of what his soldiers did to his Spaniards, saying that he did not understand why they killed and plundered them; thus in this my story, I make it plain to you that if the Spaniards hated and detested the Italians, they themselves were no less hated by the Italians. Yet it is also true that His Highness Giovan Paolo went off with his people because he was under an obligation to others, to wit, to the people of Siena, and had, moreover, ended the time for which he had bound himself to do service to the Pope.

And after he had left Faenza, on his way to Perugia his Lordship turned aside to meet the Prefect of Sinigalia and talked of many things with him; who was sore at heart for the death of His Highness Messer Astorre, at whose hands he had received such kindnesses as are not readily forgotten; as also of His Highness Gismondo Baglione, under whom he had one time served. And after they had spoken of many things he rode away and came to Urbino, where he had much talk with the Duke of Urbino, and the Duke promised not to harbour any other exiles from Perugia, enemies to the government of the High and Mighty House of the Baglioni. After that he took leave of the Duke and set out on his way to Perugia, and passing

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through the land of the Duke of Urbino he met Giulio Cesare of the Ermanni, and though he met him in the Duke's country, yet he took him with him on his way for some miles till they came to an inn, where they ate together, and when they had eaten they conversed of many things, and then they mounted, each one on his horse. And His Highness Giovan Paolo took leave of him and they kissed and parted weeping, and the one returned to the Duke's country but the other to Perugia, and got there in December and there he abode awhile.

While he was there it came to the ears of the Baglioni that Metello Crispolti went hither and thither spying out the country. So His Highness Giovan Paolo went suddenly to Spello, and there, on the eve of the Epiphany, he took the said Metello near Canaia, and with him other men, his companions. And he was taken to Spello, and when he was put to the question he confessed many things that had been plotted by the exiles, and especially that Carlo Baglione and Girolamo della Penna and all the exiles that were in Foligno intended that selfsame night to ride to Spello, and so on to Bettona, and that he, Metello, was to be their guide through the night. This Metello was a young man but twenty-six years old, yet was he a man to be trusted, and had with good reason been chosen for the enterprise.

So after that His Highness Giovan Paolo had examined him, he drew out his soldiers, and led them to the place where Carlo and Girolamo and the other exiles were to pass on their way to Foligno, according to that which had been arranged by Metello. And when His Highness was come

A few years before they had fought against one another! – & soon were again! (p. 157) to that place he found there much company on horseback; whom he assaulted; and when they had fought awhile many of the exiles were slain, and many were taken and the rest fled away. Howbeit, because of the heavy rain that had beaten on them, the matches of all his mounted arquebus men had been put out. But for this they would have slain many more of the enemy.

News of this fight was quickly brought to Foligno and Camerino; and in both cities the alarm was raised, and all as many as were able girded on their arms; and great fear fell on the enemy because of it. For they saw that they could never bring anything to a conclusion against the High and Mighty Captain; and that whatsoever they might endeavour was sure to come to the knowledge of the High and Mighty Baglioni. And in all this the men of Foligno set themselves to be busybodies and to earn the enmity of the High and Mighty House of the Baglioni, and to be unmindful of past times. And so, as I have shown you, the High and Mighty Captain ever had the upper hand of his enemies, even up to this present time.

In the month of February, 1501, the new exiles, that had settled in Camerino, went and spoke to many lords of the land hoping to draw these into their plots. But because His Highness Messer Astorre and all those of his kin, alive or dead, were much loved throughout all Italy, and also because no one can ever put his trust in any traitor, and for many other reasons they got no hearing, but were always sent empty away. And so it came to pass that while they were in Camerino they still went to and fro from that town to Foligno, for they had not where else to betake themselves; and thither came the exiles from Viterbo and Todi and Ascoli, and there they were gathered together. And towards the end of the same month they had an understanding with certain men of Nocera, and came against the town in the morning early before dawn with some two hundred cavalry and four hundred infantry. And they went in boldly and took the town, and all the citizens fled, but many were taken, and so they made themselves masters of the town, and no one stood up against them. And there remained in it none of the citizens, for all were fled; moreover, the Podestà was taken who had come there from Perugia. And after that they had come in they all set to to plunder, and they all got more than they had looked for. One man there was that found twelve hundred golden ducats all in one place, to say nothing of other plunder; and they found money that had lain in the earth five years since it had been hidden. And there was no well nor cistern but was emptied in the search for treasure, and much wealth was found in them. And they treated the prisoners very cruelly, for they blew out their bodies with bellows till they were ready to burst. And those of them who desired to work at any trade or handicraft seized such shops as suited them, and worked in them, for they found them fully furnished, and so they gathered wealth that lasted them much time. And they all agreed to hold in common the treasure that they had won, and with it to hire soldiers so as to be able to go up against Perugia, or where else might seem fit. But the end of it was that those who had enriched themselves would not give what was their own for a mere chance, and would not put a single penny into the common purse, and so each one of them kept what he had got for himself.

And after that they had been in the town some days they began to make excursions, and seized first one village and then another. And all that was done was done by Carlo Baglione, and he made himself a name that was noised abroad everywhere; and all that was done was done because Carlo would have it so, and he was always the first in everything, and showed that he was indeed of the blood of the High and Mighty House of the Baglioni, by the deeds that he did, and the prisoners and the plunder that he took. Now Messer Gentile, who was at Spello, had several times led his men to the walls of Nocera. But when Nocera was taken by the exiles His Highness Morgante and Giovan Paolo wished to go up to it and pitch their camp against it, and had already arranged that the Legate *a latere* should raise a force of cavalry and infantry in the land of his legation; and they had already sent a large body of infantry to Spello and to Gualdo. Meanwhile, however, the High and Mighty Ridolfo Baglione died, and so the matter remained in abeyance, and nothing came of it. It was on the eve of St. Constantine that he died, to wit, on the 24th of February, 1501, and so the affair dragged and the army did not assemble.

Now when they saw that the men of Foligno harboured our exiles and countenanced them, so that they might the better be able to injure the High and Mighty House of the Baglioni, and that by their help they did many things which otherwise they could not have done; when they saw this, I say, His Highness Giovan Paolo and Morgante were minded and determined to requite these men of Foligno like for like; who, when they suspected what was preparing, sent to Perugia to the High and Mighty House to sue for peace and goodwill. And when their ambassadors could bring back no answer of peace the town council were at great charges to fortify the place with earthworks and artillery. And because they feared the wrath of the High and Mighty House, and because they had heard that the High and Mighty Baglioni had sent to fetch the artillery of the city of Perugia that was in Romagna, and had called to them Bandino of Castello della Pieve with eighty light horse, and also Messer* Ercole of Bologna with a hundred men-at-arms from Romagna, and were also enlisting recruits and veterans, to make men understand that they were still alive;—for all these reasons, seeing the great preparations that were made against them, the men of Foligno never opened any of their gates save that which looks towards Trevi and all the others they kept continually shut. Nevertheless, that they might be the safer, they made up their minds to appeal to the Pope, although they had, in many ways, offended against the Apostolic see. And they did so, and entreated him not to suffer their town to be overborne by the High and Mighty House of the Baglioni. Moreover they promised if he would give them aid to give him many thousand ducats. Accordingly the Pope when he heard this offer of money forgot every injury that had been done him and forthwith sent a Brief to the High and Mighty Baglioni bidding them, if they would not incur penalties greater than I can tell, not dare to molest the town of

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* He was the son of Santi of the Bentivogli.

Foligno, nor yet any one of its citizens, either in person or property. Moreover he sent orders to the Spanish Legate that was at Perugia to arrange terms of agreement between the High and Mighty House of the Baglioni and the town of Foligno. Accordingly the Cardinal left Perugia at the end of March and went to Foligno to arrange terms of peace or truce. So he went up to the town having with him a hundred horsemen, but the men of Foligno would not suffer him to enter the town with more than his personal attendants; for they feared what might happen, and would not trust the outlander; and men say that if he had got in with those horsemen he would have played some scurvy trick on these men of Foligno, persuaded to it by the High and Mighty Baglioni. For his brains were no match to those of their Highnesses Morgante and Giovan Paolo; and he allowed himself to be led and ruled by them; and what they wished that he did. And now he discussed terms of agreement between the two parties; and for that there was famine in Foligno and wheat cost more than eight florins the load, they greatly desired to make peace with the High and Mighty House of the Baglioni, and another reason was that their fair was at hand and they desired to be able to buy and sell. For without that they had no means of livelihood. And another reason was that the town of Foligno wished to recover the lordship of the town of Passano, with that of other three villages that stood in their territory, which Morgante had seized and taken from them. And in the end these claims of theirs were not thought admissible. On the other hand there was also the question of Gualdo de Cattania which the town of Folingo had bought of the Apostolic Chamber; and because the High and Mighty Baglioni had in that town many friends and the men of Foligno many enemies; for all who were friendly to them had been exiled, there was in that another reason why peace was not made, for their Lordships would not in any way allow Gualdo to be subject to the town of Foligno. So it came to pass that peace was not made and the Legate took himself off again; and these things were done in the beginning of March, 1501, as I told you above.

On the seventh of April, that is on Wednesday in Holy Week, 1501, Carlo Baglione, who had a treasonable understanding with certain men of Fossato, came by night with infantry and cavalry from Nocera to Fossato; and some of his foot-soldiers got into the place by the window of a house that was built on the walls, and which belonged to the man that had devised the plot. It is even said that this same traitor kept the key of the gate, for all men trusted him, and so it came about that the gate was opened and they all got in. And the greater part of the men of Fossato were of one mind with the traitor. He was a citizen of Perugia, though his family came from Fossato, and he did all this to be revenged on account of an old-standing grudge that he had against some country folk of that place. So they took possession of the place, and some men were slain, and others were taken prisoners. But they found in it little plunder, save salt, of which there was great store, to the value of more than two thousand five hundred florins.

News of this was brought to the High and Mighty Baglioni after that the High and Mighty Giovan Paolo had set out from Perugia with much cavalry and infantry, and also, as men say, with several loads of dye-stuffs with which to foul the water of Foligno; but hearing on his way how the enemy had entered Fossato, he left the men of Foligno alone, after having made an agreement with them, as I am told, that neither side should injure the other. Thence he went on his way towards Gualdo de Nocera, intending to pitch his camp against Fossato; but because winter was not yet ended and snow still lay in those parts, for even in the city of Perugia there was a heavy fall of snow on the 20th of April, which covered the country round for many days, His Highness could not keep the field. Just at that time His Highness Morgante Baglioni sent him a large body of infantry, and set the artillery in order. Accordingly the High and Mighty Giovan Paolo remained at Gualdo with eight hundred horsemen and more than a thousand foot waiting that the weather should mend; yet they often encountered the enemy, and many a time captured their convoys on the way to Fossato and Nocera; and here did Messer Gentile Baglione approve himself a great warrior, and never in any skirmish would he be behind the foremost, but showed that in very deed the blood of the High and Mighty family of the Baglioni ran in his veins. It is also true that the High and Mighty Captain might many a time have fallen on the enemy at an advantage, but he never would, nor can I tell the reason.

While affairs there were in this condition, His Highness Adriano had news that the old exiles of the Oddi family, who were in the pay of the Florentines, were quartered in the parts about Cortona, and had, with the help of the Florentines, got together a large number of cavalry and infantry, and that Pompeio degli Oddi was in command. And when His Highness Morgante heard this news he called out two hundred men, all armed in the same fashion, with black lances and streamers, and with them some of his own men-at-arms, to go with him and occupy Castiglione of Chiusi, and Pacciano, and so keep the enemy in check. And because he was afraid to leave Perugia, for unless either he or His Highness Giovan Paolo was in the city, their control over it did not seem sufficiently secure, since the others of the family were in ill health; therefore His Highness sent back word for his brother, Messer Gentile, bidding him go against the enemy with the soldiers he had called out. And when he heard that the enemy was not so strong as he had been told, he stayed his hand and did not send but a few infantry to those villages of which he was doubtful, in order that Perugia might be safeguarded on that side. His Highness Giovan Paolo Baglione returned to Perugia on the 24th day of the month of April, and consulted of many matters with His Highness Morgante. And after they had reasoned of what had best be done, the following day he left and returned to Gualdo, and the next day, that is the 25th of the month, he departed from Gualdo and pitched his camp against Fossato. And His Highness Adriano sent him artillery with which to bombard the town, in which Carlo Baglione had left a garrison of horse and foot, and among others Ottaviano della Corgnia and Carabino della Staffa.

So His Highness Giovan Paolo pitched his camp against it, but because the artillery had not come up they merely skirmished a little that evening and then returned to Gualdo. And that same night, because he had heard that Carlo Baglione was to return to Fossato, he sent Bandino da Castello della Pieve with a company of horse and foot to lie in wait for him. And while they lay in their ambush there came up fifty infantry of the Fossato garrison that had been sent as escort to the convoy of provisions that they expected. And when they had come to the place the liers-in-wait fell on them; and they stood on their defence, and so five of them were killed and about thirty-five were taken and the rest escaped. And the prisoners were taken to His Highness the Captain. And the next morning he took some of them and brought them to Fossato and hanged them before the gate of the town because they were citizens of Fossato or Perugia, and had taken part in the Fossato plot. Then because the artillery had not yet come so that he could not bombard the town, he returned to Gualdo to wait till it should arrive. And when those that were in Fossato saw the imminent danger they determined to take themselves off and abandon the town before that the camp should be pitched against them and the town be compassed about; and they were especially persuaded to this because the most noble the Duke of Urbino would not suffer them to march through his land. So they went out of the town by night and left it empty and unguarded. And this was, if I am not mistaken, on the 26th of April. News of this was brought to His Highness the Captain by his spies, and he at once rode in pursuit, but he could not overtake them, for they had already fled away, and they had left everything behind them, for their flight was so sudden that they could take nothing with them. And so His Highness the Captain entered into Fossato and got possession of it, without any fighting, for hardly anyone was left in it; and afterwards he departed and left in it a garrison of infantry, under the command of Giovan Orso, one of the nobles of Montesperello. But he himself returned to Gualdo.

And that same day news came to Perugia that the citizens of Faenza, because they could no longer hold out against the great army of the Duke of Candia, which had again surrounded the town, with powerful reinforcements from the King of France, had all confessed and then communicated in the Piazza, devoting themselves to die for their country rather than fall into the hands of the outlander. Moreover, they had greatly strengthened the town walls. And many assaults were made, one of which was so desperately fought that of the outlanders there died about five hundred men, and many also of our stout Italians; for the besieged had aid from the Florentines, and from Messer Giovanni Bentivoglio of Bologna. And there fell in that fight sixty lords and captains of the besieging army. And when the men in the town saw how heavy was the burden of the fighting, they determined to try to come to terms; and they surrendered the town to the Duke, and gave also some thousands of ducats on condition that their persons and property should be spared and that the outland enemy should not enter into the town; and so it was done. Moreover, the Duke promised to make the Lord of Faenza*

sare Borgia

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* He was taken to Rome and there cruelly murdered by Borgia in spite of the articles of surrender.

a Cardinal; for he and not Pope Alexander was indeed Pope, and it was he that reigned and ruled. And he abode there a few days and then marched with his army to Castel Bolognese, which came to terms at once; and thence he went to Bologna to chastise Messer Giovanni Bentivoglio, who had been a great thorn in his side in the matter of Faenza. But the same Messer Giovanni, who had foreseen this and had also had certain information, had got promise of aid from the Duke of Ferrara and the Marquis of Mantua, and also from the Florentines, who sent him a reinforcement of many men-at-arms. Furthermore, as is said, he borrowed in Florence a million golden florins, so that many men came to earn his money and fight against the Duke. However, as in this matter nothing further has happened up to the present I will say no more of it and will return to tell of our city of Perugia and what chanced there while I have been telling you of the fortunes of the Duke of Candia and the Bolognese. And I will tell of each circumstance as it came to my hearing, and so to begin:

You must know that His Highness Morgante Baglione was in our city of Perugia, having in his charge the upholding of his family and of the government of the city, which he ruled with utter justice, and His Highness Giovan Paolo was with his soldiers at Gualdo, being minded, as I have told, to move his camp to Nocera. Yet I would not have you think that His Highness Morgante was not a master in the art military because he remained in the city and did not go out to meet the enemy, for I would have you understand that the Signory of Venice, and that of Florence, and the Pope and the King of Naples, each one with great entreaty sought to take him into their service because of his great fame and his excellent deeds. But he abode in Perugia because unless either he or His Highness Giovan Paolo attended to the government of the city things went badly, and the interests also of the family were endangered; and also because he was a man advanced p.166 in years. And he ruled the city with utter justice, and was therefore much loved by all in the city, and chiefly by the artificers. Moreover, he gave honour to each man according to his condition, and cared for the markets that they were well supplied, and for every other thing needful, so that all men began to love him from their hearts. And for that His Highness Giovan Paolo was a worshipful man and a very fortunate, and did not need that any man should be master to him in the art of war, and that, as you know, he was captain of the host of Siena, for all these reasons ? you may be well assured that his Lordship was well versed in the trade of fighting.

To return to what I had to say, I tell you that the Lord of Camerino and the men of Foligno wished to overturn the rule of the High and Mighty Baglioni and give aid to the new exiles; and to aid these his Lordship Muzio Colonna had already come with three hundred cavalry, and having other lords with him, so that they had got together many men. And in this matter they were in accord with the Florentines, who had given their support to the old exiles, and had always endeavoured the downfall of Perugia; and though they ever pretended to be friendly to the rule of the High and Mighty family of the Baglioni now established in Perugia, yet at this time no mischance ever befell the city of Perugia but that the Florentines had their hands in it, though cautiously and by stealth; nor was it of any avail that the High and Mighty Baglioni entreated them kindly and gave them aid when they were straitened and in the time of their necessity.

Then, because they wished to harass the city of Perugia on every side, the old exiles* occupied the parts about lake Trasimene, and the new exiles the district of Spello and Colazzone. And there had already come to Cortona His p. 24 Highness Pompeio, with Carlo Sforza, and Messer Filippo, degli Oddi p. 174 and Sforzino degli Oddi; there, too, was Giulio Cesare of the Armanni, and others of his High and Mighty house, and Berardo da Corgnie, who had had part in the great betrayal, and his brother with him. These had collected together cavalry and infantry as many as they were able. And after these came Count Lodovico da Marsciano, that was in the pay of the Florentines, with his men; and besides him Signor Pier del Monte, and Baldassare Scipione, exile from Siena with other gentlemen and brave captains.

So the men of the Florentines were assembled at Cortona, and all the others in the city of Foligno; and being minded to make a beginning of troubling the city of Perugia, as had been determined, on the fifth of the month of May, 1501, the Florentine army, with great and fierce alarums, struck camp and fell furiously upon the land of Perugia and came to the town of Passignano. But because the gate towards Cortona had been walled up in expectation of this assault, and all the boats that were on the lake had been sunk, they marched along the hillside till they came to the slope above Passignano. Thence they came with a rush down on to the gate that looks towards Perugia, and broke into it, and occupied the street that leads to that gate where Giulio Cesare da Corgnie was on guard; who, when he saw them break in, forthwith with the men under him and others who lived in that quarter, fell upon the enemy and fought against them and wrought so manfully that by main force they thrust them forth from the town; and so valiantly did they fight that about eight of the enemy were slain. And the assault lasted three hours or more. Then, when they saw that they could not prevail, the enemy retired along the hillside and came to Borghetto, where they pitched their camp, setting up booths and tents in the green meadows; and they enrolled fresh men the while and strengthened their army. Now in the assault it came to pass that Berardo and Giulio Cesare da Corgnie met, and Berardo earnestly entreated his brother to deliver the town to him; but that other would never hearken to him that had been a traitor.

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* The old exiles were the Oddi and their friends. The new exiles were those banished with Carlo Baglioni after the "great betrayal."

News of this was quickly brought to the High and Mighty Morgante, and forthwith His Highness wrote to the High and Mighty Giovan Paolo Baglione, and sent a great force of infantry to the lake. And when tidings of this reached the High and Mighty Giovan Paolo it was nearly night, and though that very day he had been with his army at Nocera, yet he sent his artillery to La Branca in the Duchy of Urbino and himself rode through the night with his army to Perugia, and reached the town about two hours before day. There he rested till dawn, and in the early morning breakfasted, and then worn and weary as his men were set out for Passignano. And at the head of them rode their Highnesses Morgante and Giovan Paolo, each one bearing his black flag, and so they came to Monte Colognola, where they refreshed themselves awhile and so on to Passignano. There too they rested awhile and then took counsel with their captains whether they should engage the enemy in battle. And the more part advised that, for that they were much overwrought, seeing that the day before they had marched to Nocera and that same night had left it and without a halt had come to Passignano, so that both men and horses were exhausted,—if upon all this they had to fight the toil would be too great for their strength and might cause a disaster. Nevertheless their Highnesses Morgante and Giovan Paolo, because they had a foreboding that the new exiles were drawing towards Spello, wished to bring matters to a head without waiting for the reinforcements sent by the Duke of Urbino and the town council of Siena.

So they began to draw up their forces; and the infantry they divided into two parts, of which one was to march along the brow of the mountain and the other to attack the enemy from the lake. And at that moment there came an envoy from Siena, who bade them make proclamation that if any man took prisoner Baldassare Scipione the Sienese and delivered him up to that town he should receive from the town council a reward of two thousand ducats. At the same time it was ordered by their Highnesses Morgante and Giovan Paolo that all plunder that might that day be taken from the enemy by anyone whatsoever, be it great or small, should be thrown into the common and be divided among all the soldiers; so all booty would be shared by all. This they did in order that every man might be more eager to follow up the victory than to gather spoil. Then His Highness Morgante took command of all the light horse, and marched towards Borghetto, where the enemy lay. And they all rode in close order, following the black flag of His Highness Morgante, so that it could not be seen what the number of them was. And when His Highness was come close up to the enemy he ordered the assault on their army which was drawn up in battle array. But the enemy did not imagine that the High and Mighty Captain Giovan Paolo was there, nor that he had in so few hours come again from Gualdo; therefore they had no thought that they would be assaulted. Presently His Highness Morgante encountered the enemy and a stern fight began; and hardly had they joined battle when his infantry, which he had sent by way of the lake, disembarked and dashed up to support him. His Highness Giovan Paolo too spoke a few words to encourage his men and then came up to strengthen his brother, and by his example he heartened his men, and as I have been told, ever and anon he turned back to them crying out, "With such brave men round him, how could a man ever fail?" and he called on each man by his name, and with his sweet words he comforted them. Moreover, so loud was the bray of the trumpets and the rattle of drums that all hearts were keen set and eager for battle. Thus Giovan Paolo and his men fought in close order under the black flag of that other captain his brother. But when he rode forward he was clearly seen by the enemy, and at once they knew him; for before that they had not any certainty that he was there. And when he thus charged down on them panic began to seize the ranks of the foe; and when Giulio Cesare della Staffa, and Berardo da Corgnie, and the Count Lodovico, who were on the field and had with them a squadron of eighty horsemen, saw this, and saw that their men were failing for fear, they doubted that they could any more restore the battle, so they turned them and fled, and abandoned their men to fight without them.

So these two captains rode about the field doing with their swords deeds of deathless fame; and truly it was a sight to see His Highness Morgante Baglione go about the field like a hungry lion; and as he thus rode he came upon that noble youth Carlo degli Oddi, his own nephew, and him he wounded in his beautiful face, for he was a youth fair and lovely to look on, twenty-three or twenty-four years old, and the auburn locks of his hair flowed out over his splendid harness.

Now when his uncle, his cruel enemy, had left him, there came up against him another who would have made him prisoner, and cried to him, "Surrender to me!" Then the beautiful youth, who was utterly spent so that he could hardly keep him in his saddle, answered: "Tell me thy name." And when he understood that he must needs surrender to a churl he made reply: "Thou art not worthy that a man of gentle blood and noble should surrender to thee, but it well may chance that thou shalt vaunt me slain rather than thy prisoner." Then weary as he was and spent with pain and toil, he began the fight; but as his noble blood streamed to the ground full soon weary and faint he fell from his horse, and his fair limbs lay on the green sod. Round about stood many men-at-arms and other folk wondering at the noble youth and his surpassing beauty; and all wept to see the life fail from those fair limbs, even they that had never seen him before; and they stood and gazed so earnestly on that comely form that they utterly forgot to fight. Thus did that glorious boy give proof of proud and imperial soul, such as beseems one born of noble blood; and thus young in years he did this deed worthy to be had in everlasting remembrance, one which, making no account of what else he did in his life, alone sufficed to earn him name and fame that shall never die.

On the grass of the earth lay that noble body lifeless; but not for his cruel death did the strife cease. Like dragons through the field the two captains rode, and the High and Mighty Morgante oft cast aside his sword and took a new, or mounted a fresh horse and did such deeds as the tongue of man cannot tell. And all who saw wondered. And even then His Highness Pompeio was taken by a constable of Perugia and brought to Borghetto, and another pursued Baldassare Scipione of Siena for a great while, but when that one was nearly taken he killed the horse of him that chased and so escaped. And Count Lodovico too fled away not to be taken prisoner, and at the last all the army of the enemy broke and fled, and the men of Perugia had chase of them even to Cortona; and when His Highness Morgante reached the town he found the gates shut, so having taken a great number of enemy in the pursuit they turned again to Borghetto.

And as they went they came upon much cattle that was being driven to Cortona. For the farmers had heard of the coming of His Highness Morgante. So they gathered herds of cattle and great booty in the territory of Cortona, and took it with them, and as they returned they spoiled the country. For they had broken and routed the enemy.

Then when the two captains had come again to Borghetto, all the prisoners were delivered up to them, and among the rest His Highness Pompeio; and him they praised to his face with courtly words, and then that same night let him know that he must die; and when that very cruel news was told him he lifted up his voice and wept with a bitter cry that might have wrung moans of pity from the very stones; and as he wept he said, "Oh, ill-fated house of the Oddi! How famous once for your Generals and Captains, your Knights with golden spur, your Protonotaries and Abbots; two-and-forty men at one time were called by your name, and now in me,* the last, the great and splendid house of the Oddi is lost to name and fame. Never again in all the ages will men mention it any more. This day the hour has come when every friend must lose hope ever to see me again. Now has come the last and woeful day that makes an end of all my great unhappiness: of me who, while I lived in this world, never knew what joy was. Nay, of a truth I am more unhappy than Pompey of old, of whom they tell us that he bewailed himself with immensity of tears, so that every man pitied him."

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* That is of his branch of the family, for Filippo and Sforzino degli Oddi mentioned above remained alive.

But naught availed, and that night he died, and was cut off after so few years of life; nor was there any but grieved and sorrowed for his death, especially when they remembered how sad his life had been and how unfortunate. From all this you may take pause and consider of what sort is the rule of men of gentle birth, when you see in how short time the High and Mighty House of the Oddi was wasted, and those of the other gentlemen of Perugia; for so many died or were driven forth into exile and abolished, as would have sufficed to have been a glory to ten cities, so that beyond all other cities that are divided by factions you may call her unhappy and ill-fated. For when you see each day murders of gentlefolk and citizens, burnings of splendid mansions, robberies, and hatreds; justice and fair dealing trampled under foot, universal discontent, and all other evil things that can befall man, you may well say that to live in Perugia is to be in Hell.

But to return to my story. As I said, the High and Mighty Pompeio was taken and slain; slain, too, was that noble youth Carlo degli Oddi, and another lord was taken by Constantino, troop leader of His Highness Morgante, and from imminent danger it was that Baldassare Scipione escaped, as I have related. Moreover, Berardino degli Graziani was taken, and with him very many others from various towns. Slain, too, were many constables and valiant fighters; and yet more noteworthy, it seems to me, that of the men of Perugia not one was slain, nay, nor even wounded, save one squadron leader, Chirione, of a noble family of Monte Sperello, who with his own sword wounded himself by mere mischance; and this seems to me, when I consider it, passing strange.

But among the slain was a messenger from His Highness Carlo Baglione, who had but then ridden into camp with letters bidding them be on their guard, for that His Highness Giovan Paolo had left Gualdo with almost all his cavalry. Now this messenger had not yet delivered these letters, and they were found on him, together with others, on which their Highnesses Morgante and Giovan Paolo set great value, for by them they got to know many plans of the enemy. And I would have you understand that if the enemy had known earlier of His Highness Giovan Paolo's departure from Gualdo, they would never have waited the attack, and there would have been no battle. But they could not conceive that His Highness Giovan Paolo would have left Gualdo, having regard to the other body of enemies that was at Nocera. Nor could they believe that even if he determined to march any message could in so short a time reach His Highness, or he himself bring his army against the enemy. For indeed the distance he had to cover in so short a time was great, and very exactly did our two captains lay their plans. And if it had not been so late they would have done far more execution on the enemy, and perhaps even Cortona and the splendid mansions which belong to its citizens in the country round would have tasted of calamity and tribulation. But night had already fallen.

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Thus, as I have said, on the 5th of the month of May the enemy marched into the territory of Perugia, and the battle of Passignano was fought, and on the 6th they were broken and slain. And on the seventh the two captains, fearing lest the enemy on the other side should make some fresh assault, struck camp and returned to Perugia, bringing with them the proud banner taken from the enemy as token of victory and of the great glory they had won. And it was hung up beside the other banners that they had in other battles taken from the enemy.

Now when it was known in Cortona that the two captains had gone away with their army, those who had escaped from the great battle met together and went to the place where the deadly fight had been, and sought for their dead and brought them back to Cortona and buried them. And according to a letter written by Giulio Cesare della Staffa to the Duke of Urbino, they found two hundred and fifty dead all of their army, and it is said that more were slain by the camp followers than by the soldiers. Howbeit I do not give the number for certain. And of prisoners our captains took as many as they had a mind to take, and had they desired more they would have taken more.

Now the victory was celebrated with great rejoicings in Perugia and also in Siena; but the news of it gave no pleasure to Florence. Nevertheless the Florentines, subtle men as they are, sent to explain their conduct with great flow of words which were accepted so far as form and diplomacy required, but no further.

The place of battle, for the death of so many men there, might well be called the Field of Blood, even though the Romans had not there been routed by Hannibal. Field of blood it had already been named for the Roman blood there shed, and now afresh, for the blood freshly shed there, it earned the same name, for names are ever fitted to events, and of this much was written in prose and rhyme. And where the strife between the High and Mighty Houses of Oddi and Corgnie began there it ended. For it was in this spot that those two noble families first fell out. And of this I will say no more but return to my story.

When the two captains had won their great victory, which was a sore grief to the Signory of Florence, and to the Lord of Camerino, and to the town of Foligno, because by it their purpose to destroy the town and territory of Perugia was brought to naught, they returned to Perugia. And after a few days they let all the prisoners they had taken go free, and those who were of rank had honour done them with rich gifts and donations, to each man according to his degree.

I now take up my story again at the place where I left telling you of the Duke of Candia, who was marching with his army towards Castel Bolognese, which quickly made terms with him, and thence, as I told you, he went towards Bologna and as soon as he appeared before the town Messer Giovan Bentivoglio made agreement with him and paid him many thousand ducats, and promised besides for a fixed time to maintain a body of mercenaries in the service of the outland Duke. Then, when he had made agreement with Bologna, he marched on Florence hoping to add that city to his dominion, but the enterprise was too great for him. He was encamped there for about a month, and his soldiers did much damage to the rich district that surrounds that splendid city, but because Florence had men-at-arms ready for war the outland soldiery kept at a distance from the walls. So it turned out that the High and Mighty Vitilozzo was quite out in his forecast, who had anticipated that he would be able to take signal vengeance on the Signory of Florence for the death of his brother. But his plan came to naught, and the outland Duke was not even strong enough to bring back Piero dei Medici from his exile into Florence. So the Duke broke up his camp without having made any treaty with the Florentines, and moved on Piombino intending to seize the lordship of that place.

And to leave nothing untold I record how on the 20th of May, 1501, sister Colomba died, and rendered up her soul to God, who in her life had wrought many miracles. p.3.

Now the Pope had determined to establish his outland son and to make him Lord of Piombino, and for this purpose to send a body of men by sea to Piombino. Accordingly he gave orders to lay hands on all the men who in the month of June come down to the Maremma for harvest; and so it was done, for they were all seized and sent to row in the galleys. In this fashion many hundred men were held prisoners, and many were ransomed of the outland Pope, and he did not let them go at a cheap rate, but made their friends pay for them as though they had been real enemies of the Church. In this way the Pope got together a great treasure and many ducats, and with the remainder of his prisoners he furnished his galleys with rowers, that he might the better encounter Jacopo d'Appiano, Lord of Piombino. So I leave you to consider how great was the holiness of him who thus brought all Italy to misery and tribulation.

Before that I come to tell you of new doings of the French king I will spend a few words in relating an anecdote that will give my soul some solace and will not perhaps be tedious to you in the hearing, saying how in the year 14 * there was discovered by certain Lombard masters in the ancient city of Rome a tomb in which was laid a well-preserved and beautiful maid whose name, as could be read in the epitaph, was Julia; and on her head was a tiara set with many jewels of great value, and her golden hair was bound wth a fillet of green silk, and when they opened the tomb those masons carried off the tiara and much other jewellery. Now this body had been placed in a large quantity of liquid which had preserved the flesh free from decay so that she appeared newly dead; the tomb too was beautifully wrought and one of the lines of the epitaph ran thus: JULIA FILIA CLAUDI.

I return to my tale and relate how the Pope, after he had furnished his galleys with rowers and fighting men, sent them to Piombino, and after them came the outland Duke of Valentia to fight against that place, and great injury they did it, that is to the kindly state that he claimed as his; yet as they must needs take in hand another affair he left this business unfinished and with no advantage, as I will tell you.

Pope Alexander saw the city of Milan, and with it the whole of Lombardy, brought to ruin because it had passed to a new Lord; and as though this were not enough he

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* There is here a blank in the MS.

Louis XII

sent his son to harry the whole of Romagna. To have harried, as you have heard, Florence and Piombino did not satisfy his appetite; nor was it enough for him to have once already brought ruin on the kingdom of Naples, but he wished again to destroy it and see it run red with Christian blood. Wherefore he made agreement with the King of France that he should send forces by land and water to seize on the great kingdom: and the French king at once took order accordingly. And when the King of Naples heard this he began to levy soldiers and hire mercenaries, and losing no time sent an envoy to His Highness Count Ranuccio di Marsciano, citizen of Perugia, informing him that he had by the King of Aragon been made Duke of Gravina, and that this lordship had been granted to him absolutely by the King. Thus he that had been Count, and before that citizen of Perugia, became Duke; and thus our city had one of its sons a Duke. And after he had been notified of his elevation to the dukedom, he was informed by the same envoy that the King had taken him into his pay with the command of * lances; and after that there were counted out to him twenty-eight thousand ducats; and two hundred war horses were given to him so that he might make provision for the King to set in array the number of lances I stated and a force of infantry, so that his command was even more important than what I have told you. When delivery had been made to the said Count Ranuccio he mustered his men in order to earn the money he had received, and also to make due returns to the King's

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* There is here a blank in the MS.

sacred majesty for the lordship bestowed on him; and then marched with his men into the kingdom in obedience to the royal commands. Besides these troops the King had with him all the forces of the Colonnas and of the Savelli and many other gentlemen all in due array. To oppose them the Pope took into his pay the High and Mighty Morgante Baglione with a hundred lances as a mercenary of the Church.

Now His Royal Majesty of France designed to put his hand into the affairs of Naples, and to lower even to the ground that honourable King, against whom indeed every man's hand was now turned, and one wanted one part and another another of that kingdom, so that even the King of Spain looked for his share; accordingly the said King of France sent thither by sea and by land great forces of infantry and cavalry; and to support him he had all the Orsini clan and the Guelf faction. Taking advantage of this, the High and Mighty Baglioni thought they would be able, while the French passed through the land, craftily to wreak a private grudge. So his Highness Giovan Paolo spoke to one of the officers of his command, a French lord of high estate, who was under orders to march down to the kingdom of Naples and there to join himself to the King of France, and under a specious colour bade him take the way past Nocera, and with his French soldiery drive the Perugian exiles from that city, and thence march on Foligno, and there gratify the High and Mighty Morgante and Giovan Paolo Baglione by doing all the harm he could to the citizens of that place. Then when the men of Foligno heard of this they were sore afraid, and to avoid the peril they forthwith sent ambassadors to the outland Pontiff, to plead with him to take order that the Frenchmen should march by another road so that they might escape injury at their hands, and if his Lordship would consent to do this they would pay him so many thousand ducats. When the Pope heard the offer made by these ambassadors on behalf of the people of Foligno, and their promise to pay him money, his heart was at once softened and he hearkened to their prayer; and if ever in his life he had suffered any displeasure at their hands all was at once forgotten when he saw that money, for he was *fons avaritiæ.* So he took up the matter, and so arranged it that the Frenchmen did not come our way, but marched through the lands of Siena and so straight on to Rome; and this he did not to prevent a disgraceful act, but for the money that was paid down to him. And thus all that army* marched on and came to Rome.

When the French came to Rome they thought they could there behave as they had behaved on the march, during which they had acted abominably, so abominably that I will not describe their conduct, and indeed words would fail me should I attempt to do so. So in Rome they set about plundering the Jews' quarter, with the result that more than a hundred Frenchmen were there slain. At last, however, they took order to march towards Naples. And the King of Naples when he heard this gave orders for the garrison that he had in Marino to retreat, which they did after burning Marino and other villages of the district. And they retired to Capua and there threw up lines of defence, and Count Ranuccio halted there with the splendid body of men under his command, and with him were many other lords of high condition; and in the city of Aquila all our Perugian exiles were stationed, to hold the French in check in those parts: and what a splendid army they were! So the French marched down towards Naples and came to Capua, where Count Ranuccio abode their coming. There then the French stayed their march and assaulted the town once and again, but the garrison offered a stout resistance, and killed many of the Frenchmen, and in one of these assaults Count Ranuccio was wounded. And after much fighting one day while the enemy were pressing an attack, certain men of the chief of the citizens went and opened a gate and gave admittance to the city to their enemy the Frenchmen. These, then, to make a good beginning, as they rushed in slew those men who had betrayed their country, those, that is, who had opened the gate to them; with cruelty did they kill them, casting their treachery in their teeth. So these got in and a fierce, stern battle was fought, and on each side men died by the edge of the sword, nor yet, for all that they saw so many fall, did either side stay their hands from the battle. But so great were the odds of numbers of the French against the Italians, who, moreover, when they saw that they had been betrayed were the more afeared, that at the last they could not but turn their backs and flee. Then indeed did the French begin to slay all whom they met, pitilessly;

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* "There were 12,000 infantry and 2,000 cavalry, and of artillery they brought with them 12 cannon and 24 falconets and 143 carts of ammunition. Never was seen a finer show. All this artillery was drawn by horses. To each cannon there were harnessed 18 horses two abreast, and to each falconet 8."

for they forced their way into the houses and slaughtered all whom they found within, even little children and women and aged men; ruthless they were and showed themselves utter enemies of the Italian race. So all the men were killed, and the young women were taken and led away, forced to serve the desires of those men, those enemies of Italy, and to foreign lands they went with their shame upon them. And after that the whole town was sacked and plundered; nor was this enough, for almost every house of it was burned to the ground, and it was made a wilderness. History does not record any more horrible cruelty. Yet had it been possible they would have done even worse, for no misery that we suffer can satiate their desire to inflict pain, and there was a limit found to their power for evil. So they left that town blasted and ruined, which before their coming had been for grace and beauty peerless; and its lovely maids they took away from it. Alas my heart fails within me as I think of all the woe!

In the other direction Signor Carlo Orsini marched with his army towards Aquila to restore Jeronimo Gaglioffo, enemy to the King of Naples, who was an exile. And as soon as he got to the town he entered without any difficulty, for there was within the walls a strong party that favoured him. And the exiles of Perugia that were within abandoned everything and fled away, finding their way as best they could without guides through the wild unknown country. Many were taken prisoners in the pursuit, among others the High and Mighty Carlo Baglione. He was surprised in a narrow gorge and for some distance must needs go with those that had taken him, but after a while, when they were come to more open country, he turned and made such excellent sword play with the weapon he had in his hand that he killed some ten men and wounded many others; and so all alone as he was, such was the marvellous strength and courage of the man, he fought himself free, and escaped out of the hands of those who would have delivered him up to his enemy. And Jeronimo della Penna rode on till he came to Sclavonia, and though they suffered great hardships others too escaped: yet many, as God would have it, came to evil end.

Not to wander afield nor to be too long-winded in my story, I take up my tale and tell you how the King of Naples, when he heard of the terrible destruction of Capua, and of the death there of so many notable men, and how he had there lost that great captain the noble Count Ranuccio, our Perugian citizen, who had but lately been made Duke of Gravina,* lost too that noble youth, Signor Marcantonio Colonna, a brave and haughty warrior, and the High and Mighty Troilo Savelli, and many other gentlemen and brave fighters—sad news and of evil presage for the maintenance of his rule—determined to abandon Naples and betake himself to Ischia, an impregnable island, and there to make a truce for a few months and gain time, hoping that fortune should show less unkindly. And the French marched through the kingdom and took the greater part of it, but because the King held most of the strong places he was able to make truce with the French, and so matters rested for a while.

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* It was reported that Ranuccio was murdered by Vitelozzo Vitelli, who had his wounds poisoned to avenge the death of his brother Paolo, whose condemnation had been procured by friends of Ranuccio.

Then towards the end of the month of May the High and Mighty Giovan Paolo called out his men who were quartered in the territory of Siena and about nightfall reached Castel di Piero,* near Graffignano and entered it during the night and there made prisoner one of the Counts that were in the village, although he was in some sort akin to him, and took many men and horses of the hostile faction, and so made himself master of the place by force.

And after that His Highness Giovan Paolo had got possession of Piero and mustered his soldiery, he was taken into the pay of Spoleto; for that town desired to be avenged of the men of Terni on account of an old-standing grudge, that had its origin from the sale of Cesi by Pope Alexander, in respect of which much blood had been shed on both sides. Accordingly His Highness Giovan Paolo led his army up to the walls of Terni where they did damage to the value of many thousand ducats, wasting, ravaging and burning; and at the last ambassadors came from Terni to his Lordship and put themselves into his hands and by his means a treaty was come to between Spoleto and Terni; thus did his Lordship win himself honour, and then moved his army from under the walls of the city of Terni. Now these things came about through the fault of Pope Alexander.

I now have to relate how in the month of August of the same year 1501 Messer Troilo Baglione, Protonotary of San Lorenzo, was ordained bishop of our city of Perugia. This bishopric he bought, and it cost him many thousands of ducats; and he got it by simony, as indeed at that time was the use in the collation of all benefices, both great and small. And because his Lordship was very covetous, like all prelates at that time, under pretence of paying for his bishopric, he pillaged both citizens and country folk, and thus amassed more than forty thousand ducats; to say nothing of the illegal things which he did in his bishopric of which men spoke freely; and many stories were told of his insatiable greed for money. But I will not spend more words on him. I have also to tell how that in this same year the men of Bettona, although they were under the ban of the Church, did homage to His Highness Morgante Baglione and took him for their lord and patron.

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* A village in the district of Viterbo. Semonetto Baglione was Count of Piero in 1385 and the present Count was apparently descended from him.

Now the High and Mighty family of the Baglioni, because they had received mortal offence at the hands of the Lord of Camerino, sought in every way to humble him to the ground and deprive him of his lordship; and there were nephews of his who had a claim on the lordship whom he had driven into exile; so they joined together to appeal to the Pope, and they persuaded him to bestow the lordship on his outland son, and for this purpose to make war on the Lord of Camerino. The which when he heard the Lord of Camerino forthwith appealed to the King of France, who enjoined the Pope to stay his hand, so that for the time he must needs lay aside that adventure; but what shall come of it later I will in due course relate.

"How hard it is a Satire not to write."

The Chief Pontiff Alexander the Sixth had a daughter Lucretia by name. Her he separated from her husband and made her divorce him. He then gave her to another husband,* who in turn died at the hand of the Duke of Candia, brother to the said Lady Lucretia, with whom, though she was his sister, he had adulterous intercourse. Then, to leave much untold, he gave her to wife to a third husband, the son of the Marques of Ferrara. The which Marques, because he had some doubt as to the security of his dominion, allied himself in this way with the Holy Father in order that he should not overthrow his rule, as he had done to many states throughout the whole of Italy. He gave his daughter as a dowry a hundred thousand florins and made public promise besides to bestow on her other great wealth. And when the time came that she should be married the Pope had made for her a pair of slippers that cost more than three thousand ducats; and from this you may consider how much was the worth of her other jewels and magnificences. And so great was the estate and wealth that she brought to her husband that, as people say, she brought to him up to the value of three hundred thousand florins.† After this fashion did it to the Pope seem fit to obey the commandment of the Church —to marry women and virgins.

And to do honour to the departure of this lady Rome was for many days given over to festival and games. And at last, the evening of the day before her departure, the Pope gave a great supper to which he bade those whom he thought fit. Many ladies came to it, and among others his beloved daughter. And when they had supped the Pope called for the players, and after his guests had been mightily diverted he led the Lady Lucretia his daughter to the stable, in which there were many mares and stallions, and they were greatly amused with what they saw. Then, as if this were not enough, they returned to the reception hall, and there he had the lights put out, then the men and women left their clothes and had diversion. This it was that gave eternal fame to the Holy Shepherd; this his performance was indeed kindly and honourable! How did he, with his divine wisdom, forestall the desires of those who came to that joyous festival! But perchance what I tell you is but a weariness to your ears, and the more so should any of you not believe my story. Yet I would not venture to say anything of it if I thought that it was a lie. But inasmuch as the thing was noised abroad, and because my testimony and witness are the people of Rome, aye and of Italy, therefore have I written. Perchance God will let my conscience prick me for that I write such things of the Chief Pontiff, yet that my work may be complete I wrote what you have read above.

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* Louis of Aragon.

† "Yesterday evening," writes Burkard, "as I hear, the Pope counted out in coined money to Sigismund and Ferdinand, the brothers of the bridegroom, ten thousand golden ducats, in gold, as dowry of the Lady Lucretia."

Thereafter when she was to set out on her journey a palanquin was provided built of wood covered with cloth and lined inside with gold and drapery exceeding rich; for the bearing of which two hundred men were ordered. There was room inside for several people so that the bride Lucretia could travel with greater comfort when she was weary of riding. Thus she set out for Ferrara, at one time riding at another in the palanquin, or whatever other fitter name you will give to her carriage, after she had taken leave of her dear father and of her brother. There rode in her train many gentlemen and prelates, and of horses fifteen hundred and more; and this is very truth. And the cavalcade was a sore trouble and expense to the towns and villages through which it passed; for the expense was great, so great as to be beyond belief. For each town subject to the Church must needs pass her on with all honour to the next. In this Pope Alexander acted contrary to the provisions of the law *In nostræ serenitatis Cod. destatius et imagin.*, as says Paolo da Castro. And to cut my story short, even the trumpets of the Duke were arrayed in fine cloth of gold. So to this Lady Lucretia great honour was done throughout her progress. For her Ladyship bore the great banner of all loose women, and was the leader of her fellows. So much concerning her, though there would be much more to tell; but to tell of her has become to me mere weariness, therefore here I make stay and will relate no more.

Now Pope Alexander had throughout his reign, by means lawful and unlawful, collected and stored up money beyond tale, and great treasure, yet his boundless and insatiable appetite, and the great hunger which his avarice provoked constrained him ever to pile up treasure. So his Sacred Majesty determined to become a merchant, and brought a great quantity of grain from Sicily to Rome. Then His Holiness made proclamation that no one besides himself should dare to sell corn in Rome, and caused so great dearth and famine in Rome that no bread was found in the city, so that the poor folk were brought to their death for hunger, and by this means he managed to gain fifty carlins for each measure of wheat. Howbeit fortune did not speed him, but rather wrecked several of his ships laden with corn; not that he therefore lost any of his capital, but his profits were less than they would otherwise have been.

In the city of Pisa, as people say, there was a treasonable understanding contrived by the Pope, who designed to reduce that city, as you may readily believe, to the rule of his outland Duke. So he gave it out that he intended to go to Piombino and see the lordship that he had acquired for his boy, and thence to travel to Romagna, visiting the towns on his way. And under that colour he proposed to enter Pisa and get possession of it. Now from the day that that city had revolted from the lordship of Florence it had passed all its time in woe, and it was seldom that an army did not lie round it. Howbeit by the time that the Pope reached Piombino the great treachery had been discovered, so that it was to no purpose that he should have gone any further. Meanwhile in Rome provision was made to deliver the citizens from the great dearth that the merchant Pope Alexander VI. had caused. After this he returned, for his purpose had come to naught.

And after the Pope had done these things, because of his desire to promote his outland son to great glory and power and wealth, another device came into his mind—to make him creditor of the Roman Church. And so he did, and made him appear as creditor of the said Church for the sum of two hundred thousand ducats. And in order that he might have the better security he gave him in pawn the Castle of St. Angelo which is in Rome. As this thing has been told to me, so I tell it to you.

Nor with all this was Pope Alexander content, but determined to put into act his design with regard to the lordship of Camerino. Indeed he had ofttimes before been urged to make war against the Lord of Camerino, and that by certain nephews of that lord, because they had by him been exiled, and they claimed that lordship as their own. So the Pope was fully determined to take his lordship from him and give it to his outland son. To accomplish this design he looked for aid to the High and Mighty Baglioni, who still had engraved on their hearts the cruel injury that the Lord of Camerino had done them when he devised that great betrayal which had brought so low the High and Mighty house of the Baglioni; wherefore willingly and more than willingly they made tender of all their resources for this purpose. And that this might be done orderly they called out a levy of all the city, ward by ward, and each ward had its own banner with the arms and colours that were theirs of old; and on each one was the splendid silver griffin. Never had there been seen a more magnificent show in our city, for every man bore a lance coloured after the colour of the banner of his ward. In every street and every square you saw citizens in the harness of soldiers; and for these few days no other business was attended to in the city. So that the time of Turnus* seemed to have come back when every man abandoned his proper trade and thought only of making arms. Thus cavalry and infantry were equipped beyond all count, to assault the Lord of Camerino and beat him to the ground, and requite him for his wicked deeds.

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* The reference is to Virg., *Æn.* vii.: Ardet inexcita Ausonia atque immobilis ante. . . . Vomeris huc et falcis honos, huc omnis aratri Cessit amor; recoquunt patrios fornacibus enses.

About this time, that is in June, 1502, there was a plot in Arezzo, and the town revolted from Florence; and they sent for aid to the two captains Vitilozzo and Giovan Paolo who joined them, and at once marched against the Florentines harrying the Upper Valdarno, and forcing the villages there to surrender to them; and because all the substance of the towns and villages lay out in the open, that is the crops ready for the sickle, every man and every township made terms with them, that they might not suffer loss of the harvest; and thus those captains quickly subdued a large tract. On hearing this the commonwealth of Florence determined to provide against the injury done, and hired His Highness Morgante Baglione to serve them, allowing him pay for a hundred and thirty lances and promising him besides to appoint him in short time Captain-General, with the command of other two hundred mercenaries. Thus of these two great captains one was friend and the other enemy to that High and Mighty commonwealth. Now when the Duke of Valentia heard this, he at once sent for His Highness Morgante and urged him to become his captain and promised to increase his pay. But for all his promises the High and Mighty Morgante would not accept his pay, and refused to break faith with the High and Mighty commonwealth of Florence; which thing was a great grief to the Duke of Valentia.

Now His Highness Morgante Baglione, as he marched towards the Florentine territory, must needs halt for some days at Borghetto above Lake Trasimene. For Cortona had already revolted from the Florentines and with it all the surrounding country. But His Highness Giovan Paolo Baglione being captain of the Sienese seized on the pass of Valiano and closed that passage into the Florentine territory; so that His Highness Morgante must needs apply to the commonwealth of Siena for leave of passage. And he got leave to march through with thirty or forty horsemen a day, but no more. So the army was kept so long in that bad climate that many of the soldiers fell ill and among others His Highness. Nevertheless they continued their advance towards Florence. And when the two captains Giovan Paolo and Vitelozzo heard this, fearing that His Highness Morgante Baglione might effect a junction with the other Florentine forces, they sent at once to the commonwealth of Siena asking that he should not be allowed passage. And this was granted them, so that His Highness Morgante was not able to reach the Florentine territory. Meanwhile His Highness sickened daily more and more of the sore disease that was on him, yet he remained there many days making light of his serious illness, if he could by any means find way of passage.

Meanwhile the Duke of Valentia had already left Rome to attack the Lord of Camerino, and marched with his army by way of Foligno, and he had brought all his artillery to Casalina in the territory of Perugia. It was drawn by six hundred buffaloes, and was very fine and splendid to see. At Casalina he halted several days, and his men did grievous damage; but Foligno suffered even more, for it was the month of June and the Duke's men wasted the farms and then exacted as ransom all that could be forced from the town.

But the Duke of Urbino, that had some misgiving as to his own safety, had made terms with the aforesaid Duke of Candia, hoping to be secure through the intervention of their Highnesses Vitilozzo and Giovan Paolo. Yet even so his mind misgave him. But that treacherous outlander, artificer of treason, made after the very likeness of his father, doer of such deeds as are natural to men sprung like him of an adulterous union, in spite of all sought to slay with perfidious artifice the most noble Duke of Urbino, having no regard to his promises made to those two captains. But he plotted treason against the Duke and at the hands of his own familiar trusted friends he endeavoured by treachery to compass his death.

i.e. Valenti

Meanwhile he rode with his cavalry through the States of the Church towards the dukedom of Urbino, and it had been agreed that he should enter the dukedom even at the time of the slaying of the Duke. However the plot was discovered, and just then the outland Duke entered Urbino with his army. And the most noble the Duke of Urbino when he had the plot revealed to him, and at the same moment heard that the Duke his enemy had invaded his dukedom, being too weak to fight fled; taking with him the surviving sons of Grifone Baglione. And so by flight he saved himself alive from those traitors; and in a moment all his dukedom was taken, and made submission to those outlanders. Yet no one who saw its inaccessible strongholds,

How came they to be in his keeping?
Grifone's wife was a Sforza, & Guidobaldo's
mother was a niece of Francesco Sforza.
But compare p. 81, & on the other side p. 173

the narrow passes and perilous precipices that defended it, but was certain that the said dukedom could not have been taken by assault in any man's lifetime; yet in two days the Duke of Urbino lost all these his great and goodly possessions; so that all men wondered. In the like way we have seen other lordships to be lost; to wit the kingdom of Naples and the dukedom of Milan in very short time. But that his Lordship escaped with his life was brought about, as men say, by Filippo degli Ranieri of Perugia. To tell how this was done would be a long tale, and to you might be tedious. However he escaped, and took himself off and went to Venice, and there asked for protection, and, as people say, had there great things promised him.

But their Highnesses Vitilozzo and Giovan Paolo when they heard of this great treachery esteemed it cruel and
p. 213 abominable; and at once rode over to meet the High and Mighty Morgante Baglione, who was at Lake Trasimene, and they discoursed at length with His Highness of the
(Borgia) treacherous practice of the Duke. For they began more clearly to understand the quality of outland loyalty. What they decided on I cannot tell you, but the two captains returned whence they came, and the other remained there, for each one was anxious about his own position; as was indeed inevitable.

His Highness Morgante Baglione was encamped, as I have told you, on the bank of the lake, endeavouring to get across into Tuscany, nor did he know how grievous was the disease that was ever more wasting his strength. Though weak, as if death were knocking at the door, he did not recognise the insidious nature of the sickness that sapped his strength, but thought that he suffered only from the malign and pestilential air. So he moved and came to Pacciano where he tried with doctors and drugs to heal him of his wasting disease, but all was in vain, and it seemed that the end had come and he must die. Then was it seen that envy at least was not yet dead; for one of his servants gave him a poison against which no antidote was of any avail.* But His Highness, when he felt that death had hold of him, sent for his brother Messer Gentile and clasping his hand set forth to him at length what it behoved him to do for his personal safety and that of the state. His hour was now come; short time remained ere he must lay aside this mortal coil. His tongue with which he had above all others pleaded the cause of the people of Perugia clave to the roof of his mouth. No more word could he utter, for death said him nay. Around all stood wondering at the body that lay before them. All wept, relations and soldiers, the death of that high lord.

Hardly had the breath left him when there came a messenger from Florence bringing promise of a more important command and yet greater distinction and renown; and this added to the bitter grief of his brothers and friends for the death of that glorious lord. And when they heard of his death the Signory of Florence regretted it profoundly, for they had already determined among themselves to give him the Staff of Command and make him their Captain-General. For never had a man been found loyal like unto him.

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* Bonazzi, the historian of Perugia, hints that Morgante may have been murdered by Giovan Paolo, who was jealous of his popularity in Perugia and feared that he might try to exclude him from the government of the city. This suspicion, though looking merely at the family history of the Baglioni it is not incredible, is unsupported by evidence, and the brothers, as far as we know, had worked together harmoniously.

Methinks that it is not in these pages of mine that I can relate how this honourable lord, worthy to be had in everlasting remembrance, passed from this life; at such length were it fitting to tell of his death in prose or in verse, Latin or in the vulgar tongue; with stately phrase and dignified recounting all his glorious deeds, whose fame shall never pass away, but give unfading lustre to the ancient city of his birth. So as any lengthier narrative of mine would but manifest the more its own inadequacy, I will merely say that on the seventeenth of the month of July, 1502, a victim of jealousy, this noble and illustrious captain died, slain by traitors and their most cruel poison; and by his death our city was widowed of a hero that brought her great honour, and of a much-loved son. Not a man there was but bewailed the death of him who bequeathed to his city and to every citizen glory and renown that shall never fade. And it was remarked that when he died exactly two years and two days had passed since his father and brothers were cut off in the pride of their honourable lives. In his death our hero was in every way honoured, but above all by the untold tears that were shed, and by the infinite mourning of citizens and of soldiers, and of all who had ever known him. His body was brought to Perugia to the Church of San Francesco and there buried with ample ritual beside his ancestors.

Here I would fain take leave of him, and cease to speak of one whose cruel death so moves to grief and wrath, but though no words of mine could portray and honour him as becomes his worth, yet it is seemly that I should say something more concerning him. And since you, who hear or read my tale, may perhaps wonder at my too fond words, I answer and say that Nature and Justice demand that the brave man be honoured and glorified before and after death, for good report lives for ever: and it is the more seemly that he should be honoured by me that write these words, in that he is to us of Perugia an eternal glory and renown; fame and repute he brings to this ancient city of his birth, wherefore let men never weary to tell the praise and honour of him, and of every hero, as beseems the splendour of his courage. I say therefore that never did nature so richly endow any man with all high gifts of soul as she did this honourable lord, and this shall appear from my short description of him. His form was well knit and lordly; taller he was than any other man, and his graceful limbs were so admirably proportioned that men commonly said that never in Italy had been seen a man more fair to look on, with arms or without, riding or afoot. When My Lord came into the Piazza all citizens followed in his train, and the craftsmen left their work to gaze upon his Lordship. And when My Lord went forth with the army all soldiers thronged round his tent door to see his Lordship, even as at the coming of the King of France, and such was his presence that he outshone all other lords and made them seem as naught. And Nature that had endowed him with so admirable frame and form appointed his birth in an ancient and glorious city, above all others haughty and apt for war, in which had never failed a race of honourable men to win her name and fame in the art military; wherefore she made him citizen of this our city of Perugia, for which he won so great honour and glory. And for greater assurance of renown he was born of that ancient and noble family the House of the Baglioni, beyond compare more than any other family of Italy fit for arms and battle, fruit in very truth of the loins of Mars. These were from of old, as I learn, masters of the art of war. And well did he follow in the footsteps of his lineage and relations. Abundant honour did he bring to Italy, especially to lovely Tuscany, to his ancient city of Perugia, and to the distant founder of his race. To Germany also he brought honour, whence, as the elders among us say, that family first came, by the glorious deeds that he did, though of these I here say naught, for I touch but briefly on the story of his life. Moreover he was born to be lord of castles and of towns. Yet another excellent gift Nature bestowed on him, in that she endowed him with a mind and character that made him loved of all that knew him, and won for him the admiration even of his enemies, and not a man was there of his but would have died for him. Just he was and dignified beyond all men, and his conversation sincere and seemly; greed of wealth never had any hold on him, who was generous and free-handed and governed his life with splendour and magnificence. He kept and maintained permanently in his court a hundred and sixteen at table, without taking count of the friends and visitors who were from day to day entertained by himself and his relations. For if any man of any account visited our city he was honourably entreated by the High and Mighty House of the Baglioni. Nothing I say here of the heavy expense of clothing for themselves and their relations; for as yet they were still draped in mournful robes of black for the dismal death of his father and brothers—tables, drapery, furniture, soldiers all black. Nor shall I tell of his other sumptuosities, horses, mules, dogs, falcons, jesters, singers, outlandish animals, befitting the state of a noble lord. Never would he have listened to any one asking him to sell his influence for money; and the man who had suggested such a thing to him he would have treated as a mortal enemy. Each year his expenditure so outran his incomings as to me seems incredible. Above all providence, that had bestowed on him all these gifts of high rank and noble character, and other excellences too of which I cannot tell you, thought well to set on his head a crown which should add lustre to all his other qualities, a crown that shone with a light more splendid than the sun's; that crown was the crown of Justice; for in his noble heart Justice was enshrined beside all his other virtues. He was a man utterly just and fair, and so immovably determined to give each man his due, that all the gold that ever was coined would not have made him turn aside, or wrest justice in the estimation of one poor scruple. A man more upright was never seen in our city of Perugia, who for a thousand ducats would not have told a single lie. More just he was than even Numa Pompilius, whom, because he was so just, the Romans made their king. And he had so many other excellent qualities that I will not tell them, for so my tale would be too tedious.

Finally the encomium of his sad death, or rather I should say his noble life, was written by Francesco Matarazzo. This I pass in silence. And here I make an end, and pass to another subject, merely adding in conclusion that while he held sway and government, he was never blamed for any thought or act, save perhaps that he was too scrupulous in administering justice, and that more in affairs in which he was himself concerned than in the affairs of strangers. A thing wonderful and hardly to be believed.

Finally as to whose was the head that contrived his death I shall say nothing, for perchance my suspicions are all awry.

So I turn back on myself to tell you of other events that happened meanwhile. In Tuscany the two captains Vitelozzo and Giovan Paolo were harrying the land and had got possession of a large stretch of country; and for his part the outland Duke had taken and filched the dukedom of Urbino and had treacherously despoiled its lawful lord, and being now minded to finish the adventure of Camerino pitched his camp against it. In the city was the Lord of Camerino and all his sons, save one child whom he had sent to Venice; and to make a long story short he with all his following was in a few days delivered up by the townsfolk to the outland Duke, and many gentlemen that were in the town were also delivered up, among whom was Carlo Baglione. So the outland Duke got possession of Camerino and all the suburb and dependencies thereof. Well in truth was the Lord of Camerino repaid for all his harsh rule and rapacity and treachery, but most of all for the false money that all his life long he had coined. For he with all his sons, save one only, died* in prison slain by the Duke. But Carlo Baglione and the rest by favour of the Orsini, for the war was theirs rather than the Duke's, were released from prison and escaped all danger.

Not to leave anything untold I now turn back in my narrative to the month of June 1502, and recount how in that month four signs were sent down from heaven on our city and suburbs. True it is that many mock and give no credence to these omens, yet we know that the ancient Romans would always take note of the omens before engaging in any deed or enterprise, wherefore I am minded to make mention of them to you together with all else that I tell. And I say that in that month there were these signs, to wit—first there fell a rain like unto blood, in colour scarlet. It fell in the city and in great part of the suburb, and on the leaves on which it fell there it remained while they were green, even until autumn, when the trees shed their foliage on the earth. Many said that it was primal matter, condensed and then sucked up by the clouds, and many held that this was a peremptory sign and portent boding evil. This was the general opinion, for such rain is seldom seen.† The second omen was an innumerable multitude of grasshoppers, that came in clouds and passed close by the walls of the city. They came even up to the gate called the Ivory Gate and then turned away to Lake Trasimene. The third omen was that of caterpillars, that came in the same way and from the same parts as the grasshoppers and reached even to the Ivory Gate and to Sant Agniolo and then turned towards the lake. Yet none of them came into the gates and walls of the city. The fourth omen and portent was that of crows. These came in exceeding great numbers to the Olmo, so that when they were collected together on that hill-side the whole slope seemed black by reason of the great multitude of them. And one among the rest was russet having a yellow beak, and he was far greater than all the others. All the rest were black and they stood round this russet bird but somewhat apart, as men that do obeisance to a lord. Moreover they had this custom that ever and anon seven, eight or ten together would cling to a branch by their beaks and hang there side by side like dead men, and afterward away, and devour many doves; and they abode here many long months. These were the signs and omens that appeared in the said month.

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* They surrendered to Giulio Orsino, who delivered them over to Cesare Borgia, by whose orders they were strangled in prison.

† A few years ago a similar rain fell in Italy as far north as Tuscany, where it left lasting red stains, such as Matarazzo describes, on leaves and stones. In Sicily where the phenomena was more marked it was by the country folk held to be "a peremptory sign and portent, boding ill." It was caused by the exceedingly fine red dust swept up by a violent south wind from the African desert.

But to return to my story. The Pope and his son had determined utterly to ruin the Orsini family, and when the barons of that house were aware of it, they took counsel how they might save themselves, and began to make a confederacy against the Pope and the Duke his son; not taking into account the fact that Giulio Orsini was a prisoner. To this end they solicited many high gentlemen who feared the Pope and the Duke, to wit the whole of the family of the Orsini, His Highness Vitelozzo, all of the High and Mighty House of the Baglioni, Messer Giovanni

Bentivoglio of Bologna, Pandolfo Petruccio citizen of Siena, Meser Oliverotto of Fermo. All these like a pack of wolves joined at the first call for help to strike at the common foe, and they were bound to each other in due form by stringent pact of many clauses; and among others one that bound each of them to come into the field with a fixed number of soldiers,* and many other provisos which I have not leisure to rehearse. All this was arranged in the month of September of the year 1502, in the district of Perugia in the great House at the Plains of the Alders, which at that time belonged to Cardinal Orsino who also joined with the others in the league, to which many gentlemen adhered, whose names I do not give lest I be too long.

As soon as the confederacy was established each one of the members armed his soldiery to attack the Duke of Valentia, and soon the first blow was struck as I will now relate.

By the end of the month of September, in which this league was established, Urbino could no longer endure the rule of those cruel outlanders and the citizens began to plot an insurrection. The first blow was struck at San Leo. It would be tedious to recount the details of that rising, but as soon as news of it spread the whole dukedom was up in arms save only Fossombrone and La Pergola where the Duke's garrisons lay, the fear of whom was on all the land. For all the strong places were held by the outlanders. Forthwith the towns of the dukedom sent and asked for support of the Barons' league, who sent a small body of cavalry to Gubbio, but when Don Michele and Don Ugo di Moncada, captains in the Duke's army, heard this they determined to relieve the garrison that was besieged in Gubbio, and marched thither with a great army of outlanders both cavalry and infantry. Then the army of the league and that of the Duke met in battle, and the former was one eighth part less numerous than the enemy, yet they were veterans so inured to war that they routed the Duke's army, although at the beginning of the fight these had every advantage of position. There the said Don Ugo was taken prisoner, and of those dogs some two hundred were killed, and more would have died had it not been for Paolo Orsino, a man of no account, who stopped the slaughter. And this chastisement came upon them for the horrible cruelty that they had used on those people, such as no tongue of man could tell, nor understanding of man conceive, for they had tormented Christian folk with torture and anguish of every sort. Too long a story would it be to tell of all their cruelty. So the Duke's men were all broken and routed by the league, close under the walls of Gubbio, though I cannot tell the exact spot where this happened. Now for pity's sake some Minorite brothers went out to bury those dogs and they saw that they were all circumcised according to the manner of the ancients; so they let them all lie where they had fallen, and the bodies were a prey to the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field.

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* They agreed to put into the field for the protection of their states 700 men-at-arms, 400 crossbowmen, and 5,000 infantry.

After the outlanders had thus been routed and cut to pieces His Highness Giovan Paolo Baglione took the field with his whole army, for he had heard that the citadel of

Gubbio was held for the Duke of Valentia, and that among others there was in it Jeronimo della Staffa of Perugia his enemy. This man was one of those who had imbrued his hand in the illustrious blood of the House of the Baglioni, and he was numbered among the other traitors. So without loss of time His Highness and the men of the town beset the citadel. And when the garrison refused to surrender the besiegers with wonderfully quick contrivance undermined the walls, and bending to it with might and main jerked out huge stones; and they wrought so stoutly that if these had been fifty feet long each, out they must have come; so that from roof to foundation-stone that citadel began to split and in good part break up. So when they saw this the garrison surrendered on terms. But the aforesaid Jeronimo could make no terms with His Highness Giovan Paolo Baglione, so that all else failing he must fall prisoner to the aforesaid High and Mighty Giovan Paolo Baglione. Having thus secured the said Jeronimo della Staffa His Highness Giovan Paolo Baglione returned with him to Perugia, where after a few days it was decided that he must suffer the penalty of death. Yet the High and Mighty Captain still kept him prisoner in his own house for he purposed that he should die by sentence of law. The same Jeronimo was but twenty-eight years of age, of graceful aspect, of urbane and kindly character. The bell was already sounding the third time for his dreadful sentence when he was told of the painful and untimely death that he must die. Whereat with tearful countenance he answered and said: "I was well aware that my death was at hand, yet I knew not at what hour it would come. Now I know

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the stroke of my doom which from hour to hour I have awaited." Then with a philosopher's calm he addressed the bystanders who were there to triumph over him, taking what comfort his case allowed, but chiefly with all care and earnestly seeking the salvation of his soul; and other sad words he added, his voice broken by sobs and his bitter grief of heart. At last he asked as a special favour that he might be shaved, for his beard had grown long, and this request was granted him. After that His Highness Giovan Paolo Baglione gave him over into the hand of the court, and he was taken to the Governor's palace while yet the third peal of the bell was sounding. And when the High and Mighty Captain saw that what he feared was rather the being quartered alive, or strangled, or some other painful death than mere death, he sent him an attendant to bid him take comfort for that the manner of his death would not be very painful. Then when the said Jeronimo heard that he was to be beheaded his weary and afflicted soul found some rest. And at the last this honourable gentleman was beheaded, and then quartered, and his body was cut into five pieces, which thing while he yet lived he had not known, and his head was set on a pike in that very place where he had taken his portion with the other traitors. To me as I reflect on these events it seems no small matter that a man of such high birth should die by so ignominious a death; yet for many months had he staved off the shameful doom that threatened him.

Of these things I will write no more but return to where I broke off. In a few days every stronghold in the dukedom of Urbino was recovered, so the Duke returned in peace to his dukedom and for many days made a progress through it, and found that everywhere the enemy had been chased away and the towns returned to his obedience.

[Sixteen sheets of the MS. are here missing. A brief summary of the subject they dealt with are taken from the Chronicle of *Girolamo del Frolliere.*]

This Giovan Paolo was ever a gallant and a valiant knight of marvellous, almost heaven-inspired insight and sagacity, as he proved in many enterprises and battles. Among other adventures he was in the time of Pope Alexander VI. invited by Cesare Borgia, called Duke of Valentia, son of that Pope, to come and meet him. At the same time there were also invited Paolo Orsino, Vitelozzo Vitelli, Oliverotto da Fermo, the Duke of Gravina and other gentlemen. The reason assigned by the Duke was that he being the Captain of the armies of the Church and they the soldiers, he must advise with them with regard to certain events of the war then in course. Giovan Paolo divining the treachery hidden beneath this fair show, summoned these gentlemen to meet him to discuss the matter; but they all were of opinion that they ought to obey and go to the Duke; Giovan Paolo alone maintained the contrary and tried with many arguments to dissuade them. In spite of this they determined to go, and cast no small blame on him for being distrustful of so great a man. So they went, and in short time the four of them were by the p. 235– Duke made prisoners in the town of Sinigaglia, and shamefully put to death. Their followers were all stript of their possessions and fled, and many of them came to Perugia. Thus was given evident proof of Giovan Paolo's wisdom and foresight.

? And on the 5th of January 1502, the day before Epiphany, the High and Mighty Giovan Paolo, and Gentile and the Bishop and all the other members of the House of the Baglioni, both men and women, left Perugia for fear of what the Duke of Valentia might be preparing against them, and they set out for Siena

[*Matarazzo's Chronicle here resumes*]

leaving Perugia by the Ivory Gate, which as men say has ever been propitious and of good omen to them as they marched forth from the city in the suite and service of the war god Mars; and it was always through this gate that the captains of the High and Mighty House of the Baglioni passed when they went to do battle with their enemies. Many men* were glad and joyful in Perugia at the departure of the High and Mighty Captain Giovan Paolo Baglione, for they thought that they would now be the first in our city. Therefore as soon as His Lordship the Captain had gone forth with his men they had the gates shut and the chains drawn across the streets and then set the bells ringing in sign of gladness at the departure of the High and Mighty Captain; and it was a great grief to His Highness to see his enemies so rejoice. So with heavy thoughts the Captain rode wearily Sienawards, hoping there to meet His Highness Pandolfo Petrucio. And with him rode a great company of gentry whom he divided into two parts, and sent one by the way of Castel della Pieve, while the other went with him to Chiusi where he made his first halt. There he met a secretary of His Highness Pandolfo who brought him money to carry on war against the Duke in the city of Perugia. Before my Lord crossed the Chiana he left wardens in Castiglione of Chiusi in the holds of Beccatequello and Borghetto, and then he broke down the bridge; and this was on the fifth day of January 1503.

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* These were especially the lesser nobles who hoped to restore an oligarchy, in which they would take a leading place, instead of the rule of the Baglioni.

To leave nothing unsaid I will now relate what happened in our city after the departure of the High and Mighty Captain. Fear was on all the people that the army of the Duke would enter Perugia, for they could not say them nay, now that the helm was no longer in the hands of the High and Mighty Captain. And though some were pleased with the new model, yet by far the greater part were not. – ? Immediately after the departure of the High and Mighty Captain ambassadors were appointed to go to the Duke and plead the cause of this our city of Perugia: these were Messer Gentile de Signorelli, a very eloquent knight of golden spur, and Messer Alfano de' Alfani, Treasurer of Perugia, citizens of Perugia both. These as I have said were to plead the cause of our city, and to petition him not to enter Perugia with his army. So they rode on their way and came to Sassoferato. There they found the Duke who gave them gracious audience; and when he heard that the High and Mighty Captain had left Perugia he rejoiced exceedingly and could hardly believe the good news, for he had prepared to encounter the Captain with no light heart, but with great questionings. And in Rome when the Pope heard of the departure of the Captain he made show of much joy, and especially he fired off all his great guns in the Castle of Sant Angelo so that you might have thought that Jove was shattering the world with his thunderbolts. So these made great manifestation of their pleasure on this account.

To return to what I had to say. Very many things were unfolded to the Duke on behalf of our community, and at the last, speaking for their fellow citizens, the ambassadors entreated as a favour of the Duke that he would not bring back into Perugia any of the gentlemen that had been exiled, neither those of the first or of any subsequent outlawry. And the conclusion was that the Duke was so well pleased to have Perugia bent to his will that he made promises, and yet more promises, and especially—that in his care not to hurt our city his Lordship would not enter Perugia with his army, though indeed he must needs pass through our territory. Furthermore he promised that he would not restore any exile, though truth is that he had with a thousand oaths bound himself to them to restore them to their homes.

So the ambassadors returned to Perugia and brought back the answer had of the Duke, to wit: that in order not to do hurt to our city he would not enter the walls of it (which was thought news to be wondered at), and further that he would not restore any of the exiles. At this many citizens rejoiced, and put themselves about, and with much saucy to-do tried to push themselves forward into the highest places of dignity and honour. To some however he seemed as one that mocked. And every man had his word, wise or foolish, to say in the Council.

Of this no more. But along with the aforesaid ambassadors there came as deputy from the Duke one Messer Agabito Amerino, who acting in concert with Cardinal Arborense, Papal Legate to Perugia, made a vast number of declarations in public meeting of the citizens, giving a fair colour to the Duke's treachery, offering the faculty he had from Rome for service of the city, and pledging himself that the Duke had no intention of usurping the rights of the Church over Perugia, as people said; and many other things he told them to the same purport.

Then it was seen who had the gift of eloquence and who not. The first to make reply was Mariotto de Alberto Baglione, First Prior and Magistrate; after him spoke Messer Baglione, and then Messer Pietro Paolo dei Raineri, and then Messer Matteo Francesco, knight, who had won his laurels on the field of battle, son of that monarch of the law-courts and most famed doctor Messer Giovan Petruccio: he was of a noble family of Monte Sperello. These with abundant flow of very choice language spoke before that Supreme Council in such way that their words deserved to be preserved in writing as a memorial of so famous knights and doctors. This was done on the eighth day of January of the same year in the Hall of the Legate 1503 to Perugia; and as a sure token that his words had won approval the freedom of the city was granted to Messer Agabito, and he was enrolled among the noble families of Perugia.

On the ninth or tenth of the month the Duke came with his army to the city of Assisi, from which all the men of honourable birth had fled, for they would not await his coming, seeing that he was their enemy. But the whole city was sacked and plundered, and some few women were ravished from it, and nothing was spared save what was in the monasteries. And he departed thence and came to Torsciano; and the rest of his army marched through the territory of Perugia, where they sacked many villages, stealing, plundering, burning, leaving no form of wickedness undone. And he departed thence and made his quarters at the Spital of Fontegnana, making all the country a desert; and any woman that his men could lay their hands on they took away with them. But in our suburbs many of them were slain by our country folk when they caught them alone or at a disadvantage. And they had in them an infinite gift of cruelty, the like to which had never before been seen or heard. And they loaded men with heavy burdens, as though they had been mules, having no bowels of compassion; in so much that many thousands died of utter exhaustion and distress.

And he departed thence and came to Castel della Pieve, wishing to march into the Sienese territory. For he could not go by way of Chiusi, for the bridge there had been broken down, and the warders of the two towers refused to surrender. These were the Tower of the River that was held for the Sienese, and that of Beccatequello, in which was one Bertone of proved fidelity to the High and Mighty Captain, who steadily refused to yield to the Duke. But the bridge at Castel della Pieve had also been broken down, so that the Duke had to have it rebuilt, and had other to-do besides.

At this time there had been long negotiations with a view to the making of terms between Siena and the Duke. But Baldasarre Scipione, an outlawed gentleman of Siena, was urgent with the Duke to march against the town. But the High and Mighty Captain had already burnt all the hay and straw in the district so that it was impossible to keep the field in these winter months. However, after full discussion, they agreed on a plan of action, and the Duke marched from Castel della Pieve into the Sienese territory, leaving that town utterly ruined; but before he left he had Paolo Orsini and the Duke of Gravina slain in the hold of p. 229 that town, just as he had slain Vitilozzo and Messer Oliverotto; so their life ended for these gentlemen; and for their deaths, especially for that of the Duke of Gravina, almost all men were moved to grief, for he was a worthy and kindly lord. He died while yet very young and in his death he showed himself great-hearted and constant to abide calamity, confessing his sins before he went to his doom, in accordance with the divine precepts. And they were buried with the burial of hinds. And in the territory of Siena the Duke sacked many towns and villages. But meanwhile Fabio Orsino, sent there by the High and Mighty Captain, was plundering and harrying right up to the gates of Rome, so that the Duke, hearing of this, perceived that he must come to terms, for he could not keep his army in the field before Siena while the Orsini every day scoured up to the gates of Rome, taking prisoners and plunder. But before leaving Siena he must try to have honour of it and to capture it by assault; and he set about the attempt after this fashion. He took Baldasarre Scipione, who as I have told you was with him in the ? p. 19

camp and sent him secretly into the town. And they were agreed that at a certain time he should send up armed men against the town, and that when they were at the gates the said Baldasarre should raise a tumult in Siena. And Baldasarre, for his part, that he might revenge himself on his enemies, so ordered it; for he had a very great following among the citizens. Then came a messenger to him from the Duke that soldiers were marching on Siena. Forthwith he called together his followers and raised a sedition in the streets, and when they saw him come forth from his house fully armed all raised the shout: "Hurrah for the Commons' rule! Hurrah for Liberty!" When they heard this cheering for Liberty and the Commons' rule, all the citizens rushed to the spot; for they were sore afraid that by the p. 220 doings of their Highnesses Pandolfo and Giovan Paolo they would lose their liberty. So on that account all his friends and followers forgot their trust in His Highness Pandolfo and joined in the cheering for Liberty and the Commons' rule; so that the men whom, as he thought, he had bent to his will showed themselves more readily his enemies than his friends.

Now the Captain had been riding through the town taking his pleasure, and had just returned to Pandolfo's house, when he heard the great uproar of the populace of the town rushing armed through the streets. Forthwith he rode into the house and almost in a moment came out again in full armour on his fiery charger, mail-clad like its rider, and not less prudent than brave he went into the Piazza among the people, having his brother Gentile beside him. There he joined the people in their cries: "Hurrah for the Commons' rule! Hurrah for Liberty!" Meanwhile all his soldiers came down armed into the Piazza, and then, to omit other details, the High and Mighty Captain, for he had eyes to see the designs of his enemy, began, in the midst of that vast crowd, a dexterous harangue and spoke, saying: "Neither reason nor duty move me to remain here in Siena, save for this, that the first day I came into it I designed to protect the liberty and honour of this illustrious city in requital for the money I had received from it. But it was not to be; and well do I see that on this very day Baldasarre Scipione makes booty of your liberties, and of all of you—slaves. Yet hence I depart, for I will not be servant to a thankless generation; howbeit with me you can find no fault, that I have not served you faithfully; but the time will come when you will weep tears for your present folly," and he went on to admonish them at length with words of fervid eloquence. And while His Highness yet spake in the midst of that great crowd, there came a scout with the news that the Duke's army was at the gates of Siena. When the people heard this they at once gave Baldasarre to understand that he must go back again by the way by which he had come, and he, for he feared the people and the Captain, took himself off.

When the people of Siena perceived how near they had been that day to fall into the hands of the Duke, and how they had escaped that danger not by any forethought of their own but by the Captain's great wisdom, they now loved his Lordship even more than before. For they said openly that without his aid there was for them no salvation, but they must fall into the hands of the Duke. Therefore they devised how he should not depart thence, and entreated his Lordship not to abandon them in their sore need, while peace or war with the Duke hung in the balance. So the Captain promised to stand by them; and terms of treaty were discussed between the Duke and the Signory of Siena, and after much conference an agreement was come to on the following conditions: that the Signory of Siena, to do a pleasure to the Duke, should banish and outlaw Pandolfo Petruccio and his family, and with him other specified citizens and their wives; and moreover dismiss the High and Mighty Captain Giovan Paolo; and then he for his part would march his army out of Sienese territory, all which was done for the good of the community of Siena. So when terms were agreed on and the treaty signed between the parties the Duke led forth his army on the way to Rome; and on the other hand their Highnesses Pandolfo and the Captain with the rest, set out one Saturday morning for Lucca, to keep the word they had pledged, and content the Signory of Siena. And they took with them all movables, but their estate in houses and land was made sure to them as had been agreed. For the said Pandolfo was very rich. So when they went forth from the city much people attended them, who made it clear how great was the love they had for the High and Mighty Captain; and when they had come some miles from the gates the High and Mighty Captain would suffer none to go any further. And when they parted every man kissed him, and he who could not kiss him touched his hand, and he who could do no better touched the armour that he wore, his own or even his charger's; and as he rode away many looked after him weeping, for they were all bound to him for the many things he had done for them. So the High and Mighty Captain rode on through Florentine territory till he reached Lucca, he and they that were with him; where for the present I leave him. Now all these things came to pass in the aforesaid month and year. January 1525

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When the Captain had departed from Perugia, our city turned to a peaceful and tranquil way of life. No more was any sword seen in our city nor was any manner of weapon worn in it, and each man that went out o' nights carried his lantern. There was no more violence in the streets, but men turned their minds to punishing outstanding offences. The law courts judged and no one hindered execution. And two men were put to death by the court who, either for private griefs or in party quarrels, had killed with their own hand more than a hundred men each. Whence you may consider what sort of life we had aforetime lived in Perugia. On the other hand it no longer seemed to be the Perugia we had known, for it showed shorn of all its splendour, now that the court of the High and Mighty family of the Baglioni was no more. Thither you used to see resort in crowds men of position, men of wisdom, gentlemen, doctors, knights, citizens and foreigners; and great abundance of soldiers and captains to do honour to the High and Mighty House of the Baglioni. That family illumined with its brightness the whole of Tuscany, for any high gentleman that passed through our parts was honourably entertained by the High and Mighty House of the Baglioni; and they had in their pay a vast number of soldiers, and each one of them was very sumptuous in his expenses, and more than all the rest the Captain, who in his palace stables kept fifty horses, all of them of the fleetest; three there were that he would not have sold for eight hundred golden ducats apiece. Moreover he had forty mules; and chargers, and other cattle in such number that ten thousand measures of oats did not suffice them by the year. And of the state that His Highness held I will say no more, nor yet of his sumptuous outlay, that brought great tale of money, through his soldiers, into Perugia every year.

Meanwhile the Duke marched towards Rome with his army, and he had with him the artillery that had belonged to His Highness Vitelozzo, and that of our city of Perugia. And the gentlemen of Perugia that were of the first exile ever prayed him to let them return home; so that the Duke was moved to keep the promise he had made them: and he sent a commissary to carry out His Highness's orders and restore them to Perugia; and he took leave of them, and sent them home. So they re-entered Perugia on the fourth of the month of February 1503, thirty days after the departure of the High and Mighty Captain. Thus those of the first exile returned, whom the High and Mighty House of the Baglioni had kept in banishment fourteen years and three months and seven days, reckoning from the day when they left the city to that of their return. And the other gentlemen that had been in exile also returned, and nine others with them, that is those who had played the traitor to the High and Mighty House of the Baglioni, and had therefore been driven out and banished from Perugia; and these remained exiled from our city two years and six

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months and nineteen days. But Carlo Baglione did not return with them; for he still attended on the Duke.

Now when the Duke saw that danger threatened him from the French, he sought out His Highness Giovan Paolo and tried to engage him in his pay, but the High and Mighty Captain prudently excused himself, making a show outwardly of friendship and goodwill; although the two men had bitter hatred and enmity in their hearts. Nevertheless the Duke earnestly sought to prevail with him, and promised to make him his Captain-General, and to give Messer Gentile the command of a great band, and to give him a wife with a dowry of lands and castles, and also to make his brother, the Bishop of Perugia, a Cardinal. But His Highness taking warning of past events, and hearkening to that scripture text, "Put not lasting trust in an enemy that has become your friend," turned a deaf ear to his blandishments.

The Duke of Valentia had now become a potent lord, and had won a wide dominion, and had routed many lords by the arm of the Church; yet he was not content with his great possessions, but had made himself lord of many cities of the patrimony of the Church, such were Cesena, Fano, Ancona, Ascoli, Fermo, Foligno, Castello and other cities which the Pope had granted him. And fear was upon the inhabitants and they submitted in silence, but were not at all content. Moreover the Pope had given him a Bull granting him Perugia in possession, but it seemed to him not so easy matter to get possession of that as of the other cities which he had taken.

Therefore the most likely plan to set about it seemed this: to send ambassadors to our government representing how His Excellency loved our city with an unfeigned love, especially because he there was taught the first rudiments of polite learning, and for many other reasons besides which for shortness' sake I omit. Wherefore he desired to make a treaty of alliance with our community to last seventy years; and as pledge and security he asked to have in his keeping four fortresses, Castel della Pieve, la Fratta, Sigillo, Castiglione of the Lake, and besides this he demanded that five hundred infantry paid by Perugia should go to the siege of San Leo before which he had lain for several months. No one raised opposition to these terms, for the fear of him was upon all. The gentlemen too let it be seen that they were very well pleased with them for they had received favour at his hands, in that through him they had returned to their homes. So the treaty was signed and ratified in due form, with torchlight processions, and ringings of bells and other signs of joy. And he got the soldiers and fortresses which he had demanded, and after that, on the last of April 1503, he sent to Perugia, to be in garrison there, seven hundred Germans.

The High and Mighty Giovan Paolo Baglione abode in Lucca with his kindred, waiting till fortune should be less unkind to them; but the Pope and the Duke, for they had a great opinion of the Captain, prevailed on that community to deliver him up to them alive or dead. But by favour of that High and Mighty Signory, as I have been told, the Captain had warning. So he departed thence and went to abide in Pisa, where they received him with joy and made much of him, for they hoped by help of His Lordship to assert and maintain their liberties against the Florentines, who for ten years had now been fighting against them to subdue them; but of these too demand was made to betray the High and Mighty Captain.

Now the Florentines were determined to take the field against the city of Pisa, for the summer season was favourable for a campaign. But when they heard that the Captain was in the city they did not wish to have him as an enemy to fight against, and so sent to offer him the command of their army with leave to make his home in Florence, where hitherto he had not been allowed to live from deference to the Pope and the Duke. So His Highness seeing that Florence was nearer to his own Perugia, was better pleased to live there than in Pisa, and he came and made his home in Florence and abode thus till that time of which I will tell you further on.

In August of that year the Duke sent 3,500 cavalry into the territory of Perugia, that did us very great injury; and it was also said that he was coming with a much greater army, but no one knew his real intentions; many said that he meant to attack the Florentines, and many that having become tenant of Perugia under the Church he intended to become absolute lord of it; and that the better to effect his purpose he would drive out of the city all the leading citizens and gentlemen. Others say that he had already heard of the great league made against him by the lords and gentlemen that he had banished, and how they had the countenance of the King of France, and how they were to make war on him, and to make a beginning in Perugia, relying on promises of support from the King of France, the Signory of Siena, and that of Florence, thinking it no such great matter to be at enmity with the Pope and with the Duke, Gonfaloniere though he was of the Church.

The Duke had at that time become the first captain in Italy, not so much by any great skill in war, but by treachery and by dint of money, for he had reduced war at that time to a mere matter of treachery, and all men had learnt perfidy in his school. And because he had ruined so many great lords he had all the flower of the soldiery in his armies, for all the captains of repute served under him, and he allowed his soldiers to take free quarters wherever they went, so that they gained more in time of peace than in time of war; and for this reason soldiers flocked to his banner. Besides this he had wonderful good luck; and he had amassed so great treasure and such store of precious goods that all the rest of Italy could not match it; nor yet was there in all Italy a like number of soldiers so well accoutred with horses and cloth of gold; and their number was infinite. And because the Duke was Captain and Gonfaloniere of the Church every lord looked up to him. Moreover he devised and wore many different coats of arms; and at this time he had one which was a seven-headed hydra, as we see it limned, and beneath was his motto in two lines and more giving his titles: *Cesare Borgia of France, Gonfaloniere General of the Church, Duke of Valentia and Romagna, Lord of Piombino, of Camerino and of Urbino,* and then followed the names of many other places subject to him; and astrologers and necromancers described him as *Filius Fortunæ;* but to write more on this theme might perhaps be tedious.

Our gentlemen of Perugia were not now so bold to perplex the calm and sedate government of the city, and almost we submitted to be ruled by the light of reason, nor were the officers of justice any more stoned like martyrs; not but that on the 18th of August on a constable offering to arrest an outlaw at the Sapienza Vecchia, he and another of his following were slain there by two brothers, citizens of Perugia. But to return to the point at which I broke off. Our gentlemen and magistrates, when they saw all the great force of cavalry in our suburb, and within the strong garrison of Germans to protect our city, that was itself so strong by nature, held themselves safe from any fear of enemies. But thereupon there rode in a courier with orders that all the cavalry must be in Rome in two days, if it were possible to do the distance in the time. Whereat all wondered, but the army departed and marched towards Rome. How this came to be you shall now hear. Besides what else I have written I must remind and tell you that on the 20th of this month of August 1503 news came to Perugia that on the 18th Pope Alexander had died, but as far as one can form an opinion he really died several days earlier. Of the manner of his death I have no certain knowledge. Many said that he was poisoned together with his Duke, but the truth is not known. Very certain it is that the Duke was at the point of death from the deadly poison he had swallowed, but for that time he got off. I should be sorry to pass over anything in silence, yet I hesitate and shrink from describing the Pope's death as it was related to me. However God forgive me for I will tell my story: how the Devil under the form of an Abbot visited the Pope, and discovering himself who he was, bade him come with him for he was his man. Then the Pope replied that he was not his nor would be; but the Devil at once showed him a deed in his own handwriting, which he had carefully kept; and this like the shrewd attorney that he was he bade him recognise as the basis of all discussion. In this deed it was written that if the Devil got him made Pope by craft then he assigned him his soul, and the Devil had further added there in his own handwriting—make him Pope at a given time. But the Pope had not with due care read and pondered the deed, and the time had come upon him sooner than he had looked for. So they set to arguing and disputing about the time, had it come or had it not come; and that though they had before them the deed, and the provisions clear, for they were both learned in civil and in canon law. But when the Pope saw how mighty was the enemy that assaulted him, and that he could come to no compromise, he took in his defence potent weapons—the body of Christ and relics of the saints; then for that time the Devil departed from him. And before long the Pope fell ill and died; and the manner of his death was such that when he lay dead in Saint Peter's there was heard by night a great and terrible noise, and they say that a huge black dog of awful aspect wandered the livelong night up and down the church, and that the watchers by the dead could not and would not longer stay in that place. And when the sacred relics that had been laid on him were removed, neither the corpse nor the dog were any more seen, and all the trappings of the dead vanished; and this who will may believe.*

But when the news of this death came to Perugia it seemed ill tidings to our chief men, and the Germans every one of them departed and set out for Rome. And this was on the 20th of August.

His Highness Giovan Paolo Baglione heard of the death of the Pope before it was generally known, and at once, without waiting to take his part in the plan† that had been agreed to, gave orders to complete with all speed the Chiusi bridge over the Chiana which he had already set about repairing, with a view to crossing into the territory of Perugia.

On the 20th of the month the High and Mighty Captain left the Florentine territory. He had difficulty enough in getting together a hundred cavalry, for the fighting men were all bound to the service of the Florentines, who had however promised to send after him a large body of troops. So with these and three hundred infantry he set out in good order for our territory of Perugia, and his brothers went with him, and the same evening they found quarters at Castiglione near Chiusi which they entered without meeting any opposition; but the citadel they were unable to take. There he made a short halt and then crossed the river by that bridge, the passage of which was secured to him by the goodwill of the Sienese; and some of his people crossed at the castle of Beccatequello which was still held for his Lordship.

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* Compare with this legend the similar account of the death of a priest recorded in *Assempro* xv. of Fra Filippo, quoted by Mr. William Heywood. More terrible was the death of another priest—"A player at Zara with whomsoever he met; a disordinate eater and drinker observing neither times, nor seasons, nor manner, nor measure; dishonest was he naturally and contrary to nature, a liar and disloyal, and living thus exceedingly ill it befell that certain men of the hamlet went to seek him, and knocking upon the door of his house they received no answer. Wherefore they said one to another, 'In good sooth we will know whether he be alive or dead.' So they brake open the door and went in. And when they would have entered his chamber they beheld him lying upon his bed upon his back and over him stood a dog very black and so terrible that they all trembled for fear. And it held its mouth over the mouth of that wretched priest. And when the men shouted the dog leaped to the ground between the wall and the bed and never was it seen more. And turning to the wretched priest they perceived that even at that moment he passed from this life. I knew his wretched life, and his miserable end I heard from others."

† That is the plot for a general rising against Cesare by all the lords whom he had displaced. As a fact the lords of Urbino, Rimini, Pessaro, Città di Castello returned to their several places without striking a blow as soon as the death of the Pope was known.

The next day, the 23rd of August, the Captain and his army, all in good spirits, advanced to Panicaiola, where they found comfortable quarters. And as the Captain approached nearer our city his enemies were more and more perplexed and kept every man under arms day and night. And to some of us these doings brought joy; to others sorrow.

On the 24th the Captain, resolute to accomplish his adventure, struck camp and marched to Magione where he halted for the day and captured both the village and its fort. Here finding that the reinforcement promised him by the Florentines and Sienese did not appear, he left the army in command of his brothers and himself rode through the night to Siena. There he quickly discovered that events had happened in the city, though what these were I need not here tell, which provided a sufficient reason why the Florentines and Sienese could not march out. So the same night he came back to his army at Magione.

Our gentlemen who had for many days spent their time under arms and in great anxiety now got sure intelligence that the High and Mighty Captain had but a small force with him, but that with his marvellous activity he would soon collect a large army. Thereupon Carlo Baglione who was in the city came to a sudden resolve, and showed that he was indeed a son of the war-god Mars, that in his veins ran the generous blood of the Baglione. His heart moved him to go forth to battle, to exchange blows with the High and Mighty Captain and his other brothers, and there to fight,—men of the same flesh and blood one against the other. And when he had in his own heart so determined he unfolded himself to the other gentlemen, and proposed, if so might be, to drive their enemy, before he waxed any stronger, forth from the territory of Perugia. And he persuaded them that this could be done. And when they heard His Highness Carlo they all approved his plan, and it was determined to do as he had proposed. And this was on the morning of the 25th, which was St. Bartholomew's day. And the same day they marshalled all their horse and foot to the numbers of 4,000 infantry and 400 cavalry; but they were not men to be relied on for any great enterprise. And they had hardly begun to move when Count Berardino da Marsciano rode up with an aid of a few horsemen. Thus it came to pass that the counsel of Carlo Baglione was adopted although he was the youngest among them all, being but 29 or 30 years old. So they set forth and marched out through the Ivory Gate, and as they went they met Jeronimo son of Messer Baglione who had come as far as San Manno with some fifteen horsemen, who fled from them; and they pursued, yet were not able to overtake, neither him nor those with him.

They had now advanced so far that the two armies were in sight and could hear each other's trumpets and drums; for the Captain had marched his army out of camp and was, as I have heard, on his way to fresh quarters, nor did his heart fail him or his courage wane when he saw the enemy so strong and so confident, rather he determined if opportunity offered to fight a pitched battle in spite of his inferior numbers. For he had, as I told you above, a hundred excellent cavalry all veterans in war; so that the Captain did not fear, having those hundred with him, to affront four hundred, nor yet with his three hundred infantry to affront four thousand; for as I have told you he had with him valiant men the very flower of all soldiery. And his line of march was as follows: he had placed in the van all the carts and sumpter mules with a body of infantry as escort, and behind them came his cavalry in two squadrons with all the infantry between them. In this order he descended the slope and marched towards the lake, making a feint of returning towards Siena by the way by which he had come. And when His Highness had come to and passed beyond la Cana he dismounted and halted his men, and sword in hand he went up and down all his army dressing their ranks, and very quickly he had them in such close order that it seemed impossible to break or pierce them. While he was doing this the enemy came up, by whom the Captain expected to be attacked;

but both armies kept their ground, the one as knowing well how mighty in battle the Captain was and his soldiers; and on his side the Captain, because he was weak in numbers and because the men of the surrounding villages were his enemies. So no movement was made on either side, although the High and Mighty Captain was many and many a time urged and entreated by his brother Messer Gentile to give battle: but the Captain would not unless he were obliged. And many say that at this point there was a conference between His Highness Giovan Paolo and Jeronimo della Penna. Then when the Captain saw that the enemy had halted and did not offer battle he got his army on the move again and continued his march; and as he advanced he was followed by the enemy who sent out some small bodies of cavalry to harass the Captain's men and prove their mettle; who inflicted no loss on the Captain. But of themselves three were slain, of whom one was called Perugino, reputed one of the best soldiers in the army; and they being dead were stripped and none ventured to hinder.

After this the Captain continued his march and the enemy to follow. And more than once the Captain halted his army to see what the enemy would do, but they still halted and advanced keeping at their distance from the Captain; so that the armies were at scarce two bowshots from each other, and in that order they marched. And the Captain advanced and halted, halted and advanced till he came to the plain of Mugnano and descended into it, and there in the low ground he determined to abide the enemy. These however clearly understood that it was useless to follow him, for he was not returning again by the way by which he had come, and they could not, as they had planned, overwhelm him by help of great crowds of country hinds from the villages round. For those enemies of God had all hurried down to the district of Chiusi to make booty and rob. And at last, to cut my story short, when they saw that the Captain had led his army out into that plain, they abandoned all thought of pursuit; and indeed they were fully persuaded that His Highness was leaving the territory of Perugia and would that same night without making halt push on into the district of Orvieto.

But the High and Mighty Captain prepared a most excellent device; for as soon as night had fallen dark he had many lights set burning on the hills in that direction so that the enemies of His High and Mighty Lordship were confirmed in their idea that these lights were for the Captain and his army as they marched towards Orvieto. Thus they were able to get the start of the enemy, and marched on singing and making good cheer as they passed. And through the night they marched till they reached Marsciano, and entering were very kindly entertained by the men of that place; for they had come to very dear friends. And this was on the night after the feast of St. Bartholomew. Here His Highness and the army took rest after so severe toil; but the enemy, thinking that he had already departed from our territory, had themselves set out for Perugia and that night they bivouacked in Castel del Piano and the neighbouring villages. The next morning they heard that His Highness had gone to

Marsciano and taken quarters there, which they thought but ill news; but to put a good face on the matter and also to hinder the Captain from crossing the pass and so having convenience to press the city and suburb at his pleasure, they determined to march to Cerqueto with their whole army, and they did so. These things happened on 26th of August of that year. 1503 Meanwhile the High and Mighty Captain was resting with his men at Marsciano, as I said, and at every hour of the day the two armies shot out detachments against each other, but no pitched battle was fought, but they were merely affairs of outposts. And while the Captain was quartered here those who loved him still flocked to him to serve under his banner. Hour by hour they came, foreigners, citizens, country folk, to fight for him; yea, and for him if need were to give their lives. And likewise the enemy hired reinforcements with their money from Foligno that sent him mercenaries, and from Signor Piero del Monte.

While the Captain took his day's rest at Marsciano he had not wasted his time, but set his wit and wisdom to lay out a fresh warp on his loom which it was now his purpose to weave into a perfect weft. Now, no longer needing rest or repose, our illustrious chief determined to leave his camp, not with any thoughts of flight, but to approach more near to his native city and more straitly to press it. Just then there came to him Francesco Barzo, a citizen of Perugia, whose home was in San Constanzo, and with him some few horse and foot. And when he presented himself to the High and Mighty Captain he was by him received with a glad look, for he had ever shared with His Highness in good fortune and in evil. Then, to shorten my story, His Highness bade unfurl his banners and every soldier take his place in the ranks. Then he sent for the aforesaid Francesco and ordered him to march with his company to Torsciano, where his nephew Baldassarre dei Signorelli awaited him, and there to halt till he himself with the rest of the army rejoined him. Accordingly Francesco set out first, and after him the High and Mighty Captain with the rest of the army; and they crossed the Tiber and marched by the straight road to Torsciano, and meeting with no hindrance about dusk entered the town where they found Baldassarre expecting them. This was the evening of Sunday the 27th of August, the last day of the fair in that town.

When his enemies were aware of the departure of the Captain and the way by which he had gone, they at once took horse and left Cerqueto and returned to Perugia that same night. For they rode hard, fearing that the High and Mighty Captain would reach the city before them. For if the Captain had ridden straight to Perugia he could have entered, he and his army without opposition; but he could not foresee everything. Be that as it may, it seemed to them an untoward event to have so managed the campaign as to allow their enemy to establish himself in a strong position in a friendly district close to the city, whereas they had counted on driving him away broken and discredited.

Jump on this comes news that the very noble Duke of Urbino had returned to his dominions, and had recovered the whole of his dukedom without drawing sword; for he was received with joy by his people as Duke and Lord, because of the love they bore him and their hatred of the Duke of Valentia and his outland soldiery. And it was also told in Perugia that the said Duke of Urbino had beaten the army of the Duke of Valentia which had for many months been besieging San Leo, that it had been utterly routed, had lost its train; and that much plunder had been taken; also that the Viteleschi had returned to their native city of Castello, and that the Chatellaine Giovanna Feltria with her sons had returned to Sinigaglia, that the Lord of Camerino too had at the same time recovered his lordship; moreover from other towns and cities came the like news,—that at the Pope's death the whole countryside had risen against the outland Duke, because he was the enemy of the Italian race. These lords all returned to their own without striking a blow, for as I have said the cities all spontaneously recalled their ancient and lawful rulers. In all the Tuscan land our High and Mighty Captain alone had to fight and overcome before he could return to his own; for our city held out stubbornly against him; and in the Romagna there was hard fighting for the Duke of Rimini. It was only by force of arms that these two could hope to win.

All this sounded ill in the ears of the gentlemen who then held rule in our city, for without the Duke of Valentia they could not maintain their authority, and he had no longer strength to be lord in these parts. On the other hand the High and Mighty Captain when he heard of the victories of his friends, and the great mishap of the Duke of Valentia, rejoiced to the bottom of his heart, for he hoped that he too would be successful in his adventure and triumph over his enemy.

Now that the High and Mighty Captain with his army was quartered in Torsciano, he did not for that stand idle, but recovered the rule of all that had been his, save only Spello, without bringing his men into the field. That town could not but hold out against him for there was in it a certain Bernardino who had for many years been in exile from it. The same was a very dear and close friend to Carlo. Therefore it was that Spello did not throw off the yoke like the rest but acknowledged Carlo as lawful lord. In the territory of Perugia too they recovered many villages, for they did not plunder the country, but rather bade everyone, citizens and country folk, mind their own business, and disturbed no one in his goings.

On the 28th of the month the High and Mighty Captain, who had heard from his spies that Filippo de Braccio, that had served with the Duke of Valentia in the army before San Leo, was returning to Perugia, detached Francesco Barzo and Count Alexandro of Assisi his relative to attack him; but as it happened he got notice from a hind and so escaped from his enemies and did not fall into the hands of the Captain, but got back to Perugia. Every hour of the day men on foot and men on horseback crowded in to the Captain so that his army was evermore increasing in numbers; and among others there came Signor Bartolomeo da Alviano his kinsman but he brought no men with him. His intellect was beyond other men's, and able and clear-sighted in the art military, and he had now left the Venetians, whom he had served as Captain of their forces. Ludovico da Todi too came to his aid with cavalry and infantry. He had aforetime been his enemy, but now, seeing how uncertain the future was, he desired to provide for all contingencies and have him as a friend. Many others too came from every side to support him, whose names I do not mention. On the 29th they captured about a hundred and forty oxen and other cattle, besides prisoners, at Castel delle Forme; for they looked on this place as above all others hostile to them and detestable; a mere nest of ruffians. The same day a secretary who had come from Rome to Perugia was taken prisoner; from him the High and Mighty Captain got information of all that the enemy were doing, and he was much pleased with this capture which proved useful to him. While the two parties were thus fighting for possession of Perugia they both sought aid from outside; and the Apostolic throne being vacant those who ruled the city sent to the College of Cardinals to ask soldiers and money so as to maintain in peace the Ecclesiastical rule in Perugia, and drive their enemy forth from our territory. For his part the High and Mighty Captain sent to offer all due excuse for his acts to the said College; and so the one party endeavoured to keep the government in their hands till a new Shepherd had been appointed, from whom they could get support; and on the other hand the High and Mighty Captain pressed the city hard so as to get possession of it before that time should come.

Now Signor Muzio Colonna had come to Spello with a large force of horse and foot, purposing to make his way into the city of Perugia to assist in the defence; but the High and Mighty Captain was determined not to let him pass; so, as he had been informed that the said Signor Muzio was to advance on Perugia with his men on the 1st of September, he drew out all his army and marched one division under his own command, as I have heard, to Bastia to watch that pass, while another division remained at Colle with his brother Messer Gentile. And when those in the city heard that the Captain would dispute the advance of the said Signor Muzio they determined to try and get him through in his despite; so they drew out all their men, and going forth by way of Fonte Nova marched to the bridge of San Giovanni and fell in with Messer Gentile, who had himself marched to meet them on the other side of the bridge. The battle had hardly begun when the Captain himself rode up. And some say that he there encountered Carlo Baglione hand to hand; and like sons of the War-god these two did deeds of wondrous prowess. Soon the said Carlo was beaten back and the Captain fought with Berardino of a noble family of Antignola and with a dagger-stroke gashed his face; Pietro Jacomo da Corgnie was also sorely wounded as were other of their followers. With matchless strength and valour did the High and Mighty Captain and Messer Gentile here fight, and fear of them fell on the enemy; and they drew back beyond the bridge, and shut the gates of it so that the Captain and his men could not cross that way. Nor yet could they ford the stream for it was in flood, and thus did the enemy that day escape from ruin; for had the Captain's men not been foiled at the bridge they would have routed the enemy and at the worst come to Perugia along with them. Yet before they could get themselves back across the bridge they lost several horses; and among others Count Berardino had to shift afoot, for he lost his gallant charger. So in a very shattered condition the enemy drifted piecemeal back towards Perugia; and many of their men deserted and hid themselves in the vineyards round about and afterwards came to fight under the banner of the High and Mighty Captain.

But His Highness when he saw that he could not entice the enemy to cross the bridge, save only those few I mentioned, returned with his cavalry to Torsciano, and his infantry, too, which had been ambushed on the hillside and in the slopes of the neighbouring forest of Miralduolo, returned to camp. These things were done on the 1st of September; and Signor Muzio, for he was afraid of the Captain, did not show himself on the field.

The High and Mighty Captain being resolved to fight out the war to the end, in order to hearten his army so as to leave nothing to chance, appointed a day when all his scattered lances should come to him, and all the men of Perugia, and the constables, and all the men that loved him. These he harangued with words to rouse their hearts, saying: "Now at last we have reached our home, and well I trust that by the strength of your right arms we shall quickly scatter our enemies; glorious is the victory that we shall win, and with it the ancient city of our birth. Now I will spend no more words in appeal to your loyalty or to kindle your courage, for I have good hope that each one of you will to-day play the man, as you ever have done in the past." Then with many other gracious words, which to repeat would detain me too long, he went on in a speech that went to the heart of every man that heard. And when he had made an end of speaking the High and Mighty Captain unfurled a white standard, with on it blazoned the Lion of Florence holding in its paws a lily, and he bade them all look on this banner, which till then he had shown to no man, and he told them that he had received it from the Signory of Florence—a mark of their goodwill and of their hopes for his victory; moreover, that there was in his army Piero Martello and with him a following of Florentine soldiers, and that the Signory would not fail him, and he said: "This shall be the banner to lead us to fortune and to victory. Under it none fight save only men of worth and valour, so that in every land it has been crowned with glory. Fight, therefore, first to win for yourselves guerdon and renown, and then for love of the glorious commonwealth that gave it me; lastly, for the love with which now and of old you have ever loved me. Therefore will I give it into your hands who stand before me, that is to him whom you shall judge worthiest of so great a charge. Choose, therefore, whom you will." When they had heard the words of the High and Mighty Captain, one of them, Ciabatella by name, stood forth and gave it as his advice that the banner be entrusted to the hand of a Perugian who went by the name of Stracciabandiere, and they all agreed that it should be given to Stracciabandiere, and they shouted as one man, "To Straccia! give the banner to Straccia!" Then he spoke and said: "I am all unworthy of so great a charge, to bear the standard under which are ranked so many brave veteran soldiers, yet as so you desire I will do your will, and accept this great gift; but, before I take it, of you I ask a favour: that each one of you shall take an oath to me on this holy altar, never to shrink from my side so long as I to you shall be standard bearer." At once they all swore, first the Captain, then all the rest, promising on their oath, to make him the bolder and the braver, that where he held aloft the standard there they would follow wherever it might lead. He accepted the promise and the oath they freely gave, and made another promise in return, saying: "And I make oath to you, that if within eight days I am not a dead man, this glorious banner that you have set in my hand I will set up in the doorway of San Lorenzo, the chief church of our city": then he laid his hand on the holy stone of the altar and swore.

All this time great fear of what might chance, and terror of the High and Mighty Captain prevailed in Perugia, and on the 3rd of September a report spread that he would attack the city four hours after sunset that very night. Then the great bell sounded the alarm and all the citizens sprang to arms, shaken by their great fear that the Captain had come; but after all nothing happened that night for the enemy did not leave camp. When Signor Muzio Colonna saw that his attempt to cross the stream and come to the aid of Perugia had failed he determined to try some other way, so with his men he left Spello, and marching by the way of the hills of Assisi came to Gualdo and from Gualdo entered the territory of Perugia. But the High and Mighty Captain had his eye on him and came and took up a position on the road by which he must pass: that is at Ponte Felcino, and on his march he accepted the submission of many villages, in fact of all that countryside.

And on the very day on which Signor Muzio had planned to reach that place the Captain's trumpeter captured a scout and brought him to the Captain, and he, for fear of worse, told His Highness all that he knew, and that Signor Muzio was to arrive that day intending to win through; and that scout told him the detail of all the plans. So His Highness, as I told you, placed himself astride on the road, and moved to meet the enemy. Soon he met the advance under Signor Muzio's second in command, and he charged at once and attacked the enemy briskly, who did not stand the assault, but as soon as they saw the Captain's men, turned and fled, and rode towards the dukedom of Urbino; and this was their salvation, for had they not been close to it they would all have been captured by the men of the High and Mighty Captain. Even so, however, the High and Mighty Captain in despite of Signor Muzio got a good number of horses. And Jeronimo della Penna and Giulio Cesare della Staffa who were stationed on the hill above Ponte Felcino with cavalry and infantry to give a hand to Signor Muzio and help him on his way to the city, seeing that it was useless to wait any longer returned by night to Perugia with their men; hopeless now of being able to defend themselves against the Captain. This happened on the 5th of the month. By the 7th of September the High and Mighty Captain had got full possession of Ponte di Pattolo, Colomella, Civitella, Monte Giuliano, and many other villages, and that without fighting for them; for those that surrendered to His Highness were treated with rare or rather unexampled kindness; no one was injured either in person or in property, but every man continued to go about his own business; so that his influence extended far beyond the country that his troops occupied, for the fame of his great kindness spread abroad.

His Highness had now closed all the passes on every side of the city so that no reinforcements could reach the enemy; he had reconnoitred our suburb all round right up to each gate in the whole circuit of the walls, and now gave his army a day's rest at Ponte di Pattolo. This was on the 8th of the month, the Festival of the Nativity of the Holy Virgin. In this way His Highness kept the sacred feast day, and on it undertook no enterprise.

And that 8th of the month, the day of the blessed feast, being now fully past, which the High and Mighty Captain had kept holy, His Highness made auspicious plan and determined finally to return and again see the city of his birth face to face, and, as it is said, sent a herald into Perugia to give formal notice to his enemies that the next morning His Highness intended to come up against Perugia, and bring the city and himself again into the paths of prosperity and goodwill; and this to make it manifest that as His Highness had never himself been a traitor so he had no fear of what the treachery of others could do, for his hope was in God and in the great valour of his soldiers and in his own skill. After this that excellent Captain gave his orders providing for every detail that might further the success of his enterprise. Last of all His Highness spoke to the full array of his assembled soldiers, opening his whole heart to them, telling them how he was determined to enter Perugia, and not wait for the creation of a new Shepherd of the Church. Therefore he entreated them all with gracious and modest words to let their courage be seen, pleading his ancient love for them and speaking with such other affectionate phrases as would be long for me to repeat. So touching were his words that even though the soldiers which stood round had had hearts hard as adamant they would yet have been so moved as to be ready to lay down their lives for their lord. Then he rehearsed the vow they had lately made to heaven to serve him. For he would not that heaven should on that account be offended, and against that his Lordship would as far as he was able provide.

Some fear I have of being too long and tedious in my style, therefore I shorten this my tale and say that when the day of the holy festival was past and the dusky night had fallen that was to usher in the following day, the High and Mighty Captain bade order his host, and marshalled all his army both horse and foot; then with all his great skill he moved from camp, and marched down through the Tiber valley alongside of the river, with glad heart and sure hope of victory. Great terror was on all His Lordship's enemies, for they feared the noble Captain. And one on the other their scouts came in, hour by hour telling how the Captain had begun his march, and how he had reached the bridge of Val dei Ceppi; therefore their hearts failed them and some said one thing and some another, for though before they thought not that he would come to the city, yet now there were many different opinions as to this. Just then another scout came in with news that the Captain had come to the bridge of San Giovanni, had crossed the river with his whole army, had reached the suburb, and was there marshalling his squadrons while his victorious banners floated in the breeze. First of these was that white banner that Straccia bore, and all the others followed in line, and the wind blew out their folds; and among the rest was that standard with the gorgeous blazon, under which marched the long array of hinds. This standard, I am told, was the rallying point of all the peasantry and was followed by greater numbers than any other, so that these had on that account good reason to let themselves be exalted with pride.

Day now dawned, and the morning star shed its brightness and splendour over all the world, when the High and Mighty Captain with all his army marched on our city, his squadrons all marshalled for battle. And his enemies too, within the walls had set themselves in order to fight for the rank and rule they had won; and, to be brief, day had fully come when the High and Mighty Captain reached the city gate, but even before he had come up the watchman that was on the Campanile of San Pietro sounded the alarm. That clang of bell was at once heard by the High and Mighty Carlo Baglione in the church of San Domenico; straight he left the church, left the Mass, left the priest holding up his hand to bless the sacred wafer, and rushed to the defence; but when he reached the Two Gates halted there to hold that pass against the Captain. Yet he would not go out of the inner gate into the Borgo San Pietro to fight at the first circuit of walls and the outer gate. This first gate, that of San Jeronimo, the Captain had already begun to attack, and in a moment battered it down, and his men with great courage began to pour in, there as well as by the gate of the Pine Tree, which is between the two monasteries, and by the main gate near San Pietro. For all three were forced, yet so furious was the rush of the assault, so eager the men and so determined, that they would not wait their turn but stormed over the walls, here, there and everywhere, even up to the garden of Our Lady of the Angels. Before the attack began they had feared that they would not be able to take this suburb without hard fighting, yet here they were in it almost without striking a blow.

The High and Mighty Captain now purposed to break through the inner circuit of the walls as he had through the outer; but he found the Two Gates walled up, and from one to the other there stretched a great bastion armed with many guns, so that the getting in was no easy matter. But the High and Mighty Captain, ever ready and alert, marshalled his main assault against this defence, and hurried up a quantity of ladders and targets which His Highness had brought along with the army. Then he drew up against the walls a large number of musketeers and crossbowmen to hamper the defence with their shooting. This done he gave the signal for assault at the Two Gates and against the wall near to Our Lady of the Angels. Then might be seen men setting ladders to the walls, men climbing, men falling to earth and returning to the escalade, men with their guns doing great execution on the enemy; but there was no standing on the roadway that led to the gate, for it was all swept by fire from the Two Gates and from the Campanile of San Pietro. Full seven thousand men who had now been brought up to the assault crowded the beautiful garden of San Pietro and the Borgo. Here was the High and Mighty Messer Gentile Baglione cheering on his men, ever ready to give the right order at the right place. Here was the High and Mighty Captain hurrying hither and thither encouraging all with his cheery words. Stern and bloody was the fight and so great was the noise of it, what with the loud shouts that echoed through the air, the deafening rattle of musketry, the clash and clangour of drums and trumpets that you might have thought that Mars himself and all his dogs of war had there alighted; while above the crowd were seen victorious banners blown out by the breeze, and the polished armour shining gay in the rays of the rising sun. No, not at Troy can one deem that greater battle was fought.

At last in spite of all resistance the first gate, which had been walled up, was won and occupied by the men of the High and Mighty Captain, and the wall that blocked it was dashed to the ground; but when they would have entered the other gate too, which was hard by, they found it shut and strengthened by a massive wall; nor though they had captured the outside gate could they win through the inner. Then the High and Mighty Captain at once called for fagots and logs to burn down the gate; and when they were brought he kindled a fire against that gate and also against another that was in a line with it hard by the Chapel of the Exchange, and though the garrison threw down great volumes of water to extinguish the blaze they could in no way get it under, so that in a trice all the woodwork of those gates took fire and burnt away. Meanwhile the men of the High and Mighty Captain, quick and nimble. climbed the high walls above the gates and planted there their splendid flags, which could be seen floating amid the clouds of smoke, so that soon the wall top was crowded with the Captain's troops. While this was doing others beat down the walls that closed the passage where the gates had been burnt. Then those that were on the walls began to let themselves down; and hardly had a little gap been made in the barricade of the gate when the soldiers of the High and Mighty Captain and of the High and Mighty Messer Gentile pushed through, for they would not wait till the whole of it had been levelled. So some slid down into the city from the walls, others entered by the gate, and all shouted "Hurrah for the Great Captain!" and followed the banner that led them to victory; and by both parties some of the enemy were slain.

But when the High and Mighty Carlo Baglione saw that he could no longer bear up against so stern an attack he began to withdraw towards the Old City; but the men of the High and Mighty Captain followed him, and with axes and halberts they shore through the great iron chains as though they had been turnips. Never was a braver deed seen nor a swifter.

Here on the road that led straight into the heart of the city there had come to encounter the High and Mighty Captain and to support the High and Mighty Carlo so great a force of infantry, so well ordered and so well equipped, that with that advantage of ground you would have judged them able to thrust back not only the men that attacked them but even the army of Hannibal; but when they saw the Mighty Captain's men approach, at once they turned and fled and escaped behind the walls of the Old City, and shut the great gate of it. And on the hither side there were left a vast number of citizens drilled and practised in bearing arms, who approached the Captain and Messer Gentile and offered to fight for them, aye and to die for them. These were all the men of the ward of San Pietro, and of the ward of the Ivory Gate, and of the ward Sole. Very glad was the Captain to have them, and very useful were they for the weighty business in hand.

So the Great Captain had taken by assault the first and second circuit of the walls, and now set himself to storm the third and last defence, which was also the strongest of all, within which the enemy had now taken refuge. For His Highness, and the High and Mighty Messer Gentile with him, determined to follow up victory that had so far smiled on them, and therefore at once advanced their banners. But when they reached the steps of Sant Ercolano they there suffered great loss and affront from the heavy stone-storm that came down on them from above, thick as tempest of rain or hail; yet even this did not check their advance for the High and Mighty Captain gave orders to storm the tower of the Pirinelli that stands outside the gate Marzo, and sent up to the top of it a detachment of musketeers and crossbowmen; and these at once broke up the defence, so that the garrison could no longer hold the gate Marzo.

The High and Mighty Messer Gentile too had followed like tactics, for he had burst in on the gate San Savino, and like his brother had stormed the tower that stands outside the walls close by that gate, and there too the garrison found all possibility of defence gone. As soon as the enemy was driven back, these three gates San Savino, Marzo, Berarda, were smeared with a fiercely burning liquid, and then fire was set to them, which liquid made them burn more furiously. The quality of it was such that it could not be extinguished, and so fiercely did it burn that the flames of it leapt up into the air reaching heavenwards, overtopping the height of every building in the city, and not only the woodwork shrivelled up at the intense heat but even the very walls.

Now all that were in the city had hurried up to these three gates to defend them or to that bit of wall that looks down on the Field of Battle near San Rigo where the constable of Perugia led the assault. And no guard had been left at the gate Mandola, but those who should have been there ran disorderly hither and thither as men that had lost their wits. And a body of Perugians came to that gate and found it shut indeed but with no one to defend it, so a citizen Cola by name and with him a country hind crept in under the gate and opened it in this manner: they had with them two axes, one of these they placed on the nails that held the lock, and with the other they struck its head, so that at each blow one of the nails was cut through, and in short time they got the gate open; but hardly was it open when there was a rally of those inside to defend it, so that the assailants had to give ground, and there was a fierce bicker of fight. Just then up comes His Highness Signor Bartolomeo and with him the White Banner and many brave Perugians, and those of the defence had to retire again with heavy loss, yet they were able with a mighty push to shut the gate after them.

Long time now had the great bell of the city been sounding the alarm, summoning all the citizens to hurry to the defence of the walls, but though all in the town were under arms yet were they far from being all of one mind in the matter. Meanwhile all the gates of the Old City were burnt or in flames and a way through them had been opened by the fire. But the men of the High and Mighty Captain and of the High and Mighty Messer Gentile did not wait till they were entirely consumed to enter in and push the assault to an end; yet the High and Mighty Carlo Baglione took his stand to defend the street that leads straight into the city and fight against his brother Messer Gentile, approving himself a true son of the War-god in the combat, and he met his match in the haughty Messer Gentile. And while the battle raged here the gate Mandola was again opened by friends of the High and Mighty Captain that were inside, so that the High and Mighty Signor Bartolomeo again fought his way in but again he was thrust out, and His Highness was more than once in danger of death, and during the fight several of his horsemen were captured.

cousin

Hither and thither did the High and Mighty Carlo Baglione rush; now he thrust back the enemy in one street now in another, and save His Highness no one held ground against the assailants. And while he fought at one gate the enemy that were at another won their way into the city. And though His Highness did and overdid the deeds of any other fifty men yet he could not do so much but that in that hard pinch more was needed. No longer now were there heard shouts or words of command, for there was no need to cheer on the assailants, rather each man thought himself in luck if he could fight his way into the front rank. Nothing was heard save the roar of battle in the air, and the dint of hard blows on polished armour, and the ground was now drenched with Christian blood, strewn with swords and lances and shields; and while the High and Mighty Carlo paused to take breath there were few who would at all stand up in his defence.

But when the garrison saw that the day was going against them, they rang a glad peal on their bells and raised a great shout that Signor Muzio Colonna had arrived and had already entered the city by the Gate Sole. But this stratagem availed them nothing. Then they raised another shout, that the great Captain was killed and all his people broken and scattered, hoping that the citizens might rally when their enemy had fallen; but neither did this avail at all, for the lie was palpable. Nor did it avail that the Bishop of Forli, Vicar of the Apostolic See at that time, came down into the Piazza entreating the citizens one by one to take arms and fight against the Captain.

The grim battle had now lasted about four hours and the High and Mighty Messer Gentile was consumed with rage and wrath to see that he could not utterly break the enemy. Yet His Highness and Carlo Baglione stood fronting each other and exchanged blows, the one defending the other pressing the attack, that you had deemed them no blood relations, but fierce enemies, or two raging lions. And with their swords they hacked each other's armour, each serving to prove the other's courage, and to show with what splendour of bravery and strength of limb Mars had endowed this glorious family of the Baglione, whose fame rings through all Italy, and dims the renown of every other family that engages in war and battle. Fire flashed from the eyes of the High and Mighty Messer Gentile; he ground his teeth with wrath and rage, and began so fiercely to press upon the foe that by main force he thrust them back before him, by dint of the blows of his all-puissant arms; there was no breaking the enemy anywhere else but only where his Lordship Messer Gentile fought was he driven from his ground.

The High and Mighty Carlo Baglione was now grievously wounded in many places, and when His Highness saw that most of the other gentlemen and citizens had deserted him, that himself was overcome by pain and fatigue, that he could no longer stand up against the might of Messer Gentile, that the streets were drenched and dyed with blood of the fighters on either side, and that in spite of all he was being driven from the ground which he had more than once reconquered, prudence compelled him to retire; for indeed a great part of the other gentlemen had already fled and abandoned the city. So the High and Mighty Carlo Baglione turned and fled in company with the rest and went forth from this ancient city, his birthplace and his home; and with His Highness there fled also Count Bernardino, whose losses in this war were very great. Then the High and Mighty Captain and Messer Gentile occupied the Piazza, for their troops poured into it from every side, and at once a body of soldiers were sent to march right through the city even to the farthest gate, the Porta Sant Angelo. But Stracciabandiere who bore in his hand the great banner was determined to keep p. 260

the oath that he had sworn; and he set it up in the doorway of San Lorenzo, even according to the oath that he had sworn at Torsciano.

Then the High and Mighty Captain, with his brothers and the other lords that were with his Lordship, as soon as they reached the Piazza, without stop or stay dismounted at the palace of the Very Reverend the Governor and went up the stairs, he and those that were with him, to go and salute the said Governor, playing the part of a wise man and a prudent. They found him, for he had come back to his palace, weighed down with grief and sad forebodings, fearing the anger and indignation of the High and Mighty Captain against him. But the High and Mighty Captain addressed him with courteous and winning phrase, that sounded so pleasantly in his ear that the Very Reverend the Governor fell in love with him, when he saw his wisdom and eloquence, his youth and his grace and beauty, and how in battle he was twin brother to Mars the God of War. And when His Highness had left speaking his brothers and others who stood by addressed him with seemly words, so that perhaps the Very Reverend Monsignore never had a happier moment than this, for just before he had been more downcast than at any other time in his life; so that I need not tell you what joy he had in seeing and listening to them. And when they went he gave them his blessing, and in his heart he judged the High and Mighty Captain worthy to rule the state, and that the wit and valour of him alone weighed more than that of all those together who had fled away before him.

Then, not to make my tale too long, the High and Mighty Captain mounted his horse again and rode down through the Ward of Sant Angelo, and there he found his soldiers preparing to plunder that ward as they had done at other times; but he made proclamation that no one should take any plunder on pain of death; and His Highness immediately appointed a constable or beadle to go round the city and see to it that nothing either small or great, whether belonging to the friends of His Highness or to his enemies, be stolen or in any way injured. This he did remembering the oath that he had sworn to God; so that ward was saved from ruin beyond the expectation of all men. This thing earned His Highness much praise and goodwill.

Those who had gone out to pursue the enemy returned and had not been able to overtake any of them, for their horses were worn out; but nevertheless those that escaped were plundered as they fled by the country folk.

All that day the bells rang out merry peals, and in the evening there was a torchlight procession for joy and gladness at the return of the High and Mighty Captain and his brothers, and because of the great victory he had won over his enemies. And that the rejoicing might be greater all the prisons were opened and every chain was loosened, and freedom and liberty were given to all that were bound.

Thus His Highness won the city by his strong right arm, and though much blood was shed no so very great number of men died, as one would have looked for considering how fierce the fighting had been. For in the assault, as I think, not more than twenty men were killed, though many were wounded on each side. And at his victory many were glad and rejoiced, and many were sad and downhearted, as is wont to be. And that sharp and stern fight lasted about four hours reckoning till the victory was complete. Whereas no one would have fancied that four hours, no, nor four months, of hard fighting would have sufficed for the capture of the city. And this happened on the 9th of the said month of September.

Several sheets of the Chronicle are missing, and Matarazzo's story breaks off abruptly as it began. Pius III. during his short reign of twenty-three days found time to write a letter to Perugia in which he complained angrily of Giovan Paolo's hostility to Cesare Borgia, but his successor Julius II., elected 1st of November, reversed that policy and took Perugia under his protection.

For seventeen years Giovan Paolo Baglione held the first place in the city, during the early years as a virtually independent despot and then as representative of the Pope in "the Ecclesiastical State of Perugia," and then the end came in the year 1520. "On the 12th of March, which was a Monday," we read in the Chronicle of the time, "Giovan Paolo left Perugia, and on the 17th he went into the Castle of St. Angelo to have audience of the Pope, and there he was made prisoner. On the 11th of June he was beheaded in the Castle and was that same night buried in Santa Maria Transpontina. The reason of his death is not known. Three months he was kept in prison and was then cruelly tortured, and after that tried and beheaded. It is said that he went with all humility to his death, after having right earnestly confessed himself many times, and having obtained plenary indulgence of the Pope, so that the friars who attended him at his confession and his death say that he made a holy end. It is also said that the Pope, who was at the time staying at Magliana, told without any attempt at concealment how he had dreamed a dream that night in which he saw a rat escape from a trap and had therefore written to the warder to be on his guard."

Various reasons were at the time given for this judicial murder, the more infamous because Camillo Orsini had procured from Leo X. a safe-conduct for Giovan Paolo. The Pope afterwards excused himself on the ground that he had given *securitatem veniendi sed non revertendi*, a cavil quite in accordance with Papal precedent. Some said that Giovan Paolo was tried on a charge of incest, others that he was implicated in the plot of Cardinal Petrucci to assassinate Leo. The real reason is probably to be found in the fear of Leo that under his able guidance Perugia might recover her independence. It must have been a bitter mortification to Giovan Paolo in his prison to think that after he had survived the strength of Alexander, the treachery of Cesare, and the wrath of Julius he should fall a victim to an effeminate trifler like Leo.

The traditional hostility of the members of the Baglione family for each other was exemplified at his death, when Gentile, as it was reported, spoke scoffingly of Giovan Paolo's crest and motto—a Grifone with the words *Unguibus et rostro atque alis armatus in hostem*. "That wretched bird," he sneered, "had not on this occasion wings to fly from the snare that had been laid for him." The fate of Giovan Paolo was enveloped in such mystery that the details of his death were not known in Perugia for three months after the event.

THE END

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